# THE SOMERVILLE - HOWORTH FAMILY PAPERS: 1850-1974.

# SOMERVILLE-HOWORTH PAPERS, 1850-1974

2 cartons, 10 file boxes, 2 folio folders,
2 folio+ folders, 1 oversize folder, 2 supersize folders,
1 folio volume, 6 oversize volumes, 7 reels of microfilm (M-52)

Processed: 1979

By: Eva Moseley

Accession numbers: 52-60, 53-20, 54-60, 54-73, 54-79, 55-75, 56-12, 56-30, 56-93, 57-17, 57-73, 57-83, 57-95, 59-22, 59-52, 118, 321, 375, 384, 426, 430, 448, 571, 574, 575, 577, 928, 1238, 74-97, 74-138

The Somerville-Howorth papers were given to the Schlesinger Library by Lucy (Somerville) Howorth beginning in 1952. Most of Series I and II was reprocessed in 1979 and microfilmed by the Northeast Document Conservation Center; this microfilm (M-52) is included in the Schlesinger Library/University Publications of America project. An expanded biography and scope and content note were added in October 1989 by Jane Ward. Addenda to the collection received since 1974 have not been processed and are not included in this inventory.

## BIOGRAPHY

The Somerville-Howorth papers span six generations of Mississippi women, but are primarily the papers of Nellie (Nugent) Somerville (1863-1952) and her daughter, Lucy (Somerville) Howorth (1895-    ).

Nellie Nugent Somerville was born September 25, 1863, on a plantation in Mississippi; her father was serving in the Confederate Army at the time. Her mother died two years later, and her father was widowed again after a brief second marriage; NNS was raised primarily by her grandmother, S. Myra (Cox) Smith, until her father's third marriage in 1870. NNS spent two years at a Mississippi boarding school and graduated from Martha Washington College in Abingdon, Va., in 1880. She married Robert Somerville in 1885; they had four children: Robert, Abram, Eleanor, and Lucy.

NNS became active in suffrage and temperance work in the early 1890s, becoming corresponding secretary of the Mississippi Woman's Christian Temperance Union in 1894 and organizing the Mississippi Woman Suffrage Association in 1897. By 1915 she was a vice president of the National American Woman Suffrage Association. In 1923 she became the first woman to be elected to the Mississippi legislature, serving until 1927. NNS died in Mississippi in 1952. For additional biographical information, see Notable American Women: The Modern Period (Cambridge, Mass.: 1980), which also includes a list of sources.

Lucy Somerville Howorth was born July 1, 1895, in Greenville, Miss., the youngest of the four children of Robert and Nellie Nugent Somerville. Educated at Randolph-Macon Woman's College, LSH did postgraduate work at Columbia University and received her J.D. from the University of Mississippi in 1922; she was admitted to the Mississippi bar the same year. LSH practiced law in Mississippi, 1922-34, and was admitted to the bar before the U.S. Supreme Court in 1934. In 1928 she married Joseph Marion Howorth; they had no children.

LSH served as the chairman of the Mississippi State Board of Law Examiners, 1924-28; the U.S. commissioner of the Southern Judicial District of Mississippi, 1927-31; a member of the Mississippi state legislature, 1932-36; associate member of the Board of Veterans' Appeals, 1934-43; legislative attorney in Virginia, 1943-49; general counsel to the War Claims Commission, 1949-54; attorney, Commission on Government Security, 1956-57; and a member of the President's Commission on the Status of Women, 1962-63. She has maintained a private law practice in Mississippi since 1958. In 1977, LSH co-edited Dear Nellie: The Civil War Letters of William L. Nugent, correspondence between her maternal grandparents.

LSH has been a member of the Federal Bar Association, the National Association of Women Lawyers, the Daughters of the American Revolution, the Mississippi Historical Society, and numerous other organizations. For additional biographical information, see Who's Who of American Women, 1987-88 (Wilmette, Ill., 1986).

## SCOPE AND CONTENT

The collection includes biographical material, diaries, letters, speeches, memorabilia, clippings, and photographs, and is divided into five series. Only Series I and Series II were microfilmed in 1979, and only those two series are included in the SL/UPA microfilm.

Series I, Genealogical and early family records, contains a genealogy of Nellie Nugent Somerville by Keith (Frazier) Somerville, daughter-in-law of NNS; the diaries (1852-68) of S. Myra (Cox) Smith, NNS's grandmother; correspondence between NNS's parents, Eleanor (Smith) Nugent and William L. Nugent; and miscellaneous family papers and newsclippings.

Series II, Nellie Nugent Somerville, is divided into four sections: Biographical, Correspondence, Writings, and Organizations.

The Biographical section (folders 19-24, vols. 7-18) contains scrapbooks of clippings by and about NNS, notebooks, and diaries.

Correspondence (25-35) includes letters to and from family members, as well as from Anna Howard Shaw, James O. Eastland, the United Daughters of the Confederacy, the American Association of University Women, the Mississippi State Democratic Party, the Methodist Episcopal Church South, and the First Southern Methodist Church (Memphis). Also included here are letters of condolence to NNS's children after her death.

Writings (36-49) includes ts. and ms. speeches and articles on such subjects as suffrage, religion, prohibition, and democracy, as well as letters to the editor.

Organizations (50-69a$^+$, vols. 19$^o$-25) is arranged alphabetically, and contains material from the DAR, the Democratic National Convention of 1924, the Greenville M.E. Church Methodist Industrial Association, the Mississippi Woman Suffrage Association, NAWSA, and other organizations in which NNS was involved.

Series III, Lucy Somerville Howorth, is divided into eight sections:

1. Biographical (71-96), including personal items, photographs, clippings, etc. of LSH.

2. Correspondence (97-117): letters from family members (including one folder of letters from NNS), and from others (arranged alphabetically by correspondent).

3. Legal Work and Women in the Law (118-129) includes work record books of LSH, and material from the Federal Bar Association, the National Association of Women Lawyers, the United Nations League of Lawyers, and other lawyers' organizations.

4. Organizations (130-147, alphabetical) includes minutes and some correspondence.

5. Business and Professional Women's Clubs (148-154) concerns the various state, national, and international branches of the Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs.

6. Speeches and Articles (155-222) is arranged chronologically.

7. Memorabilia (223-227af$^+$, vol. 26$^o$) contains invitations, souvenirs, dinner programs, clippings, a scrapbook, certificates, licenses, family trees, etc.

8. An eighth section (228-260) contains additional LSH speeches, articles, and correspondence, all arranged chronologically; these were received after Sections 1-7 were organized.

Series IV, Other Family Members, contains clippings about LSH's two brothers, Robert and Abram Douglas, her sister-in-law, Keith (Frazier) Somerville, and the Shands family (NNS's granddaughters).

Series V, Photographs, includes photos of NNS; her parents and earlier ancestors; her children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren; and miscellaneous photos.

Much of the material in the collection is accompanied by LSH's comments as to its value or the reason why it is included.

Additional catalog entries. The following catalog entries represent persons, organizations, and topics documented in this collection. An entry for each appears in the Harvard On Line Library Information System (HOLLIS) and other automated bibliographic databases.

American Association of University Women
Bilbo, Theodore Gilmore, 1877-1947
Dewson, Mary Williams, 1874-1962
Donlon, Mary
Edwards, India
Harrison, Ella, 1859-1933
Howorth, Lucy (Somerville), 1895-
Hughes, Sarah Tilghman, 1896-
Kendall, Mary Louise
Kross, Anna Moscowitz
Nugent, William Lewis, 1832-1897
Rawalt, Marguerite, 1895-
Shaw, Anna Howard, 1847-1919
Smith, S. Myra (Cox), 1822-1887
Somerville, Keith (Frazier)
Somerville, Nellie (Nugent), 1863-1952
Thomson, Amelia Lewis, 1799-
United Daughters of the Confederacy
Woodward, Ellen (Sullivan), 1887-1971

Assembly of Women's Organizations for National Security
Buck, Pearl (Sydenstricker), 1892-1973
Business and Professional Women's Clubs of Jackson, Miss.
Business and Professional Women's Clubs of Washington, D.C.
Daughters of the American Revolution
Democratic National Convention, 1924, New York, N.Y.
Diaries
Edwards, India
Faulkner, William, 1897-1962
Genealogy
Greenville (Miss.) First Methodist Episcopal Church
Howorth, Lucy (Somerville), 1895-
International Congress of Working Women
International Council of Women
International Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs
Methodist Church--Mississippi
Mississippi. House of Representatives
Mississippi--Social life and customs
Mississippi Woman's Suffrage Association
Mississippi Woman's Christian Temperance Union
National American Woman Suffrage Association
National Association of Women Lawyers
National Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs
Nugent, Eleanor Fulkerson (Smith), 1844-1866
Randolph-Macon Woman's College
Temperance
United States--History--Civil War, 1861-1865--Personal narratives, Confederate
United States--Officials and employees

United States Veterans Administration
Woman's Centennial Congress, 1940
Women--Societies and clubs
Women--Southern states
Women--Suffrage--Mississippi
Women--Suffrage--United States
Women in church work--Mississippi
Women in politics
Women in the civil service--United States
Women lawyers--United States
Young Women's Christian Association--Mississippi

## INVENTORY

### Series I. GENEALOGICAL AND EARLY FAMILY RECORDS

folder 1. "Genealogy of Nellie Nugent Somerville," compiled by Keith Frazier Somerville, 1955?, ts., 40 pp. and 20 tables

2. Miscellaneous family papers, 1855-1936: data re Cox, Lewis families, Col. William L. Nugent, etc.

3. "Genealogical Charts Showing Ancestry of Robert Somerville," compiled by KFS. Also brief biography of RS by Lucy Somerville Howorth, 1963, ts. 1 p., etc.

4. Newsclippings re family members

vol. 1. Life of Amelia Thomson (b. 1799) and of her daughter, Amelia Thomson Watts, ts., 46 pp., with pencil notes by LSH. **NOT ON MICROFILM.**

folder 5. Re: Jackson, Miss. and Nugent home

6. ALS from Amelia Thomson to NNS, February 12, 1898

7. Autobiographical sketch of S. Myra Cox Smith (1822-1887), n.d., ms. and ts. versions

8. SMCS notations, November 24, 1850-March 14, 1852

vol. 2. SMCS diary, Apr. 6, 1852-Dec. 2, 1861

3. SMCS diary, Dec. 3, 1861-July 25, 1868

4. SMCS diary, Apr. 6, 1852-Dec. 2, 1861, transcribed by NNS

5. SMCS diary, Dec. 3, 1861-July 25, 1868, transcribed by NNS

folder 9. SMCS diary, 1852-1868, ts.

10. Newsclippings re: SMCS, 1938, n.d.

11. Letters to or re SMCS:
    Photostat and ts. of ALS from son Alfred, 1862
    2 ALS, 1879, 1888, re missionary work
    ALS to NNS re SMCS, 1889
    ANS, n.d.
    Promissory note, SMCS to Robert Somerville, 1887

12. Four verses, ms., probably sung by SMCS

vol. 6. Scrapbook, 1884- , with items added by NNS, re SMCS. See also volumes 8, 19-22, folder 54.

folder 13. 3 ALS, SMCS to daughter Evelina, 1861-62
ALS to "Eva" from Lucy L. Barton, 1860
ALS from Evie (Smith) to Hattie, n.d.

14. Sermon delivered at Evelina H. Smith Comstock's funeral, 1869, with ms. copy by LSH

15. Copies of silhouettes and information re: John Pratt Nugent (1792-1873) and Anne Lavinia Lewis Nugent (1807-1873), including TLS to LSH from James E. Edmonds, 1956

16. 2 ALS from Anne L.L. Nugent to son William, 1859, 1861, with ts. copies

16a. 7 ALS from William Lewis Nugent (1832-1897) to his wife, Eleanor Fulkerson Smith Nugent (1844-1866), 1863-64. Letters partly re NNS as an infant. Also newsclipping photo of house of second wife of WLN, where letters were found.

16b. Ts. transcripts, letters from WLN to EFSN, 1862

16c. Ts. transcripts, letters from WLN to EFSN, 1863

16d. Ts. transcripts, letters from WLN to EFSN, 1864-65

16e. Re: Senate Bill 436: "To relieve certain Persons [including WLN]...from the Legal and Political Disabilities imposed by the 14th Amendment." Also biographical material re WLN.

17. Re: EFSN and ts. copies of letters to her from husband WLN, 1860-61

18. ALS from Kate Cox Kretschmar (d. c.1925) to NNS, 1925
TLS from son Wilson Primm Kretschmar to LSH, NNS, RNS, 1943-1857
ALS from NNS to WPK, 1946

## Series II. **NELLIE NUGENT SOMERVILLE**

### 19-24, vols. 7-18: Biographical

vol. 7. Autograph album, 1876-78

8. Scrapbook, 1897-1935, re: suffrage, SMCS, Civic Improvement Club, NNS in Miss. House of Representatives, WCTU, Democratic National Convention, 1924

9. Notebook on religion, women, motherhood, 1899-1906

10. Address book, 1913

11. Notebook and scrapbook, 1932-36, re: American Legion Auxiliary, DAR, Child Labor Amendment, LSH

12f. Scrapbook, 1934-41 re: NNS, LSH. Mainly newsclippings, some earlier than 1934.

13°. Scrapbook, 1936-49; includes some material re: suffrage, 1912.

14°. Scrapbook, 1941-51, with some earlier newsclippings

15. Diary, 1943

16. Diary, 1945, with entries and newsclippings to 1951

17. Diary, Jan.-June 1946

folder 19. Biographical and miscellaneous

20. Scrapbook pages, 1895?-1912; newsclippings by and re: NNS, suffrage, temperance, church work.

21. Newsclippings re: NNS, c.1915-71

22. Miscellaneous, mainly newsclippings, pamphlets probably collected by NNS

23. Re: Ella Knox Keener, friend of NNS

vol. 18. Scrapbook on women compiled by Zoe Posey, probably 1947-48, with some earlier newsclippings, given to NNS

folder 24. Post mortem, mainly re: "NNS Lectures on Government and Public Affairs," including letters to LSH re: lectures, 1974

25-35: Correspondence

25. NNS to son, Robert Nugent Somerville, 1941, 1945, mostly re: financial matters and real estate. Also 2 TLS to RNS from others, 1938, 1946.

26. NNS to various, 1925-46, including H.R. Shands, LSH

27. 3 ALS to NNS from:
  Lucinda Helm, 1889
  Frances E. Willard, July 1896
  Mary Helm, August 1910, re: Woman's Home and Foreign Mission Society

28. From Anna Howard Shaw: one TL, 3 ALS, 3 postcards, 1 card, 4 signed fragments, 1916-18, n.d., including photograph of AHS

29. 10 ALS and one cc. from LSH to NNS, 1924-39

30. 3 ALS from Sisson family and 2 TLS re: Sissons, 1939

31. 6 ALS from Mrs. W.T. Hill, Monteagle, Tenn., and 2 TLS re: Hill family, 1939-41

32. From LSH, H.R. Shands and others re: gift of bookcase to Rosalie, mansion restored by Miss. DAR, 1939-40

33. Re: lectures of Sherwood Eddy and Kirby Page at University of Mississippi, 1941; includes newsclippings.

34. To NNS, 1918-51, including letters from C.J. Nugent, Nugent Shands, James O. Eastland, United Daughters of the Confederacy, American Association of University Women, Miss. State Democratic Party, M.E. Church South, First Southern Methodist Church (Memphis); also letters to LHS.

35. To children of NNS, letters of condolence re: her death, 1952-53; includes John E. Rankin, John Stennis.

## 36-49: Writings

36. Presidential addresses, First Mississippi Suffrage Convention and Suffrage Club, 1898, ms. and ts. of each

37. "Progress of Women," 1898, ms. of speech to Hypatia Club

38. "In reflection there is rest and strength," n.d.

39. Speech for Methodist Preachers Meeting, 1896; "The Signs of the Times," n.d.

40. Re: John Wesley:
    "Wesley's Journal," ms. and ts.
    "John Wesley," ts.

41. Speeches and articles:
    National Defense, ms. and ts. (incomplete)
    Women's Clubs, ms. (incomplete)
    Keep Thy Heart..., ms.
    May-Roberts Act (prohibition)

42. Re: suffrage:
    Parliamentary Ethics, ms. (written for women)
    Practical Points for Club Women, ms. fragment

43. "History of Mississippi Woman Suffrage Association, 1897-1919," ms. and ts. (both incomplete), 1936?

44. Notes re: democracy vs. republic, 1941 or later

45. "Americanism: What It Was, Is, and Should Be," 2 ts. and one printed version, 1944

46. Letters to the Editor of the Commercial Appeal, 1950, n.d. (c.1945)

47. Notes, fragments

48. Printed articles, letters to the editor, 1915-50

49. Printed articles, n.d.

50-69a$^+$, vols. 19$^o$-25: Organizations

50. Business and Professional Women's Clubs: newsclippings, 1934-50

51. Daughters of the American Revolution (DAR): correspondence, badges, etc., 1923-36. See also folder #264af, volume 11.

52. Democratic National Convention, 1924: badge and dinner seating list. See also volume 8.

53. Greenville Civic Improvement Club and Greenville Women's Club, 1914-51. See also volume 8.

54. Greenville First Methodist Episcopal Church women's organizations: Methodist Industrial Association (founded 1871, S. Myra Cox Smith president), Parsonage Aid Society, etc. Records, mainly financial, 1871-93.

vol. 19$^o$. Greenville M.E. Church, Methodist Industrial Assn. financial records, 1873-79

20$^o$. Greenville M.E. Church, Methodist Industrial Assn. financial records, 1879-89

21$^o$. Greenville M.E. Church, Ladies Aid Society (formerly the MIA) financial records, 1889-93

22. Greenville M.E. Church, Women's Auxiliary (organized Feb. 1879) corresponding secretary's notebook (including SMCS, NNS, et al.), 1879-97

folder 55. Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and Southern Methodist Church: "Representation and Precedent," ts. fragment, probably by NNS; Report of Discipline Committee, n.d.

56. Mississippi Federation of Women's Clubs: constitution, notes, convention programs, 1916-36

57. Mississippi House of Representatives: printed matter re: rules, committees, etc; also material re: NNS' candidacy and term of office, 1916-54. See also volumes 8, 24, folder #267.

57af+. NNS certificate from Miss. House of Representatives, 1922. **NOT ON MICROFILM.**

58. Mississippi Woman Suffrage Association (MWSA): printed reports, minutes, etc., 1897-1919; also notes re: Monteagle Equal Suffrage Club.

59. MWSA: notebook including list of members, notes on legal status of women, etc., 1912-15. See also volumes 8, 13°, folder #20.

vol. 23. MWSA notebook, mainly re: letters written and received by NNS (corresponding secretary), 1905-11

24. MWSA corresponding secretary's (NNS) notebook, 1914-16; also includes entries for 1923 (re: NNS campaign for House of Representatives?).

folder 60. Mississippi Woman's Christian Temperance Union: reports, members lists, corespondence, etc., 1892-1936. See also volume 8, folder #20.

61. MWCTU annual reports: 1917, 1920, 1922, 1925-26, 1930-33, 1936

62. Scrapbook pages of WCTU newsclippings, c.1924-26

vol. 25. MWCTU president's notebook, 1924-28

folder 63. Monteagle Assembly: speech, correspondence, reports, newsclippings, 1902-67. See also folder #266.

64. NAWSA: newsclippings, correspondence with Southern States Woman Suffrage Conference, etc., 1915-22

64af. NAWSA certificate, 1920. **NOT ON MICROFILM.**

65. Parsonage and Home Mission Society: NNS's Day Book, 1891-94; also report, speech.

66. Woman's Home Mission Society reports, 1898-1906
Woman's Missionary Society report, 1890
Woman's Home and Foreign Mission Societies program, n.d.

67. World War I: Washington County Council of Defense Woman's Committee, etc. See also folder #267.

68. YWCA (Mississippi): correspondence, leaflets, newsclippings, c.1917-20

69. Miscellaneous organizations, including Woman's National Convention for Law Enforcement, 1926.

69a$^+$. PHOTOGRAPH of Woman's National Committee for Law Enforcement, Washington, D.C., 1926. NOT ON MICROFILM.

**END OF MICROFILM.**

**SEE NEXT PAGE FOR SERIES III.**

## Series III. **LUCY SOMERVILLE HOWORTH**

70a. Letters, mostly by LSH, re: family history and items included in A-50, 1954-62, n.d.

70. Background history of the World Center for Women's Archives, 1939

### 71-96: Biographical material re: LSH

71. Clippings, articles re: LSH, 1932-54

### 72-73: Employment of LSH by U.S. Government

72. Personnel records, 1918, 1934-57; with LSH notes, 1958.

73. Related material arising from official positions, 1941-56

74. Letters to Elizabeth B. Borden, July 1, Oct. 16, 1957 re: report of the Commission on Government Security

75. Personal items, 1917-28, including license to practice law in Mississippi, clipping re: marriage

76. Clippings, primarily re: Business & Professional Women's Club (BPWC), 1935-55

77. Miscellaneous clippings, 1934-60, n.d.

78. **PHOTOGRAPHS** of LSH, [1897?]-1959

78a. **PHOTOGRAPHS** of Joseph Marion Howorth, 1928-49

79. Passports, identifications, certificates, 1924-56, n.d.

80. Membership cards, 1918-58, n.d.; with LSH notes, 1958.

### 81-83: Randolph-Macon Woman's College

81. Miscellaneous material, 1913-56, n.d.

82. Correspondence, primarily re: election to Phi Beta Kappa, 1938-55

83. Washington, D.C., alumnae group, 1938; with LSH notes, 1958.

84. Columbia University, 1918-20

85. University of Mississippi, 1920-58

86. Mississippi Conference on the Cause and Cure of War, Nov.-Dec. 1928

87. Letters from Mississippi Governor Theodore G. Bilbo, 1930; with LSH notes, 1958.

88. Mississippi Legislature: LSH as representative from Hinds County, 1931-35, 1940

89. Associate Member on the Board of Veterans' Appeals, U.S. Veterans Administration, 1934-44; with LSH notes, 1958.

90. Mississippi District, YWCA, 1928-56; with LSH notes, 1958.

91. "The Individual and the Group" by Olive O. Van Horn, 1934; letter (1956) and card (1958) from OVH; with LSH notes, 1958.

92. Correspondence, letters of recommendation re: admission to practice law in District of Columbia; with LSH notes, 1958.

93. Congressional Record of Feb. 25, 1954; retirement from government office, Jan. 1954.

94. Papers re: visit to Germany and Spain, 1954

95. Miscellaneous, 1955

96. National Council of the National Planning Association, 1955

### 97-117: Correspondence

97. From family and relations. See also folders 111, 112.

98. From NNS, 1936-52

99. Letters of condolence on NNS's death, August 1952

100. Brewer correspondence, including letter re: William Faulkner, 1939

101. From and re: Mary Donlon, 1955

102. From Mrs. D. Priscilla Edgerton, 1939, 1950

103. From Senator Pat Harrison, 1936-40

104. From Sarah T. Hughes, 1944-49

105. From Mary Louise Kendall, 1936-40

106. From Anna M. Kross, 1941-54

107. From Malvina Lindsay, 1944-54

108. From Kathryn McHale, 1950-52

109. From Lucy Randolph Mason of National Consumers' League, 1936

110. From Eudora Ramsay Richardson, 1935-40; also re: Sue White, 1943.

111. From Dorothy Shands, 1943-45

112. From Dr. H.R. Shands, 1940-41

113. From Margaret Wells Wood, 1939

114. White House correspondence, 1939-45

### 115-117: Miscellaneous correspondence

115. 1935-39

116. 1940-49

117. 1950-57

### 118-129: Legal work and women in the law

118. LSH work record books: assignments & progress, 1943-49. 5 notebooks.

119. Examples of work done while with Office of Legislation, Veterans Administration, 1943-49

120. Statement re: position of women in government office, 1946; letters re: reorganization plan, 1946, appointment of women, 1949.

121. Items re: judicial nomination to Municipal Court, District of Columbia, 1946

122. London and Paris entertainment of members of the American Bar Association, 1924

123. Federal Bar Association, 1937-40; also letters from Marguerite Rawalt, 1939-43.

124. National Association of Women Lawyers, 1937-55

125. Phi Delta Delta Legal Fraternity, 1934-

126. United Nations League of Lawyers, 1946-51

127. Miscellany re: Women Lawyers

128. Article by Maybel McDaniel: Women in the Law, Jan. 1947

129. Papers re: Helen R. Carloss (lawyer, d. 1948)

130-147: Organizations in which LSH was active

130. Alpha Omicron Pi, 1940-57

131. American Association of University Women, 1943-

132. American Legion Auxiliary, 1938-45, including correspondence with Mrs. J. Allison Hardy

133. Central Committee for an Economic Survey of Mississippi, 1926

134. Defense Installation Trip, 1951 (LSH attended as AAUW representative)

135. Democratic National Committee, 1936-49, including letters from Mary Dewson and India Edwards

136. Re: India Edwards

137. Federation of Women Shareholders, 1949-51

138. Institute of Women's Professional Relations, 1939-41

139. International Congress of Working Women, 1921
First Congress, 1919; includes correspondence with Betzy Kjelsberg, 1940

139a. International Council of Women, 1947

140. Ladies Home Journal, 1939, 1952, 1955

141. Multi-Party Committee of Women, 1949-50

142. National Nursing Council, 1947: minutes of the Lay Advisory Committee studying professional education of the nursing profession

143. New York World's Fair, 1938-40

144. Woman's Centennial Congress, 1940

145. Women in World Affairs, 1946-54: minutes, correspondence, etc.

146. Transcript of meeting which led to formation of Assembly of Women's Organizations for National Security, 1950-56

147. Assembly of Women's Organizations for National Security, 1950-56

### 148-154: Business and Professional Women's Clubs

148. National Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs; Jackson, Miss., Business and Professional Women's Clubs; District of Columbia Business and Professional Women's Clubs; miscellaneous papers, 1937-48.

149. Mississippi Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs, 1936-41

150. District of Columbia Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs, 1940-54

151. National Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs, 1940-54

152. International Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs: papers re: Board of Directors meeting, Trondheim, Norway, 1939; papers re: Special Commission on IFBPWC, 1944-46.

153. IFBPWC: Norwegian newspapers re: Trondheim meeting, 1939

154. IFBPWC: additional material, 1939-47

### 155-222: Speeches and articles by LSH

155. Re: speeches and articles, and related materials

156. "Election laws based on the Constitution of the U.S. and the laws of Mississippi," n.d.

157. "What is a prohibition enforcement code?" n.d.

158. "Politics as it is," 1923

159. "Laws about lawyers," 1924: read at the annual meeting of the Miss. Bar Association

160. "The Mississippi Flood of 1927"

161. "A representative of the people," 1935

162. "Observations on law and politics," 1935

163. "Women and public affairs," 1935

164. "The consent of the governed," 1935

165. "In behalf of state legislatures," 1935

166. "A business woman sees Washington, the city," 1935

167. Remarks...in memory of Susan B. Anthony, 1936

168. "Federal benefits to veterans," 1936

169. Article for the special edition of Jackson, Miss., Clarion Ledger, 1936

170. "Constitutionality of women's education before High Court," 1936

171. "The trained woman's responsibility for leadership," 1937

172. "The place of state legislatures," 1937

173. "Pensions and jury service," 1937

174. "The Supreme Court finds," 1937

175. Miscellaneous articles, 1938

176. "International contrasts," 1938

177. "Forward the federation," 1938

178. "Program planning--my business and yours," 1938

179. "My business and yours," 1939

180. "The Griffenhagen Report," 1939

181. "Business women in Europe," 1939

182. "Women's contribution to social and economic change," 1939

183. "Business women in a democracy," 1939

184. "Nine days in Norway," 1940

185. "Making democracy work," 1940

186. Notes for address: installation banquet--Soroptimist...1941

187. "Strengthening democracy for defense," 1941

188. "Living and working in peace building years," 1940s

189. Digest of "Guardians of our culture," 1942

190. "We remember the class parties," 1942 or 1943

191. "United for victory," 1943

192. "Woman's responsibility in world affairs," 1944

193. "Women step forward," 1944

194. Speech and letter to the editor, 1944

195. "Education: for what," 1945

196. "The wheels spin faster," 1946

197. "The road to unity," 1946

198. "Effective citizenship," 1946

199. "A program of action," 1947

200. "To make peace grow," 1947

201. Script for broadcast on station WJYN, 1947

202. "All dressed up...," 1948

203. "From a one-horse shay into the atomic age," 1948

204. "Task Force, 1949," 1949

205. "Practical education: our big job," 1949

206. Re: commencement address at Hannah More Academy, 1949

207. "A review of the record," 1949

208. "Assignment in human freedom," 1950

209. "Southern women in the atomic age," 1950

210. "Forever the assistant to the assistant," 1951

211. "Main Street: The place to begin," 1951

212. "Less aspirin and more action," 1952. See also folder #230.

213. Notes on the Federal Bar Association; also Report to the Judiciary Committee, 1952/53.

214. "Now we see darkly," 1953

215. "Where do we go from here?" 1953

216. Book review: Robert R. Bowie _Studies_ _in_ _Federalism_, 1954.

217. "University women at home and abroad," 1954

218. "Public service," 1954

219. "The road ahead," 1954

220. "Precedents or space-ships," 1955

221. "Dateline 1980," 1958

222. Articles by Kathleen Sexton Holmes, a series for the Jackson, Miss., Daily News: "Mississippians at the Capital," mostly 1940.

223-227af$^{+}$, vol. 26$^{o}$: Memorabilia

223. White House invitations and souvenirs

224. Miscellaneous invitations and souvenirs

225. Jackson Day and other dinner programs, 1936-52

226. Copies (1959) of three petitions of women to Spanish governor of Natchez, 1783, 1789

227. Clippings, etc., 1960

227af$^{+}$. Certificate from Miss. House of Representatives, 1931
Appointments to U.S. District Court, D.C., and U.S. Court of Appeals for D.C. Circuit, 1950
Stuart family tree

vol. 26$^{o}$. LSH scrapbook
Inserted in envelope in vol. 26$^{o}$:
  Miller **PHOTOGRAPH** of LSH; **PHOTOGRAPH** of LSH in Red Cross uniform; sample engagement calendar, 1936; invitation to Truman inaugural, 1949.

228-234a: Speeches and articles

228. Commencement oration, delivered by LSH, University of Mississippi, 1922

229. Articles and speeches, 1921-23

230. "Less aspirin and more action," speech before Elmira-Corning, N.Y. branches of AAUW, April 17, 1952. See also folder #212.

231. "A Phi Delta Delta goes to Germany," 1954

232. "Dateline: 1980," articles for the General Federation Clubwoman, Feb. 1958

233. "The earth is where we live," speech at Memphis YWCA, Feb. 9, 1959

234. Report of speech at Miss. AAUW convention, Natchez, April 25, 1959

234a. "The Bill Faulkner I Knew," Delta Review, 1965; 2 clippings re: article.

### 235-260: Correspondence

235. Family letters to LSH, 1925-62

236. 1922-23

237. Minnie Brewer, 1922-23

238. Florence Simms (1878-1923); includes material re: FS, 1922.

239. 1926

240. 1928

241. 1929

242. 1930

243. 1932

244. 1933

245. Ella Harrison: correspondence re: her papers, 1933

246. 1934

247. 1935

248. 1936-40

249. 1941-42

250. 1943

251. Re: Pearl Buck, 1943

252. 1944-45

253. 1946

254. 1947

255. 1948-49

256. 1950-55

257. 1956-59

258. 1960-62

259. Ellen S. Woodward, 1961

260. AAUW "Building commission" (LSH chairman)

## Series IV. OTHER FAMILY MEMBERS

### 261-263: Mainly clippings

261. Re: Robert Somerville (first son of NNS), wife Keith Frazier, daughter Keith; includes ALS from KFS to Women's Archives, 1956.

262. Re: Abram Douglas Somerville (second son of NNS), 1951-57

263. Re: Shands family (granddaughters of NNS), 1937-49

263a$^{+}$. Fraser-Frazer-Frazier family tree
Harrison family tree
Somerville family tree
Keith family tree (roll)

## Series V. **PHOTOGRAPHS**

### 264-267: **FILED IN PHOTOGRAPH DRAWERS**

264. Ancestors of NNS: Amelia Thomson, Eleanor F. Smith Nugent, Evelina Smith, Alfred Cox, Abram Fulkerson Smith, Seth Lewis, William Lewis Nugent

264af. Aimée Webb Nugent, stepmother of NNS
21st annual state conference, Mississippi DAR, March 1926

265. NNS: mostly portraits, c.1871-1943

266. Family photographs: portraits of Robert Somerville, photos of NNS, children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren, cottage at Monteagle, etc.

267. Miscellaneous: World War Committee, including NNS; photos of Mississippi House of Representatives, 1924-26, including NNS; photos of 1927 flood; postcards of Greenville; Minor Memorial M.E. Church.

267a$^{o}$. WCTU Board in front of Plymouth Rock, Nov. 1928
Miss. Federation of Women's Clubs, c. 1927

A-50
44

# Genealogy
# of
# Nellie Nugent Somerville.

Nugent
Lewis
Permelee
Hopkins
Moore
Stanley
Hardeman
Cox (Cocke)
Gilbert
Alston
Perkins
Childress-Giles
Pollard
Harding
Knowles
Hughes
Smith
Fulkerson
Vigne

Compiled by Keith Frazier Somerville

1955?

Eleanor Fulkerson (Nellie) Nugent b. Sept. 25, 1863 d. July 28, 1952
m. Sept. 16 - 1885
Robert Somerville
b. Richmond, Va. May 22, 1851 d. Oct. 19, 1925

---

Robert Nugent b. Aug 9. 1886
m. Nov. 20 - 1912 - d. June 26 - 1946
Keith Frazier

Keith b. May 30, 1914
m.
Joe Rice Dockery

Douglas
Hugla McKay
Keith

Ashton
b. Feb.12,1917
m. George
Mason Ingram

Ashton
George Mason, Jr.
Eleanor

Eleanor b. Dec. 1, 1891
m. Aug. 6, 1914
Audrey Shands (1878-1934

Eleanor
b. Nov. 25,1915
M.
Hunter Leake

Hunter
Robert Somerville
James

Mary
b. Nov. 18,1917
m.
Elsum Hedges

Eleanor
William

Dorothy
b. June 5, 1919
m.
John Martin

Abram Douglas
b. Nov. 10,1888
m. 1. Evelyn Estes
2. Lois Patterson
no issue

Lucy
b. July 1,
m. 1895
m. Joseph
Marion
Howorth
no issue

Table 1.

Eleanor Fulkerson (Nellie) Nugent b. Sept. 25, 1863 d. July 28, 1952
m. Sept. 16 - 1885
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b. Richmond, Va. May 22, 1851 d. Oct. 19, 1925

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m. 1. Evelyn Estes
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no issue

Lucy
b. July 1,
m. 1895
m. Joseph
Marion
Howorth
no issue

Table 1.

John Pratt Nugent b. Westmeath, N. Ireland 1792
d. Opeleusus, La. 1873

m.
1. Cathrine Dunbar (Natchez)
2. Anne Lewis (1807- 1873)

1st wife

Kathrine
m.
Richard Nugent
ch. Minnie,
Perry Remson
(Episopal Minister-
bachelor)

2nd wife

Wm. Lewis X
b. 1832
d. 1897
m.
1. Eleanor F. Smith
2. Kate Montgomery
3. Aimee Webb

Perry
m.
Amanda Cook

Amelia
m.
Jules Vairin

Aphra
m.
Francis Boyle

Tom
m.
1. Clara Hardeman
2- Chamberlain
3- Mrs. C.C. Earl

Nannie
m.
Jas. E. Edmonds
(Genl) James
m.
Rosa Warfield

Clarence
(Ky)

Richard
m.
Coralie Smith

Table 2

1st wife

Nellie
m. 1885
Robt. Somerville

Cecile
m.
George Harris
no issue

3rd wife

Annie
m.
W.S. Gibbs
Wilburn
m.
Peggy Jones
Texas

Couprey
m.
Mary Enochs
no issue

Bessie
m.
(Dr.) Harley Shands
ch. Nugent d. y.
Aimee m. John Walsh
(Dr) Harley m. Jan Hoffman
(Dr.) Couprey m. Janet Keith

X Wm. Lewis Nugent- Col. in Confederate Army- Bound volume of his letters, written to his first wife from the front, in possession of Judge Lucy Somerville, Howorth-Washington, D.C.- Noted Miss. lawyer-Portrait on State Capitol- Ref. Compedium of Am. Genealogy- Vol. 4.

A Richard Nugent was Lord Deputy of Ireland, 1364-
Created Baron of Delvin- 1449.

# Col. William L. Nugent

Excerps from "The Life of Col. Wm. Lewis Nugent" by
Bishop Charles B. Galloway of the Methodist Episcopal
Church, South

"John Nugent was a native of Westmeath, Ireland, and came to the U.S. when only 17 years of age. He located first at Philadelphia, where he found employment in the mercantile house of a wealthy Quaker, and soon displayed such aptitude for business that 2 years later he was sent South to open a branch house at Washington, Miss. On attaining his majority, this business was transferred entirely to him and was conducted successfully until 1811, when he sold out and bought a sugar plantation in East Baton Rouge, Parish, La., where he reared his large and interesting family. Later, in life, his son, Col. William L. Nugent, thus referred to his parental ancestry- "Tradition has handed down to us some remarkable stories about our father's family in Ireland. They belonged to the gentry- held places under the government- but I have no respect for republician people who affect the nobility". John married Anne, daughter of Judge Seth Lewis. (See Lewis data.) Had 8* children.

Wm. Lewis Nugent was a native of La. born in East Baton Rouge, Parish, Dec. 12, 1832. When 8 years old, he was stricken with hips-joint disease which threatened his life. For weary months, he was confined to bed, medical skill was exhausted and physicians said if he lived he would be a helpless cripple. His mother, a very Godly woman, spent much time in prayer and the child recovered. "Its a miracle, madame- Nothing can explain it", the doctor said- but to the mother" he was a child of Prayer". He joined the church at the age of 11, and till his death at 64 was a consistent, earnest Christian. He had Christian virtures and traits of character that distingushed him among all the men I have ever known- reflections of a great soul that had intimate Kinship with God.

At 16 years of age, his father sent him to New Orleans, that he might under favorable auspices, enter a business career. He soon grew tired of mercantile life and entered Centenary College at Jackson, La. He graduated with honors there in June 1852. In his senior year he edited a newspaper, practiced with the college band

* error 9 - John a son not shown
on preceding table

(he was a skilled musician), tutored and won second honor of his class- the privilege of delivering the Latin Salutatory at Commencement. Writing of this in the New Orleans Christian Advocate "at the time, Bishop Keener thus refers to the brilliant young collegian- "The Latin Salutatory was pronounced by Wm. Nugent delivered an oration in English, "The Bible, the foundation of Government", original in treatment, clear and harmonious in expression, sublime and beautiful in sentiment. To me it was the best performance in the Commencement." This was high praise from a discriminating pen never given to extravagant eulogy. Bishop Keener added- The music immediately succeeding the address was a "Valedictory Anthem", composed by Wm. Nugent and sung by the choir."

After the graduation he removed to Greenville, Miss. then as now the commerical capitol of the great Yazoo Delta, famed for the marvelous fertility of its soil and the magnifience of its cotton plantations. Here he immediately commanded a lucrative law practice.* He continued in the increasing and successful practice of his profession here until Miss. withdrew from the Union. (here also he married first- Eleanor Smith, dau. of Abram Smith and Myra Cox.)

In response to his country's call the brilliant young lawyer enlisted as a private in the ranks, but there was not allowed to remain- for his conspicuous abilities soon commanded recognition. He was promoted to the rank of Capt. and for his gallant conduct in leading his brave troops on the bloody field of Franklin was called to the colonelcy of the 12th Miss. Regiment. A braver soldier never drew a sword and a more fearless commander never led his legions into shock of battle.

After peace he returned to his law office in Greenville and remained there till 1872, when moved to Jackson. (His first wife died, leaving his infant daughter, Nellie Nugent and he married in Greenville his second wife, Kate Montgomery. She died and after his removal to Jackson, he married (3rd) Aimee Webb of Ala.

Col. Nugent was a great lawyer. The annals of Miss. jurisprudence furnish few men his equal and possibly none his superior, his vast and varied learning, his marvelous analytical power, his logical mastery, moving stately and steady step from premise to conclusion, and his wonderful skill in marshaling arguments and

*The Bishop rather expedited the "lucrative law practice" W L N went to Washington Co. Miss. to read law in the office of AFS & tutor the Smith children. After about 1 year W L N passed the bar exam & the firm of Smith & Nugent was formed.

from premise to conclusion, and his wonderful skill in marshaling arguments and commanding them like a moving column in the field of battle, at one time decoying an enemy and again charging with plunge of fire, are a part of the brilliant forensic history of the State. Add to this the exhaustless fertility of his resources and the shattered lines and organize victory out of defeat, and we have probably the most successful advocate the bar of Miss. has ever produced.

Here for many pages, Bishop Galloway quotes from judges and lawyers, who all united to prove that "he was one of the greatest lawyers of all time." "Personality. voice and persuasive elequence place him in the galaxy of the few really great lawyers of the last 40 years." (Judges Campbell & Calhoun's tributes.)

Justice Whitfield said- in an elequent tribute from the supreme court- "The court joins the bar in applying fitting tribute to the exalted (? character of a great Christian lawyer of our past, he filled a conspicious place in the history of his state (genius), whose "Reports" contain a permanent memorial to the imperishable splendor of his intellect. Eschewing public office and political preferment, his fame rests on the secure basis of great personal achievement."

He was a greatly Methodist- from young manhood to peaceful death, a steward in the church and for 22 years the honored Supt. of the 1st Church Sunday School in Jackson, Miss. Throughout his life he attended conference, including several Ecumenical Conferences.

He had the deep humility of a really great man- long before death claimed him- he had written.-

"To die is a passing pain, 'tis true: but if when the soul is taking its flight from the clay mold that retained it, it sees heaven opening and the angels descending to greet it on the other shore, it appeared to me we should rejoice to die when the summons comes"-.

"Death claimed a great man on Jan. 18, 1897."

William Lewis (1)
m. Feb. 7, 1618 (Wales)
Felix Collins

b. Jan. 3, 1594 Llandough Wales. Went to Stanstead, Essex Co. Eng. 1632. On July 27, 1632 sailed for America, on the "Lion" with wife & son Wm. landed Boston Sept. 16,1632. One of original settlers of Hartford, Conn. (May 1636) Will probated 1683.

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Wm. (2) Wales 1620 one of the first settlers of Farmington Conn. d. Aug. 18,1690
m
1. Mary Hopkins (dau.of Wm.)1644
2. Mary Cheever (Nov. 22, 1671) dau. of Ezekiel, famous Boston schoolmaster.

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| Mary | Philip | Sam'l | Sarah | Hannah | Wm(3) | Felix | Eberezer | John | Jas. | Ezekiel | Abigail | Joseph | Daniel |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| b. May 6,1645<br>m<br>Benj.<br>Judd | m<br>Ashley<br>(dau.of<br>Robt. | b.Aug.<br>18,1648<br>m<br>Eliz.<br>Judd | b.1652<br>m<br>Sam'l<br>Bolt-Wood | m<br>1-Sam'l<br>Crew<br>2.Daniel<br>Marsh | bap.<br>Mar.15,<br>1656<br>d.1737<br>m<br>Sarah Moore-some records call Phoebe (1661-1725) dau."Dacon Isaac" | m<br>Thos.<br>Selden | m.<br>Elizabeth<br>Muriman | b.1665 | b.1667 | b.Nov.7,<br>1674 | b.1678<br>d.1717<br>m.<br>Wm.<br>Wadsworth, N.Y. | b.1630 | b.1681 |

Nathaniel
b. 1676
m.
1. Abigail Ashley
2. Thankful Pomeroy
Lyman
at Yale- 1695

Table 3

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Daniel-5th child b. Dec.10,1692 d.1774
m May 1,1718
Mary Strong- b.Jan.22,1692 d. Apr.9,1751

---

Ethan Daniel b. July 27,1724 d.1775
m June 18,1746
Sibyl Parmalee b. Mar.29,1727

---

Judge Seth b. 1764 D. 1848
m 1793
Anne (Nancy) Hardeman
dau of Col. Thos.Tenn.
b. 1744

9 other children

Seth Lewis was appointed Chief Justice of Miss. Territory 1800 by Pres. Adams; was a member from Davidson Co. of 1st Tenn. Legislature. He was member 1st Constitutional Convention (Tenn) with Samuel Frazier- & Thos. Hardeman) Ref. Ramsey's "Annals of Tenn." Claibournes " Mississippi Territory". "La." Vol. XVII p.183 Compendium of Am. Genealogy - Vol. 4- His portrait in State Capitol Jackson, Miss.

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| Seth | Amelia | AnneX | Clarissa | Rachel | Louisa | Possibly others |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | b.Oct.16,1799<br>m<br>Thompson | b.1807<br>d.1873<br>m.<br>John Pratt Nugent Greenville, Miss<br>- See Nugent charts | m<br>Jewel<br>dau. m. Van Boddie | | | |

---

| Fannie | Amelia | Nannie | Seth |
|---|---|---|---|
| m<br>RWM<br>Taylor<br>CInn. | m<br>Wm.Miles<br>Watt | m<br>Thos.<br>Farnsworth<br>See next page | m.<br>Belle<br>Thompson |

X Graduate of Elizabeth Female College, Washington, Miss.
(1st college in Am. chartered to confer degree on women.)

# Judge Seth Lewis

"Col. Nugent's mother was the daughter of Judge Seth Lewis, one of the eminent jurists and solid Methodists of the early Southwest. Descending from sturdy English stock, he possessed in an extra-ordinary degree those hardier elements of character that laugh at impossibilities and demand that success must be achieved. Out of various misfortunes, he rose to affluence and great distinction. He was a member of the first legislature that ever convened in Tennessee. In 1800 he was appointed Chief Justice of the Miss. Territory, a position of delicate responsibility, fpr as yet the Territory had no legislative assembly and the duty of making as well as interpreting laws devolved upon the governor and supreme judges. This position he held for some years and resigned because the stipend was too small to support his family. The salary of the Chief Justice was only $800!

After practicing law successfully for several years at Natchez, Judge Lewis removed to Opelousas, La. and there in that balmy, beautiful land of the Attakapas, spent the remainder of his long and useful life. Soon after his removal to Opelousas Gov. Claiborne appointed him the Circuit Judgeship, a position he held uninterruptedly for 27 years. His manuscript autobiography, written at the request of his children and grand children and which bears the date of Aug. 28, 1847, tells of many adventures Characteristic of pioneer days- adventures that tested the fiber of his splendid manhood. (Note: seems to have been lost.)

Judge Lewis was the author of several works of the law and one volume of theology. He was an eminent jurist of great ability and stainless integrity. An earnest Christian and an ardent Methodist, and his hospitable home was ever open to welcome coming of the weary itinerant.

His wife was Nancy Hardeman, the daughter of Gen'l Thos. Hardeman of Tenn. His beautiful daughter, Anne, who was to become the mother of Col. Nugent, was educated at Elizabeth Female Academy, Washington, Miss., at that time the only institution of higher education for young women in the South.

There being no railroads, or scarcely any other roads in those pioneer days, that young girl rode all the way on horseback from Opelousas to Washington, Miss. with only a trusted colored servant for a protector. That incident is worth recording as illustrating the confidential relationship that once existed between master and slave in the Southern States."

## Welsh Ancestry

Edward Lewis- b. 1525 Penath, Gtamorgan, Wales
m May 8, 1550
Margaret Jones

Wm. b. April 4, 1561 (Pena(r) th, Wales
m
Sarah Cathcarf

Parents of Emigrant Wm. b. Wales 1594

Ref. American Genealogist- July 1937

## Lewis Family

William Lewis, 1st in America, came from England to Bostpn, Mass. in the ship "Lion" Sept. 16, 1632. He married to Felix Collins of Cardiff, Wales, Feb. 7, 1618. In 1632 he was in Cambridge, in 1636 at Hartford, Conn. in 1653 and Hadley, Mass. in Farmington, Conn. Aug. 2, 1683. In Nov. 6, 1632 he was admitted freeman, meaning that he joined the church and could take part in affairs of the Colonies. He joined the Braintree Company to Hartford, Conn. (one of the original settlers) and in 1659 again removed and became one of the founders of Hadley, which town he represented in the general court 1662. He resided in Northhamilton and was representative from that town in 1664. In 1668 was one of a committee of three to negotiate with the Indians. Some time before Nov. 29, 1677 he removed to Farmington, Conn. where he died Aug. 1683. (Will probated 1683.)

The Will of Thomas Olcott Nov. 16, 1653, Hartford, leaves "one pound to brother Will Lewis Sr., At "A meeting of all freemen at the house of good man Lewis on the next second day, that is on Monday of the next week, December 14, 1660 at W[illegible] _" In 1663 he holds lots of 8 acres, 150 pounds. On Feb. 19, 1668 and Oct.1672 he signs petitions. 1681 and 2, he owned lot 18 on Middle Highway. In 1663 he was one of ten troopers in the Hampshite troop. The probate records at Northhampton give his Will Aug. 10, 1683."

From "Digest of Early Conn. Probate Records."

Wm. Lewis Sr., the aged " (Farmington inventory.)

Wm. Lewis and Wm. Lewis Sr., signed an agreement at Hartford, Conn. April 18, 1659 to remove to Massachusetts. There were a number of other signers to this agreement. Wm. Lewis 1st, was one of the 28 who signed an agreement Oct. 8, 1660 at a town meeting at Hadley, Mass. He attended Court March 16, 1661 as one of the jurors from New Town (Cambridge). He had been a juryman and selectman at Hartford in 1641. The history of Cambridge Mass. says "Wm. Lewis here in 1665 and resided at the northwest corner of Winthrop and Holyoke Street, thence removed to Hartford."

From the Records of Harry W. Lewis of Erie Penn.

In addition to the above records information he says "The ship Lion, Capt. Mason Commanding, sailed from England June 27, 1632 and arrived Boston Sept. 16, 1632. She brought 123 passangers, including 50 children. Among these Wm. Lewis, his wife Felix and son William, a large boy, who married first, in 1644, twelve years after landing in Boston. Wm. Lewis returned to England and probably to Wales in 1649. _________ Executor to his son William, Samuel Steel of Weatherfield, Conn. and Samuel Partrigg of Hadley, Mass. He owned property in both places.

### William 2nd

Born in Wales 1620, came to America and lived with his parents in both Mass. and Conn. (In 1640, Jan. 10) appointed Commissioner in Gen'l Court at Hartford) ( Was Lt. and Capt. in Military Co.) In 1644 he married Mary, daughter of Wm. Hopins of Stratford Conn. by whom he had ten children. Sept. 14, 1644 he was one of the first settlers of Farmington, 9 miles west of Hartford. The township was laid off eleven miles wide by fifteen miles long and and ten acres system was used. There William, second, become a very prominent man, it's first recorder, when incorporated in 1695; but he married secondly Nov. 22, 1671 to Mary, baptised Nov. 29, 1640, daughter of Ezkiel Cheever, a noted schoolmaster of New Haven, Ipswich, Charlestown and Boston, by whom he had six children. He died Aug. 16, 1690. Both he and his father were buried at Farmington in the Old Coloniel Burying Ground."

"There is a tradition in the Lewis family that the name orginated in France and was orginally spelled "Louis", mening strong and brave. After the family settled in Wales, the name being Anglicized, itm was changed to Lewis. All the Welsh Lewises are related as they all sprang from the same stock. Wm. Lewis of Conn. evidently came from the same stock in Wales as the Virginia branch, as the name occurs in practically every generation. But the Conn. branch came to America much earlier (1632), while "Pioneer John", who settled in Staunton, Augusta County, Va. (having killed an Irish landlord and fled to America.) came in 1720."

When Farmington was first settled it was the lawful hunting ground of the Tanxis Indians and the home of wild beasts. Wm. (2nd) first home was probably of logs in 1660, after a sawmill had been built, he erected another house where he continued to live until his death in 1704. His son Wm. (3) called "Schoolmaster Wm." lived in this house when it was one of the 7 fortifications against the Indians and French who were committing depredations in W. Mass. and Conn., as well as in the vicinity of Albany N.Y. (events which led to the French and Indian War (1755-58). This fortfied house passed into the hands of a grand son (Wm. Lewis) who made an Inn of it, which he called "The Elm Tree Inn". It is still used as an Inn."

From "History of Estates of Capt. Wm. Lewis (2nd)

Digest of Early Probate Records.

Also from above---

" March 6, 1690 - 1 Distribution of Estates of Capt. Wm. Lewis (2nd) the jointure being already settled"- ect. from Ct. records p. 26 read "Mrs. Lewis came into court being interested in the distribution of "My honored husband, Capt. Wm. Lewis' estate."

From "Private Controversies" Vol. N No. 150

More from Court Records - ( p. 112- Vol. VII.)

Wm. Lewis (3), son of Williams and Mary Hopkins, baptised March 15, 1556, married Sarah Moore, daughter of Deacon Isaac Moore of Farmington. His name can be found in school records of Farmington. He was a schoolmaster till after 60 years old. Joined church at Farmington Conn. May 22, 1688 - died 1732. In 1892 a paper about this old man was read before Conn. Historical Society by a descendant.

Next in line comes Daniel, son of Wm. and Sarah Moore, He was born Dec. 10, 1691 and died Dec. 8, 177' aged 83. Beyond these dates and records of his children I know little of Daniel.

He (Daniel) married May 1, 1718, Mary Strong (born Jan. 22, 1692, died Apr. 9, 1751, aged 59.)

A son of Daniel and Mary Strong was Ethan Lewis, born July 27, 1724, married June 18, 1746, Sibyl Parmelee (born Mar. 29, 1727, the daughter of Joshua and Hannah Parmalee.

(This from Farmington, Conn. Town Records: Conn. Genealogical Record and Hartford probate Records.)

From deeds on record at Pittsfoeld he appears to have moved to Tyringham, Mass. in 1771). A child was born to him in Farmington. In the history of Ethan Lewis a confusion of names has in some ways arisen. The records in New England prove beyond a doubt that his father's son Daniel, was born Sept. 24, 1721 and died Nov. 15, 1740, having lived but 19 years. It is also proven by New England records that Ethan Lewis married Sibyl Parmalee, by whom he had ten children ( dates of birth of all known and marriages same). Later when Ethan Lewis moved from Mass. to Miss. he is known as Daniel in some records. (His father's son Daniel had long since died.) In the Journal kept by Capt. Phelps, commanding the ship on which Ethan Lewis removed to Miss. , he is called Daniel Lewis Sr. (having a grown son of the same name). His descendants in La., Miss. and other southern states knew him as Daniel Lewis and he has passed into history (Claibourne History of Miss.) as Daniel Lewis, Sr. yet his children have identical names and dates of birth as those recorded in New England as Ethan's. The only explanation is that after the death of his boother Daniel, Ethan added his brother's name - that his father might have a son bearing his name.

A son of Ethan (Daniel) who came with his parents to Miss. at the age of 7, in 1774 was Seth, born 1764, died 1848- appointed Chief Justice of Miss. Territory-1800 by President John Adams; through influence of Andrew Jackson, appointed District Judge in La. 1813, Judge Fifth District 29 years.

Excepts from " Life of Amelia Lewis Thomson" (Born Nashville 1799) died ~~1799~~ 1803

Written by herself (sister of Anna Lewis Nugent)

"Thomas Hardeman, my grandfather and Seth Lewis, my father were both delegates to a convention called to meet at Knoxville(1796) for the purpose of forming a constitution for the State of Tenn. Note: along with Samuel Frazier) my father's position was a distinguished one- a prosperous, popular lawyer, and it was a great mistake when he accepted the appointment to the Supreme Judgeship of Miss. conferred upon him by Pres. Thomas Jefferson. This necessiated the removal of his family to Natchez when I was 18 months old - the journey being made by flatboat. When I was ten, he and Mr. Turner, purchased 16,000 acres, in Attakapoos, La. and 40 slaves to put on it. After the War of 1812, father became involved and had to sell the plantation and all but 12 slaves--- Father bought a country place (70 acres) a mile from Opelousas, La. so we could have more society."

From " A Summer on a La. Plantation" 1832) by Amelia Thomas Watts (Cinn.)
( dau. of above)

" Our grandfather was Judge Seth Lewis, appointed by Gov. Claibourne when La. was admitted as one of the United States. When a young man he had studied law in Nashville with Andrew Jackson (afterwards president). He had been appointed Judge in the Territory of Miss. While still a young man and on the admission of the State to the Union had drawn many a State law. His portrait now hangs in the State House, Jackson, Miss." His home (one purchased after 1812) was called "Camp Hamilton" near Opelousas, La."

The two manuscrips mentioned above contain many pages of fascinating stories of life in the south in the early days. ( a copy in possession of author and in DAR Library.)

Table 4

Signer, Plantation Covenant
Guilford, Conn. 1639

Ref. Bound volume Parmalee
data DAR- library
Compendium of Am.
Genealogy Vol. 4

John Parmelee
m
1. Hannah (in Eng.)
2. Elizabeth (widow of
Bradley. She m 3rd
John Evarts- in 1663

b. Europe 1585 (Family orginated in Belgium-Baron de Parmele 1080) Came to New Haven (then Quinnipiac) Conn. from Eng. on ship "St John"- sailing May 20, 1639- landing July 15,1639. Brought wife and 2 daughters (Hannah & Mary) with him d. New Haven, 1659. Will proved Nov. 8, 1659.

John
bap. Apr. 13, 1615
Came to Am., 4 yrs.
before parents (at
age of 20)
m
Apr. 1635
1. Rebecca- 2 (1651) Anna-
3. Hannah-

On "Elizabeth and Anne"- lived first at New Haven. After father's arrival, went with him to Guilford, Conn. (1639). Freeman of Guilford Feb. 14, 1650 - Drummer in Train band (Guilford).

Hannah
b. 1625 Engl.
m 1651
John Johnson

Mary b. Eng.
m. 1660
Dennis Grampton

1st wife | 3rd wife

Nathaniel
m
Sarah
French

John
b. 1659
m
Mary Mason

Joshua
b. June 1661
m
1. Else Edwards
2. Hannah(1716( Widow of Benj. Stone)

Caleb
b. 1663
m
1. Abigail Johnson
2. Abigail Hill

b. 1665 Isacc
m
Eliz.
Hilend

Hannah
b. 1667
m
1. Tahan Hill
2. Joshua Stevens
3. Thos. Merrill

Stephens
b. 1669
m
Eliz.
Baldwin

Job
b.1673
m
Betty
Edwards

Joel b. 1675
m
Abigail
Andrews

Priscilla
b. 1678
m
d. 1692

1st wife | 2nd wife

Daniel
b. 1691
m
Anne
Rositer
(Wid.)

Susannah
b. 1693
m
Joshua
Stone

Anne
b. 1694
m
Isacc
Hill

Timothy
b. 1695
m
1. Desire
Barnes
2. Rachel
Stores

Sam'l
b. 1698

David
b.1699
m
Patience
Kirkham

Jonathan
b. 1701
m
Sarah
Taylor

Jeanne
b.1704

Jehiel
b.1718
m
Mary Royce

Hannah
b.1720
m
Dr.Benj.
Hull

Chas.
b.1722
m
Eliz.
Ennis

Lucy
b.1725
m
Jas. Paker

Sibylla
b. Mar. 29,1727
m
June 18,1746
Ethan Lewis

See Lewis Charts

Wm. Hopkins-
m
X Mary - (She m 2nd
Richard Whitehead of Winsor Conn.

---

Mary
m
Capt. Wm. Lewis (2)
(Farmington)

---

See Lewis Chart

In 1640-41-42 was a resident of Stratford, Conn. Magristrate of Gen'l Court.
Ref. History of Stratford (Orcutt
Vol. 1, p. 130.
History of Stratford (Wm.
Wilconsin)

X N.E. Gen. and Hist. Register, Vol. 44, p. 386 gives Will of Richard Whitehead, nameing "Wife Mary", widow Hopkins,"

In 1670 she was living with her son-in-law Capt. Wm. Lewis"-From Savage-Genealogical Dictionary Vol. 2, - 462.

Stratford, Conn. was orginally called "Cupheage"

---

As Wm. Hopkins was in America, just 20 years after the "Mayflower" arrived, it is tho't that he may be a descendent or kinsman of Stephen Hopkins and Elizabeth his wife, who came on that boat. Stephen's son Giles, (so Wm. Bradford reported in 1650) "hath 4 children". Of "Damaris and Oceanus" and their desdendents I have found little.

(Deacon) Isaac Moore
m. Dec. 5, ~~1645~~? 1645
1. Ruth Stanley ( b. Eng. 1629)
2. Dorothy Smith (dau. of Rev. Henry)
d. 1766

---

| Ruth | Sarah | Elizabeth | Mary | Phebe | Possibly others |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| . Jan. 5, 1657<br>m.<br>John Norton | b. Feb. 12, 1662<br>m.<br>Wm. Lewis (3) | m.<br>Sam'l Hayes | b. Sept. 15 1664<br>m.<br>John Hart | bap. Apr. 25, 1669<br>d. Aug. 17, 1725 | |

See Lewis Charts

Isaac Moore came to America on the "Increase", Apr. 1635 at age of 23. (b. 1612) - and settled at Hartford, Conn. In 1645 moved to Farmington. Chosen by soldiers as leader of the Train band. Elected Sgt. May 17, 1649- Founder of town of Norwalk, Conn. Selectman, 1657-
Came from Boxted, Essex Co., Eng.-

From "Moore Genealogy"-
(pub. 1934) p. 255

From Moore Genealogy (pub. 1934) p. 255.

1. Isaac Moore (1) emigrated on the "Increase" In April 1635, at the age of 13, and settled first at Hartford, Conn., where he married Ruth Stanley, daughter of John Stanley on Dec. 5, 1645. Moore settled in Farmington, near Hartford, for a time and was chosen by the soldiers of the local train band as their leader. His election as Sargeant was confirmed by the General Court on May 17, 1649. Many years later, on April 20, 1665, he was excused by the General Court from further military training "he having formely been chief officer of the train Band of Farmington."

Isaac Moore became ~~of~~ one of the founders of the town of Norwalk, Conn., and his name appears on the earliest list of inhabitants there, a list made in 1655. He received one of the first grants of land, his allotment being four acres. At a town meeting held April 13, 1654, he was elected one of the two Townsmen (Selectmen) for the ensuing year. He was elected Dupty of the General Court in 1657, attending one of the sessions on October 1st of that year. He sold his land in Norwalk in 1660 and probably returned to Farmington soon after that, where he continued to live.

The will of Gregory Nolterton of Hartford, executed July 17,1674, mentions the wife of Isaac Moore. Moore had a second wife, Dorothy, the daughter of the Rev. Henry Smith. She had two husbands, John Blakeman and Francis Hall, both of Stratford, Conn. Dorothy died in 1706.

Isaac Moore had four daughters whose husbands are named in a partition deed of Jan. 9, 1738/39. Samuel Hayes of Norwalk, and John Norton, Willie Lewis and John Hart of Farmington. The respective wives are not here identified.

Issue by the first wife:

1. Ruth (2) who was baptised on Jan. 5, 1657, at Norwalk.
2. Sarah (2) who was baptised on Feb. 12, 1662, at Farmington.
3. Mary (2) who was baptised on Sept. 15, 1664, at Farmington.
4. Phebe (2) who was baptised on April 25, 1669, at Farmington.

References:

American Genealogist, 11:111.

Banks, The Planters of the Commonwealth (1930). 149.

Collections of Connicut Historical Society, 14:606:22:162.

Connecticut Colony Records 1:187,306,440.

Crane and Mullins, Smith Genealogy (1922) 27,28.

Hall, The Ancient Historical Records of Norwalk, Conn. (1847)17,22,43,47.

Manwarning, Early Connecticut Probate Records, 1:260,270,404,481,2:96,plate facing XX.

New England Historical Genealogical Register, 11:328:12,37:13,54:53,87.

Porter, Historical Discourse Delivered Before the Citizens of Farmington (1841) 63,64.

Savage, Genealogical Dictionary of New England, 3:228.

John Stanley-
m. (Eng.)

Embarked for America 1634.
d. en route, on board ship
Tho't to have come from Kent, Engl.

Ruth- 2nd dau. b. Eng. 1629
brought up by "Uncle Timothy"
m. (at age of 16) Dec. 15th 1645
d. May 26, 1696
M.

Isaac Moore
(lived Norwalk)

Data from "Stanley Genealogy"
pub. 1887) p. 33

Table 7

| Elizabeth | Ruth | Sarah | Mary | Phebe | Probably others |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| m<br>Sam'l<br>Hayes | b. Jan. 5<br>1657<br>m<br>John Norton | b. Feb. 12,<br>1662<br>m Aug. 17,<br>1725<br>Wm. Lewis<br>See Lewis charts | b. Sept. 15,<br>1664<br>m<br>John Hart | b. Apr. 25, 1669 | |

Valentine Papers. Vol. 1-p.326
"Archibald Cary patented land in
Goochland Co. June 1, 1750, adjoining
John Hardeman"-Hardeman grant-
"on upper side of Barren Lich Creek,
Willis river"

John Hardeman
m. 1746-7
Dorothy Edwards

b. Eng. Came to Va. 1716
Goochland Co. then
Albemarle.

Table 8

| | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Deborah<br>m<br>- Strong<br>Ga. | Susannah<br>m<br>- Owen<br>Ga. | Col. Thos.X<br>b. Albemarle<br>Co. Jan.8,1750<br>d.June4,1833<br>m.1770<br>1.Mary Perkins<br>(1754-1798)<br>2.Susannah Perkins | Elizabeth<br>m<br>-Stone | Ester<br>m<br>-Evertt | June<br>m<br>* Hafferty | John<br>Ga. | Judith<br>m<br>Sneed<br>Strong<br>Ga. | Lyndia<br>m<br>1.Crunk<br>2. Werthon<br>Tenn. |

Both moved to Tenn. with brother Thos.

(sister of 1st wife d.1815-no issue (one record say Susannah Perkins-1.Pryor 2. Beck 3.Thos. Hardeman

| | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Nicholas<br>Perkins<br>b.Oct.20,<br>1772<br>m<br>Anne<br>Neely<br>Williamson<br>Co. Tenn.<br>Tex. | Costantine<br>b. Jan.3,1778<br>m<br>Sally Parr<br>or Marr<br>11 Ch. | Dorothy<br>m<br>George<br>Burnett<br>(Clay Co. Mo.<br>Peter -1st<br>Gov. of<br>Calif. | Eleazar<br>b.Dec. 1779<br>m<br>Eliz.<br>Foster<br>10 Ch. | Peter<br>b.May<br>23,1784<br>m<br>Susan<br>Stone<br>8 Ch. | Blackstone<br>b. May 24,<br>1790<br>m.<br>Anne<br>Burch<br>Tex. | John<br>b.Feb.<br>20,1776<br>m<br>1.Lucretia<br>Nash<br>2.Nancy<br>Knox | Baily<br>b.Feb.<br>20,<br>1795<br>m<br>Rebecca<br>Wilson<br>Tex. | Thos.<br>Jones<br>b.Jan.21,<br>1798<br>m<br>Mary<br>Polk<br>Tenn.<br>5 Ch. | Elizabeth<br>b.Nov 26,<br>1781<br>m<br>1.Glen<br>Owen<br>2. Dr.<br>Corsine | Anne(Nancy)<br>b. March 23,<br>1774<br>m. 1793<br>Seth Lewis<br>See Lewis charts |

John d. No. 1829
(yellow fever)

Ch. 1st wife Thos. L.
John Locke
Lucretia
2nd wife Leona
George Owen
Knox

1st husband
Santa Fe trader
killed by Indians

X Rev. War enlisted Capt. Beans Co.
Col. after war moved to Davidson Co.
Tenn. Delegate to fisst Constitutional
Convention, Tenn. 1796.

Ref. Ramsey's "Annals of Tenn".
History of Tenn.
War Dept. Records
Compendium of Am Genealogy Vol.4

Hardeman- (Written by Howard Hardeman-1948
Central College-Fayette, Mo.)

Sometime previous to the year 1716, a family by the name of Hardeman left some part of Great Britian and crossed the Atlantic Ocean to the Colony of Virginia. Little is known about the first Hardeman to come to America, except that he was a cooper by trade, and brought up his only son, John, to the same occupation. John was born about 1716, but it is not known whether he was born in Virginia or whether he came over as a babe in arms with his parents.

Another family came to Virginia from England about 1716 or '17, bringing with them their infant daughter, Dorothy Edwards. The lives of Dorothy and John were destined to cross, and they were united in marriage in Virginia in 1746 or 47. John and Dorothy Hardeman had two sons and either five or seven daughters. The oldest child was Thomas, whom we shall follow in his westward travels to Franklin, Mo. John the seventh child moved to Georgia where his descendants now live.(Note at bottom of page reads: "In the winter of 1943 and '44, Lt. Walker Evans Hardeman, from Pacific, Mo., was stationed at Camp Stewart, Georgia, and met some of the descendants of this John Hardeman. Walker Hardeman is a great-great-grandson of Thomas Hardeman).

Thomas Hardeman was born in Albemarble County, Virginia, Jan. 8, 1759, [illegible]. His education was extremely small, for he barely knew how to read. At the age of 18 he left his home, and in the company of three trappers journeyed westward across the Alleghanies to Middle Tenn. on a hunting expedition. That was in 1768, one year before Daniel Boone made his famous journey across the mountains into Kentucky. Thomas Hardeman and his companions hunted and killed deer, bear, and buffalo in the region about the present city ~~expad~~ of Nashville. The hunters spent the winter in this region ~~and~~ and probably escaped molestation by the Indians because of the small size of their party. In the spring of 1769 the hunters returned to Virginia, and Thomas dutifully served his father for the rest of his minority according to the custom of the day, although he was married at 20.

In 1770, young Thomas married Mary Perkins, daughter of Nicholas Perkins Sr. After becoming of age, Thomas and Mary moved to the Dan River area, the dividing line between Virginia and North Carolinia. For the next nine years they lived as tenants in the low lands of the Dan River. They obtained some property and moved to Holston County in 1779. This was the frontier, and the scattered settlements were exposed to frequent raids by the Indians. In the summer of 1779, on his return from a temporary absence he met his family fleeing from Indians foray and took them back to the Dan River till the next season.

In the fall of 1779 Thomas Hardeman became the complete owner of his first tract of land, the title deed to which is here given verbatim:

> Oct. ye 20th 1779
>
> Then received of John Fuller Lane one cow and one calf for one hundred acres of land which I entered in the Falls of Sincking Creek-
>
> I say received by me.
>
> William Bean Capt.
>
> I assine the written receipt to Thos. Hardeman for value received.
>
> Test
> Jeremiah Lane

(From a paper written by Dr. G.O. Hardeman, grandson of Thos. Hardeman. The deed still existed at the time of writing, and is probably in the Hardeman records today.) ~~p6~~

Another deed of similiar charater, dated 1782, shows the consideration to be "the sum of twenty pounds specie to me in hand paid." (~~Ibid p.7~~)

Some of his children were old enough to go to school, and he with the ambitious desire to remedy his own lack of education, went to school with his children to study arithmetic in particular. (We still have some of his old arithmetic books in which he worked with a quill pen.)

Thomas Hardeman remained on his property until 1785, a period covered by the Revolutionary War. The settlers in this region were occupied in defending their homes against the Indians raids and took no part in the war so far as service in the Continental Army was concerned.* In 1780 or 81 the state of N.C. sent expeditions against the Cherokee Indians, who had sided with the British.

*This is in conflict with other authorities

For this expedition one company was recruited from the Sincking Creek area, taking nearly all the young men abled bodied. Thomas Hardeman was the commander of this company and was given the title of Captain, by which he was known for the rest of his life.* This campaign against the Cherokee was known as the "Nicojack War."

The Cumberland County was attracting settlers, and Thomas Hardeman still had keen memories of his hunting ~~an~~ and trapping expedition 17 years earlier.. He determined to make the area his home, and so, in the winter of 1785 and '86 he built a boat to take his family and household goods as far as possible by water. He had now five children and owned several negro slaves. He was joined by some neighbors, and together they made up a flotilla and two boats and a canoe with a force of seven effective men. The route they followed was down the Holston and Tennessee Rivers to the Ohio, up to the Cumberland, and then up this river. It proved to be a long perilous trip of over one thousand miles. They were piloted thru intricate channels of the Muscle Shoals by friendly Indian guides, but they had to run the gauntlet of the hostilities of other Indians in larger groups who endeavored to cut them off. For days at a time they were confined to the boats, anchoring in the streams at night, Thomas Hardeman alone landing when necessary to kill game to replenish their food supply. On one such hunting trip he was cut off by a band of Indians who attacked the boats. The travelers believed he had been killed by the Indians, and, unable to either stop or return to look for him , the sorrowing party continued their journey down the river. On the second or third day after the incident, the party rounded a bend in the river and saw him standing on the shore waiting for them—the carcass of a deer at his feet. He had seen the boat cast off safely into the stream when the Indians had attacked and took to the woods to escape them. He followed down the river at a distance in the woods until he could safely appraoch the bank and wait for his family to catch up with him. Perhaps his hunting experience in that area in 1786 had given him enough information about the country to help him escape the Indians and keep ahead of his party.

After weeks of weary and dangerous travel, particularly laborious in ascending the Cumberland, the party landed on the tenth of March, 1788, at a point three miles east of Nashville, then known as "French Lick", a mere trading post consisting of a stockade and a few outlying cabins. Thomas Hardeman directed the building of a stockade fort, which was for some time the most distant settlement from French Lick.

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* Other records use the title of Colonel in later years

His life for some years was a repetition of that of the frontierman everywhere in the America of his day. His stockade furnished protection to a number of families who moved into the area, and he became the leader of the settlement, his fort being nucleus around which the settlers cultivated their fields. There were frequent raids by small roving bands of Indians, and Thomas Hardeman was ~~lawys~~ always one of the first to organize and lead parties in pursuit. He became noted as a mighty hunter in a community where almost every man lived by his refle. It is related that he was the head of a party who of three who killed forty bears in a few days time. This is to be taken not so much as evidence of the prowness of the hunter, but of the abundance of the game in that region.

The country from 1790 rapidly filled up with imigrants, mainly from North Carolinia and Virginia, many of them men of ability and education. Indian raids became scarce and gradually faded out, and Tennessee was admitted to the Union in 1796.

Thomas Hardeman had become a prosperous citizen, showing himself capable of playing his part in the new order of things as well as a pioneer. He took an active part in politics and served one term in the legislature of Tennessee after its separation from N.C., and was a deligate to the Constitutional Convention that framed the law of Tennessee in 1796. in recognition of his services his name was later given to one of the counties of that state.

His first wife died in 1798, having borne him fourteen children. Among these fourteen were Nicholas Perkins (the oldest) John the third and Dorothy (the eighth) and Bailey(the thirteenth child). These four or their descendants will appear in this history again. Thomas Hardeman then married a sister of his first wife, and she died in 1815.

Tennessee was now a comparatively old state, and the pioneer instinct was again tugging at the heart of Thomas Hardeman. In June, 1816, at the age of 66, he visited the Territory of Missouri and came on west to Howard County, which had only recently been organized. He was so attracted to the Howard county area that he determined to make it his new home. He purchased land on the Missouri River between Cooper's Fort and Franklin which had just been laid off that year. He returned to Tenn. divided his property among his children, reserving a small portion for himself, and in the fall of 1816, returned overland to his new home, transporting his belongings in a cart. He was accompained by several slaves and four of his children---John, Bailey, Dorothy, and Elizabeth. It is only fair to mention Elizabeth among his children also, for she married Glen Owen, a prominent Santa Fe trader who was killed by the Comanches during one of his overland expeditions" (Note gives reference to: "More of Saline County Families Whose Accomplishments Cast Great Credit upon the County", in a Saline Newspaper, by Charles van Ravenswaay Pres. Mo. Historical Society). Perhaps it would be more accurate to saythat John followed his father to Mo., for he came to St. Lewis in 1817 and lived in Carondelet until 1819, when he moved to Howard County. He purchased a tract of land about five miles above Franklin, just across the Missouri from the mouth of Lamine River, and called it "Fruitage Farm". Thomas Hardeman lived with his son, John, until shortly after John's death in 1829. In 1830, he returned to Tenn. and passed the remainder of his days with his children who stayed in that state. He died on June 4, 1833, in the eighty-fourth year of his life.

"He was physically a man of sturdy frame and great power of endurance. As to his moral and mental characteristics, he loved the truth and despised sham and pretense of every kind. His mind was characterized by boldness of and decision of thought and defiant disregard of the consequences of his opinions when he believed himself to be right. He took no man's *ipse dixit* but thought for himself , and was governed by the weight of evidence as he saw it, not by authority. His independence and self-reliance in this respect led him into the avowal of what were in view of the prevailing Christian sentiment, extreme doctrines in religion. He was not known as an atheist or ever an "agnostic", for such a term was not then known, but as a "Deist" or a follower in the religious belief of Thos. Paine, as set forth in that great man's

"Age of Reason". (Note: says this from "The Life of Thos. Hardeman" written by Dr. G. O. Hardeman, grandson of Thomas Hardeman, p. 15-16.)

Now let us turn to some of the children of Thomas Hardeman and try to shed some light on the part played in American History. They will not be placed in the order of their birth, but in the order that will give the best continuity to our story.

Bailey Hardeman was born on Feb. 26, 1795, and married Rebecca Wilson . Bailey came to Missouri with his father, but wasn't content to settle down to life in a fairly settled place; so he joined the Santa Fe trade. Then he went to Texas and took part in the Texas war of Independence in 1835. Afterwards he served as Secretary of the Treasury under President Sam Houston of the Republic of Texas.

"Something of Bailey's character is suggested in a letter Sam McClure, an overland trader associated with Meredith M. Marmaduke, wrote in 1836. 'I have no doubt but our Friend and Fellow Traveler, Dan. Bayle Hardeman is a pretty good Modall of the Majority of the Citizens of that Country (meaning Texas). I know he could breed a mutiny in any camp" (Note says this is from an article "More of Saline County Families Whose Accomplishments Cast Great Credit on the Country" in a Saline County Newspaper, by Charles Van Ravenswaay, Pres. Mo. Historical Society).

Dorothy Hardeman was born on May 15, 1786, and married George Burnett. She and her husband lived for the remainder of their lives in Clay County, Missouri. Of their eight children, one, Peter Hardeman Burnett, played an active part in shaping of the History of California. He tried running a country store, teaching school, and finally became a lawyer, In 1841, deeply concerned over the continued illness of his wife, and hopeless of early enough money in Missouri to pay his debts, he decided to move to ~~California~~ Oregon. Here in the far west he soon became prominent. He went down to California when gold was discovered, and was elected the first governor of that state. He also served as Judge of U.S. Court in Oregon. Before his death in 1895, he wrote a book The Old Pioneer, describing pioneer life as he had seen it.

Now we come to John Hardeman who was born in North Carolina, February 13, 1776, In 1805 he married Lucretia Nash, by whom he had three children, Thomas L., who died in infancy; John Locke; and Lucretia N. His first wife died in 1712. As earlier stated, he moved to Missouri and bought the property he so appropriately called "Fruitage Farm". He had been a lawyer in Tennessee, and it isn't known why he took such a keen interest in farming. But he did become interested in agriculture, and the result was an experimental project that produced the most beautiful garden spot in the middle west in early American History. John Hardeman laid out his garden plot 40 poles long and 36 poles wide, covering ten acres of ground. As the accompanying photograph of the original plot of this garden shows, it was an elaborate affair with serpentine walks, paved with shells, leading the enchanted visitor among fruits, berries, shrubs, and flowers that John had collected from widely spread parts of the continent. What was his reason for putting in so much time and expense on such an agricultural undertaking ?

"There was some scientific farming in Missouri from the earliest settlement--- Many experimented with the possibilities of Missouri soil and climate. Perhaps the earliest experimenting gentleman farmer was John Hardeman, A Tennessee Lawyer, who laid our a formal garden on a tract of land in the Missouri River bottom just west of Franklin. He collected trees and shrubs, flowers, vegetables, berries and grains from various parts of the continent, and endeavored to discover those best suited to Middle West Culture". (From Missouri-American Guide Series. New York: Duell, Sloan and Pierce p. 64)

It must have been a spot of breathtaking beauty, for it drew people from great distances. It is reported that Henry Shaw came and studied it before starting his famous garden in St. Louis. Perhaps a description of Hardeman's Garden, given in an old copy of the Common-Wealth of Missouri would be of interest.

"Just above the mouth of the Lamine River, in Howard County, and five miles above Old Franklin, there was from about 1820 to 1835 a lovely and famous retreat known as "Hardeman's Garden" - a vine-clad and rose-covered bower, very similar to the renowned "Tower Grove" of that public benefactor, Henry Shaw, of St. Louis.

The founder of this celebrated garden, John Hardeman, was a North Carolinian by birth born 1776, removed in 1817 to Carondelet, Missouri, from Williamson Coynty Tennessee, and two years afterward to Howard county. He was a gentleman of wealth and culture, and studied and practiced law in his native state. But, being passionately fond of agricultural horticultural pursuits, he abandoned his profession and determined to establish in the wilds of Missouri and one of the rich alluvial lands in " Cooper's Bottom" the most splendidly-equipped farm and garden west of the Alleghanies. Ambitions to excell in this attractive industry, he purchased several hundred acres of land, and on a chosen spot immediately on the Missouri River laid off ten acres in exact square for a bontantic garden, sparing neither expense nor labor in adroning it wuth fruits, flowers, and shrubs, indigenous and exotic.(This statement wasn't exact, for the plot shows it to be 36 by 40 poles.) Serpentine walks, paved with shells, conducted the admiring visitor through this charming court of Flora, where, amid zeyphers of the richest perfume, flowers of the most beautiful hue greeted the eye and fruits of the most delicious flavor tempted the hand".

But Hardeman garden is gone! And he, to whose genius and cultivation it was indebted for the adornment and brilliance which the forest bloom and bloosom as the rose, is also gone---having in 1829, on his wayhome from Old Mexico, died of yellow fever in New Orleans. And the gay and cheerful groups who once threaded its labyrinthian paths, enchanted by the songs of birds, and made happy in the midst of Cultivated magificance, are to be seen no more, Not a tree, or shrub, or vine, or flower of the Garden remains, All are gone---evern the very spot on which this Elysium was located! It, as well as the once floursishing town of Franklin, has fallen a victim to the treacherous current of the river, whose banks they once adorned". (From The Commonwealth of Missouri, edited by C.R. Barnes St Louis, Bryan, Brand, and Co. , 1877, p. 194-95)

So that was Hardeman's Garden. Early in its history, in 1823, John Hardeman married Nancy Knox of Howard County. She had four children---Leona, George and Glen Owen (twins) and Knox.

John Hardeman had other interests, but he tied them in with his garden as often as he could. He became involved in the Santa Fe trade and made a trip in 1828, in an effort to gain back some of the wealth he has expended on his garden. He made the journey to Santa Fe and intended to return via a different route. He went on into Old Mexico to collect plants (in earlier years he had traveled to Central America), and was returning when he died of yellow fever in New Orleans in 1829. He was buried there, and on his tomb are the words,

"John Hardeman of Missouri--An honest man is the noblest work of God."
9 (Howard Hardeman) It was on receiving of this news that hid father, Thomas,moved back to Tenn. Buried in Gero St. cemetery (John Hardeman).

John Locke Hardeman, John's son by his first wife attempted to runa store in Miss., but soon gave that up and returned to Saline County before 1840. Soon after returning he built the beautiful house a few miles west of Arrow Rock and just south of a little town of Hardeman, which today is a store, post office and a few houses. John Locke took up farming and became wealthy growing hemp. He evidently had a brilliant mind and applied it to farming methods. He invented a successful horse drawn hemp breaker which was used for a number of years, but his greatest achievement, one of which another was destined to receive the credit, was the development of the first horse drawn reaper which he used for cutting hemp. This claim may seem fantastic to many, but it quite evidently true. I have heard my father tell about it, a son Dr. Glen Owen Hardeman (John Locke Hardeman's half brother), and Peter Hardeman Burnett, in his book, "The Old Pioneer", tell about this cumbersome old reaper. T.C. Rainey, in his book, "Along the Old Trail", gives the same account of it.

"I wonder if it is generally known that Dr. Hardeman's brother, Locke Hardeman, a wealthy hemp-grower near Arrow Roak, was the originator of the idea which resulted in the invention af the mower, the reaper and all modern machinery for harvesting? He invented a machine propelled by horse power, which he operated in his fields for the cutting of hemp. It was said to be cumbersome and only partically successful, but the father of the present Cyrus H. McCormick, a Virginian by birth, stayed a week with Hardeman and received from him the ideas which have resulted in the harvesting of grain by machinery and motive power --- an invention which has revolutionized the world of agriculture.

If this is true, and I have often heard that it is, the fact ought to be established and the honor due accorded to the orginator of the idea. I think there is no doubt Locke Hardeman put in operation the first farm machine ever propelled by horse power. That it was not perfect might be expected. McCormack first mower was crude, and would not be accepted as a gift". (From T.C. Rainey, Along the Old Trail, Marshall, Mo. Marchall Chapter Daughters of the American Revolution (publishers) 1914, p 93.

John Locke hardeman died in 1858, having never married, He isn't remembered by the world for inventing farm machinery, but the people who knew him remembered him for the type of man he was.

"I have heard it said of Locke Hardeman that his influence with young men who came in contact with him was very great and very benificial. Many of them, now elderly men, give him credit for directing their minds to high ideals and an honorable life".
(T.C. Rainey, p. 94)

Glen Owen Hardeman, John Lock's half brother, was born on Sept, 26, 1825. He spent his summer vacation from school with his brother John Locke on his farm west of Arrow Rock. He studied medicine at Kemper College in St. Louis, and graduated from there in 1848. He first practiced medicine in Marshall, Missouri, and for a while in Brunswick, Missouri, and then in Arrow Rock, living with his brother. Either just before or after his practice in Marshall, Missouri, he heard the call of adventure, and couldn't resist the call of the gold rush. In 1849, he and another young fellow joined one of the caravans going to California; and they did their share of sentinel and guard duty. They reached California without a fight with the Indians, but not without scares. On several occasions they saw bands of Indians watching them from a distance and guarded more careful for the next few nights. On one occasion the wagon train was rudely awakened in the middle of the night by a rifle shot from one of their alert sentinels. The sentinel had seen something moving in the prarie grass and took a shot at it. All of the men stayed up for the rest of the night. Daylight disclosed a dead dog that was sneaking into camp. They had seen it at a distance earlier in the day and had supposed it to be lost from another wagon. There was no complaining, for eternal vigilance is the price of liberty. A few weeks later the wagon train was again awakened by a shot. Daylight disclosed a dead Indian a few yards away from the wagon train. He had a knife in his hand, supposedly to cut the horses loose.

When they reached California, my grandfather and his partner decided to go into gardening, as there were few gardens, and a corresponding shortage of fresh vegetables. The summer was hot and dry, so they decided to irrigate. To pump the water, they built a windmill, which was evidently the first one in the area; for one day an Old Spanish speaking Indian came walking by, stopped and gazed in amazement, threw up his hands and said, "Muchos save los Americanos!" (The Americans know much!)

After a year my grandfather decided to go back to Missouri, but the longing for adventure wasn't yet satisfied. Inseatd of coming back across the continent, he took a ship and sailed down to the Isthmus of Panama, crossed it by foot, and took another ship to New Orleans. He boarded a steamship there and came up the Mississippi to St. Louis, and then up the Missouri to Arrow Rock landing.

In 1853 he moved to Franklin County, at Gray Summit, Missouri, where he made his permanent home, except for about fifteen months in the early 1870's when he moved back to Saline County. My father was born July 12, 1868, at Gray Summit, the next youngest child of the family. My grandfather became a prominent citizen in Franklin County and served several terms as a representative from Franklin County in the Missouri Legislature. He died at his home in 1905 at the age of 80. His wife survived him until 1916, and died at the age of 85.

Of my father's family, his oldest brother John Kocke, born in 1856 became a doctor in 1916. Letcher, born in 1864, went to West Point and graduated in the class with General Pershing, who served as best man at his wedding. After his graduation, Lt. Letcher Hardeman was stationed in Montana, Arizona, and New Mexico, and spent some time tracking down renegade Indians. During the Spanish American War he made a Colonal and comanded the 6th Missouri Regiment of Quartermaster Corps, and then retired to his farm at Rapidan, Va., where he died in 1937. Joe Hardeman, born in 1872, became a hat manufacturer in Settle, Washington, where his factory still remains, though he died in 1943.

My father, Glen Hodgen Hardeman, was born on July 12, 1868, and was a farmer. He attended Central College, Fayette, Missouri, in 1887 and 1888, and then went one term to a medical college in Kansas City. He gave that up to come home and take care of his aging parents.

In 1913 my father married Marion Evans, who is a direct descendant of Nicholas Perkins Hardeman, son of Thomas Hardeman. There were five children in my family. Walker, the oldest, served in the recent war as a Lieutenant in the Antiaircraft, Infantry, and Quartermaster Corps in Italy. He now resides with his wife on the home placeat Gray Summit. Owen, the second, went to Seattle Washington until the war. He went to England as a radio operator on a B-24 and on his seventhenth or eighteenth mission--- a raid on Munich--his plane, the Tailwind, failed to return. The plane and its entire crew were lost, with no trace of what happened.

Perkins, the youngest of the family, served as a marine torpedo and test pilot, and is now attending college at Berkeley, California. My sister, Townsend H. Fenn, and her family are in Wheatland, Wyoming. As in earlier generations, the children have scattered to all parts of the country.

On July 16, 1948, A Glen Hodgen Hardeman, passed away at his home at Gray Sunnit, at the age of 80 years. I think his life of service to his community can best be summed up in the remark a little girl made when she heard of his death. She said, "I think Mr Hardeman was the kindest person I ever knew." It came sincerely from the heart of a child who quickly learned to love the kind and gentle way he had with everyone he met.

So you have the Hardeman history briefly stated. It isn't anthing so unusual, for most Americans today who can trace their history back several generations will find that their ancestors played an important part in the development of America. The thing what does surprise us when we start digging into the past is the wide circle of friends they aften had and the great influence they weilded in mounding America behind the scenes. No family has had a monopoly on this, but each of us is duly impressed by the accomplishments of his own ancestors--accomplishments that were performed in the line of duty without any fanfare. I am held a little in revenence when I think of some if the things my ancestors did, and the friends and influence they had, just as everyone has the same feeling about those in their families who walked before them.

"In reading the Hardeman papers which have survived, one is impressed by the national ramifications of the family, their relationships, interests, and friends. One married an aunt of President Polk; another pioneered in the settlement of the Far West; still another played a vital role in the Texas Revolution. Their circle of friends included both Senator Barton, Missouri's first United States Senator, from whom John Hardeman received inimate and personal letters, as well as Barton's arch enemy, Senator Benton. Benton wrote Hardeman how indebted he was to him for the assistance given to him-Benton during his youth. Henry Clay and President Jackson are among the correspondents; Governor Marmaduke was a lifelong friend." (From "More of Saline County Familiet, etc. quoted before).

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Here again we see how much of our national history expands before our eyes as we stop to see and understand the history of the unsung people of the past.

Copied from the papers of Howard Hardeman, Pacific, Missouri, written by the grandfather of Howard Hardeman, Glen Owen Hardeman, 1899.

John Hardeman and Dorothy Edwards both removed from some point in Great Britian to the then colony of Virginia about 1716 or 17. They were married in Virginia in 1746 or '47. The issue of this union was two sons and seven daughters. The sons were Thomas, the second child, and John, the seventh, who settled in Georgia where his descendants now live.

THOMAS HARDEMAN, the eldest son, was born in Albemarle County, Virginia, January 8, 1750, O.S. In 1770 he married Mary, a daughter of Nicholas Perkins, Senior.

Children of Thomas & Mary Hardeman:

FIRST: Nicholas Perkins, born Oct. 20, 1772. Married Ann Neely and had seven children, viz: Mary, Thomas, William, Anna Lewis, Caroline, D & Jane; all now dead. Nicholas Perkins Hardeman was clerk of Williamson County Court from its organization till his death in 1818. He was succeeded in office by his son, Thomas, known as "Clerk Tom". D. Hardeman died in Texas during the last war. Bailey Hardeman's son, Samuel D. married a daughter of D. Hardeman and died in winter of 1882, leaving four children - all living in Matagorda County, Texas.

SECOND; Nancy, born March 23, 1774. Married to Seth Lewis 1793 and died July 20 1883. She had 12 children, viz:

1. Rachel Jackson, born in 1794, died in 1820. Rachel married first Peter Perkins, and after his death, Wm McMahon, a Methodist preacher. She had no children.
2. Mary, who died in infancy.
3. Sarah, born in 1797, died in 1820. Married David Todd, a native of New York. She left one child.
4. Amelia, born in 1799. Married in 1819, Rev. John Menifee and had two children. After the death of Menifee his widow married Patrick Thompson of New Orleans, who died leaving four children.
5. Elizabeth, died in infancy.
6. John, died in infancy.
7. Thomas Hardeman, born 1802 and died 1861, had thirteen children.
8. Ann Lavinia, born in 1809 and died in 1873, leaving 9 children.married John Pratt Nugent.
9. Seth Lewis, born 1804 and died 1834, leaving 5 children.
10. Louisa, born in 1809 and died in 1834, leving 5 children.
11. William, born in 1812 and died in 1874, leaving 5 children.

A number of the descendants of Nancy Lewis live in Opelousas, La. Seth Lewis who married Nancy Hardeman, was born in Massachusetts in 1765, and emigrated with his parents to the neighborhood of Grand Gulf (then West Florida) in 1775. He was a lawyer and Judge of the Federal Court for the Territory of Miss. in 1802. Afterwards Judge of the District Court in La. He died at Opelousas, Nov. 1848.

p. 14-(Howard Hardeman)

THIRD: John, born February 13, 1776. Married Lucretia Nash in 1805 by whom he had three children, viz:
Thomas, who died in infancy.
John Locke, who died in 1858, unmarried.
Lucretai N. who died in June, 1857.

John Hardeman moved from Texas to Missouri in 1817. He died in New Orleans, in 1829 with yellow fever. His first wife died in 1812 and in 1823, he married Nancy Knox of Howard County. She had four children - Leona, George, and Glen O. (twins) and Knox.

George and Knox died in infancy.
Leona, born Oct. 3, 1862, is still living. She married Richard L. Cordell and then Wm. F. Dunnica. Her children are:

John Hardeman Cordell of Marshall, Mo.

A nn, married Cockerill and now living in Glasgow.
Rebecca Cockerill of same place,
Eliza Baker, since dead.
Julia, unmarried.

Glen O. graduated in medicine in 1848 and practiced in Marshall, Saline County; was a surgeon in the Federal Militia, 71st Reg't Enrolled Mo. Militia, during the Rebellion; now a farmer in Franklin County. Married Parmelia A. Townsend and has six children living, viz:
John Locke, of Porterville, California
Susan, living in Lebadie: married Frank M. North
Nancy, married Samuel F. North
Letcher, a First Lt. in 10th U.S. Cavalry, graduated from West Point in 1886 and is now stationed in Cuba.
Joseph T, a "Commerical Traveler".
Glen H., a farmer.

FOURTH: Constant, born Jan. 3, 1778. Married Sarah Marr, born in 1799. They had eleven children:
Thomas, born August 4, 1800. Married Lucretia N. Hardeman who died in 1857 leaving three children, but one (Lent) now living.
John Marr, born 1804. Married daughter of Blackstone Hardeman and lives or did live in Texas.
George E. Lent, born 1805 and died 1836.
Susannah Perkins, married Constantine Snead and died in 1859. She had Thirteen children.
Agatha Ann, born 1809. Married George C. and had three children.
Constant Hardin, born 1811; married Mary Aydelot who died leving one child.
William Miller, married Bethsheba A. Williams; both dead leaving two daughters.
Mary Bailey, married W.P. Scales and had seven children.
Sarah Elizabeth, married Benjamin D. Hines and had several children.
Matilda Jane, married W.H. January and had several children.
Cornelia Ann, died an infant.
Constant Hardeman married a second wife in 1827 or '28.

FIFTH: Eleazor, born Dec. 1, 1779. Married Elizabeth Foster in 1800 and had ten children, viz.
Dorothy, married James Ury.
Seth Lewis, who was drowned in the Miss. River.
Marhta, married Andrew Craig, a Campbellite preacher.
James Foster, married Mary Kelly and died in Arkansas.
Mary, married Lemuel Farmer and died near Franklin, Tenn.
Thomas, married Miss McCrory and died in Tenn.
Susannah, married James Dottson and died.

Elizabeth Owen, married a son of Blackstone Hardeman and lives in Texas.

SIXTH: Susannah, born May 27, 1782; died in infancy.

SEVENTH: Peter, born May 23, 1784. Married his cousin, Sisannah Stone and died in Tenn., leaving one son, Franklin, who died in 1880, leaving several daughters.

EIGHTH: Dorothy, born May 15, 1786. Married George Burnett and removed to Missouri where she died in 1843, leaving eight children, viz:
Constantia, married Wm. L. Smith
Peter Hardeman, married Harriet Rogers and has six children. He was Judge of U.S. Court in Oregon and first Governor of the State of California. Died in 1896.
Glen Owen, married Sarah Rogers; is a Campbellite preacher and lived in Oregon. Since died.
George William, died in Oregon.
Elizabeth Ann, married 1st Dr. May and then Robert Cain. Is now a widow in S.F. with 10 childrem.
James W. married in Missouri and died in Oregon.
Mary H. married Dr. Long and died.
Thomas, twice married, lives in Oregon; is a preacher in the M.E. Church, South.

NINTH: Thomas Jones, born Jan. 31, 1788. Married a daughter of Ezekiel Polk and aunt of President Polk. Had five children.
Thomas Monroe, married Susan Burlson, both dead, leaving four children. He died in Knoxville, Tenn. A Major in the Confederate Army.
William Polk, married first the widow of Bailey Hardeman, then Sarah Hamilton, then third time Mary E. Collins. Has since died; had altogether seven children. William P. Hardeman was a Brig. Gen. in the Confederate Army.
Owen P. married and had four children, all living in Texas.
Mary Opelia married Dr. Fentress. Is a childless widow and lives at Prairie Lea, Texas.
Leonidas, married Miss Hamilton and had five children and lives in Texas.
Thomas Jones Hardeman by his first wife had three children, all living in Texas.

TENTH: Blackstone, born March 24, 1790. Married Ann Bunch and had six children:
William W. married Mary E. Rogers and had six children, all living in Texas.
Constantine 'Tine) married a daughter of Eleanor Hardeman. Lives in Texas.
Blackstone, married Rebecca Hunter and died leaving his widow with 17 children in Texas.
Martha, married Thomas Perry and is now dead.
John B. twice married and died leaving three children.
Peter, married Carolina Keys, and moved to Brazil and died, leaving his widow and 2 children there.
Blackstone Hardeman (the elder) died in Texas.

ELEVENTH: Elizabeth, born Nov. 26, 1791.. Married her cousin, Glen Owen, and after his death, Dr. Reece Corzine. She died in Texas during the spring of 1870, the last of her family as she had no children.

TWELFTH: Pitt, born June 13, 1793. Died in infancy.

THIRTEENTH: Bailey, born Feb. 26, 1795. Married Rebecca Wilson and died in Texas leaving one son, Samuel W. Bailey Hardeman moved to Missouri and engaged in the Santa Fe trade, then to Texas and took part in the Revolutionary War under Gen. Sam Houston. Was Secretary of the Treasury under the Republic of Texas. Was a lawyer.

FOURTEENTH: Franklin, born Dec. 5, 1795, and died in infancy.
The daughters of John and Dorothy Hardeman, sisters of Thomas Hardeman were:

Debrough, who married Strong and died in Georgia.
Susannah, married Owen and lived in Georgia.
Elizabeth who married Stone and moved to Tenn. in 1795 with her brother, Thomas.

June, married Hafferty.

Judith, married Sneed Strong and lived in Georgia.

Esther, married Evertt and moved to Tennessee with her brother, Thomas in 1795.

Lydia married Crunk who died. She then married Werthen and lived in Tennessee. Lydia was the youngest child,

b

cestors tho't to have come
om Scotland to Va.

Seth Cox (Cocks)

b. May 20, 1779

d. Aug. 22,1823 (Miss)

M

Mildred Gilbert

Data from family Bible in possession
of Mrs. A.W. Shands- In it,Name spelled
variously-Cocke, Cocks, Cox-

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redtl
Feb.23,1806
ct.1841
m
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ip-d .in
ancy
red left
perty to
ter
ly
a
th

Jhon
Gilbert
b. Jan.24,1805
d. May 14,1874
m 1830
Sally D.
Shelby
(1808-1836)

Martha
Jane d
d.y.

Philip
Alston
b.Sept.13,1835
d.Feb.2,1897
m. 1857
Eliz. L.Du Busson
(1837-1884)

Ch. Sarah Shelby b.Aug.25,1858
m d.May 16,1935
Ch. (Kit Williams Yazoo City,Miss.)
2. Myra (1800-1937) m. Chas,J.Burrus)
3.Eliza. (1866-1893) m. Tom. F. Davis
4. Antoinette b. 1868 m I.H.Barnwell (Memphis)
5. John Gilbert.(1873-1896)

Philip
Alston
b.1800
d. in
infancy

Robert F.
b. Sept. 10,
1810

Sally
Myra
b.1813
d.in
infancy

Martha
Louise
b.Mar.30
1815
d.Jan.1
1841
m
Scott

Philip
Alston
b.Jan.8
1816
d. 1830
(Ark)
m.
Anna C.
Ch. Mildred
Seth

Seth
b. Nov.2,
1818
d. July 12,
1857
m
Kate
Egg
Kate
m
Wilson Primm
Kretschmar
Wilson P. (Wils)
m Lady D. Shelton
Ch. Malcolm
Lady Kathrine

Wm. C.

Sally Myra
b. Aug.31,1822
d. Oct.14,1887
(Greenville,Miss.)
m
Abram Fulkerson Smith
Ch. 1.Abram I
2. Alfred Cox
3. Eliz. Gilbert
4. Evelina
3 ⑤. Eleanor Fulkerson
m. Wm. Lewis Nugent

See Nugent line Charts

See attached

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Richard Cocks-Henrico Co. Va. Lt. Col. member of House of Burgesses (1632-54) m. Mary Aston-
Ch. Thos. (m. Mary, dau. of Gen'l Abram Wood)- Richard John, Wm. (dau. m. Robert Bolling)

Ch. Eliz.
Richard
Martha

m
1. Jane Clarke
2. Sarah Florer
Ch. Wm. Mary Eliz.

Early Cox in N.C,
Robert 1705-1743

Edward 1748
Josiah Gilbert 1758
Chas. 1759-Chas. 1752
John 1743

In Connoly's Tarven,
Natchez is an old account
book with names of Seth
and John Cox.

FAMILY RECORD
OF
SALLY MYRA COCKS (COX), BORN AUGUST 31st,1822 (MISSISSIPPI)
DIED FRIDAY OCTOBER 14th,1887
AND
ABRAM FULKERSON SMITH, BORN SEPTEMBER 16,1809 (KENTUCKY)
DIED JANUARY 7,1863
INTERMARRIED, WASHINGTON COUNTY,MISSISSIPPI, MAY 28,1840

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Alfred Cox Smith, born May 5,1841,(served in Confederate Army),
murdered April 6,1869 (see papers Washington Co.Hist.Soc.)

Abram Fulkerson Smith (Jr.1) born 4, 1843
died September 20, 1845

Eleanor Fulkerson Smith, born October 14th,1844
(married William Lewis Nugent,November 6,1860
in Greenville,Mississippi, one child
survived, Nellie Nugent Somerville )
diedJanuary 1, 1866

Elizabeth G(ilbert) Smith, born, November 4, 1846
died August 12, 1847

Evelina H. Smith, born February 26, 1848
(married a Mr. Comstock, left one child who died young)
died March 8, 1869

Infant,born Sept. 6, 1851
died October 14, 1851

Infant, born February 7, 1853
died March 14, 1853

Abram Fulkerson Smith (Jr.2) , bornNovember 14,1856
died (yellow fever),September 11, 1878

Above information, except that in parenthesis& the use of"murder" in connection with the death of Alfred Cox Smith is taken from the Smith family Bible, published : New York, Robinson and Franklin, (successors to Leavitt, Lord and Co.),1839.
Data prior to death of Abram Fulkerson Smith,Sr. is in his handwriting, apparently, subsequent data is in the handwriting of S.Myra Smith, except for the entry of her death, which is in the handwriting of Nellie Nugent Somerville. This Bible is in possession of Mrs. A.W.Shands, (Eleanor Somerville) and she has written in the date of the marriage of Eleanor Fulkerson Smith to William Lewis Nugent.

Attach to Table 9 (L.S.H)

## Cox (spelled in the old family Bible, Cocke, Cocks, and Cox- Poor spellers again!)

"Mrs. Sallie Myra Smith was the widow of A bram F. Smith, who was killed in Washington Co. Miss. durimg the Civil War, shot from a Federal gun boat. She was Myra Cox. I have heard her speak of 4 brothers-the oldest Alfred H., John J. (Jack), Phil and Seth. Their parents died when Myra and Seth were young and the oldest brother took care of them, espically Alfred- Alfred Cox held office in Washington Co., and also in the State Senate. He died leaving no direct heirs and left valuable plantation property to his sister, Myra . Alfred Cox and S.S. Prentiss were born companions. These brothers took up land from U.S. government. J.J. Cox moved to Arkansas and I heard little of him. Seth Cox remained in Washington Co. and married there. (Wits Kretschmar's grandfather.) An older sister married but her children moved to Louisiana and Miss.relatives heard little of them.

When my grandmother (Sallie Myra Smith) decided to move from Oakwood Plantation to the New town of Greenville, the plantation having been sold, after the war, for debts, she write her brothers, (John J. and Phil, and each one of them sent her $500 to help get a house built. This money, with several hundred dollars of old law claims due my grandfather, built the modest home where she lived and began taking boarders.

Of the descendents of John J. Cox - His son Phil died, leaving 4 daughters. The families of C.H. Williams (Sallie Cox); Hayne Barnwell (Memphis)(Nettie Cox; Charles Burrus (Myra Cox), J.F. Davis-(his first wife was Eliza Cocks (as that branch spelled the name).

Alfred Cox was in Mississippi Legislature House-1836,37,38,39 and Senate 1840.

A.F. Smith was in Mississippi Legislature House 1846, 1857,1858.

Mrs. Myra Cox Smith had portraits of three of her brothers- Alfred, John J. and Seth. By her request the portraits of John J. and Seth were, after her death, given to Mrs. Eliza Cocks Davis and Mrs. Kate Cox Kretschmar."

Written by Mrs. Nellie N. Somerville- Oct. 1941.

Nellie N. Somerville was the first woman elected to the Mississippi legislature, serving 1924-1926 in the House. From Washington County, as did her grandfather A. F. Smith - in 1846, ect. (She was nominated in the 1st primary, therefore taking prededure over Miss Belle Kearney, who ran in 2nd primary and was elected to the Miss. Senate for the same term. Her daughter, Lucy Somerville Howorth also served in the Mississippi (House) Legislature from Hinds Co. 1932-1934.

Table 10

Thos. Gilbert (spelled Gilbred, in Will Oct. 14, 1719
Chowan precinct N.C. Executor- John Bryan.
Will names sons.

m

Thos.

X Wm.
m
Sarah McCandless (Phila.)
b. 1737 d. Holland Place
Murry Co. Dec. 22, 1822
Tenn.

John

X In Commission of Peace Tyron Co. N.C. 1776. In N.C. Legislature 1780-81-88-British Army camped at his home- "Gilbert-town" while he (prominent Whig) was absent at Hillsbore Assembly- and "History of Old Tyron N.C."

Wm
Rev. soldier
m. Apr.
1775
Susannah
Robinson

Sarah
m. Jan.12,1780
Jas. Hollnad
Sheriff Old Tryon Co.
Rev. soldier (Lt. in
Hardin's Co. Lake Reg.)
Member 2nd Constitution
Convention N.C. 1789
In. U.S. Congress
(1795-97)

Possibly another
dau.
Anne?
m. 1760
John Taylor
Rev. soldier Orange
Co. Va.
Ref. p674 Hayden's
Va. Genealogy

Hayden-p 232 mentions
Martha Day-"widow Thos.
Gilbert"-Lancaster Co.
Va. 1695.
Possibly Thos. above or
his father?

John
b. Oct.22,1766
m
Elizabeth

Rev. soldier enlisted-Wilmington May 19,1781 Carters Co. Col. Harney's Reg. Ref. Comptrollers Office vouchers- Received 640 acres for pay- Roster N.C. Rev. soldier Vol 5, 527-295.

Mildred
b. May 29,
1789
m
Seth Cox
See Cox charts

Sarah
b.Jan.20,
1792

Francis
b. Nov.
20,1793

Philip
b.Alston
b.Mar.
12,1797
d.Aug.
1830

Wm. D.
b.Oct.1800
D.Nov. 9
1822

John
b.May
12,
1806
d.Nov
9,1813

Elizabeth
b.Dec. 29,
1813

Dates from old Gilbert Bible now in possession
of- Mrs. A.W. Shands, Cleveland, Miss.

Table 11

Bertie Co. formed from
"Chowan Precinct-1772.

(Col.) John Alston
b. Eng. 1675
m
Mary Clark

Came to Am. 1694-5 Land grant
1722-23-45 N.C. Will proved
Chowan Co. N.C. Dec. 2,1758.

Joseph John
b. 1702

Solomon
b.1705
m.1784
Ann
Hinton

Wm.
m
Ann
Kimbrough

Philip
m
Winifried
Whitmell

Sarah
m
Thos.
Kearney

Charity
m
John
Dawson

Elizabeth
m
Samuel Williams, Sr.
a descendant m. dau. of Aaron Burr
and was Gov. of S.c.

2 daughters
unmarried

John

b.Feb.18,1741 N.C.
Philip
m
?

Solomon

Wm.

Elizabeth
m
John Gilbert

Sarah Francis Philip Wm. John Eliz. Mildred
b. 1789
m
Seth
Cocks (Cox)

Sally Myra
m
Abraham Fulkerson Smith

Eleanor
m
(Col) Wm. Nugent

Name Alston of Saxon origin-means "Most Noble".
The Allstons came from Saxham Hall, Suffolk Co. England
1. Wm. -father of Edward (2) of Saxham Hall
(1537-1617)
3. Thomas- Knighted June 13,1642. His brother, 4th son was
4. John Allston of Inner Temple m. Dorothy Temple dau. of
Sir John-who ancestry goes back to Alfred the Great)
5. Wm. m. Thomasine Brooke.
6. John Came to Am. 1694-5
with Gov. Archdale.

Philip Alston-b. Feb. 18,1741 was mentioned in his father's (Solomon's) Will in 1784. He moved early to Natchez District (Miss. Territory) and was mentioned as being there by Pickett in his "History of Alabama". It is asserted in"Alston & Alston" (Groves) that the entire family of Col. Philip Alston moved from N.C. after the Rev. Some went to Ga.and others to Miss.

"Isabell Alston, dau. of James Alston of Glasgow, Scotland m. David Connell, Provost of Glasgow and a member of the firm of Somerville, Connell & Co. who m. 1747, Magdalen Wallace)
Hayden Va. Genealogy p. 689.

"Alston & Alston" by Jos. A. Groves
(pub. by Frankin Printing Co. Atlanta.
John Alston (1st in Am.) tradition says came from Odell Castle, Bedfordshire. His father from "Parveham"-County Bedford.

Table 12

Came to Am. 1694-5

John Alston
m
Mary Clarke

b. Eng.-around 1673-5 possibly Surry Co.
1711 Came to Chowan Precinct N.C. (near Gatesville) 1714 N.C. grants 1922-1723-1745.
Will dated Feb. 20, 1755 Proved Dec. 2, 1758-
(Ref. N.C. Hist. & Gen. Vol. 1, p. 163 N.C. Wills
Names children.

---

John Joseph
b. 1702
Will 1780
m
Elizabeth
Clancy
Chart 2

Wm.
m
Ann
Kimbrough

Philip
m
Winifred
Whitmell
(Bertie Co.)XX
Dau. of Thos.
See Pugh Chart

James ?

Solomon
b. 1705
Will 1784
m
Ann Hinton
b.Feb.18,
1741

Mary
m
1.Henry
Guston
2. Wm.
Seward

Elizabeth
m
Sam'l Williams
a descendent m
dau. of Aaron Burr
& was Gov. of
S.C.

Sarah
m
Thos.
Kearney
Philip
m
Eliz.
Kinchen
Chart 2

Martha

Charity
m
John Dawson

---

Mary

Solomon
b. 1733

John
b.1735
m
Eliz.
Hines
Ch. Wm. Philip
Lewis, Ann,
Solomon, Lucretia
b. La. Grange Plantation Natchez.
m.1.Rugfin Gray
2. James Perrie
(of Scotland)

X Philip
b.Feb.18,
1741
m
Rebecca
Kimball?
Ch. John McCoy
Elizabeth
b.Nov.25,1773
m.John Gilbert
See Gilbert chart

Ann

Charity

Rachel

Martha

Wm.
(Lt. Col. Rev. War
3rd Reg.Bute Co.)
m
Charity Alston
Jas. m. Cathrine Hamilton
Jane m. Col. Henry C. Cambell
Herbert m. Virginia Christian
(Franklin St. Richmond, Va.
(1953)

Sarah

James
b. 1754

Deligate of
Provisional Congress
Halifax, Apr. 1776.

XX Beriie Co. N. C.
formed from Chowan Precinct
1722.

X Philip Rev. soldier
Maj. Cumberland Co.
Troops May 7,1776
Member N.C.Assembly
1776.

Ref. "Alston and Alston" by Jas. Grove pub. 1901 Franklin Printing Co., Atlanta.

# Alston

John, Solomon, and Philip Alston were "British" grantees in the Mississippi Territory 1770- Owned land near Natchez and Rodney. Rowland ("Mississippi"- Vol. 1. p. 288) tells of the Bloom mark Revolution or Rebellion" in which a number of Alstons were involved.

Smedes and Marshall (early Miss. law book-Vol. 13, p.161) in the case of Montgomery v.s. John Doe-Re-claim of Roach, Hortons, Whites and Foxwell to land in Jefferson County, Miss., including town Rodney, thru a land grant from George III to John Campbell, heirs and assigns, in 1772. In the case also a patent from British gov't to Thos. Frey (July 4,1709) to land claimed to include that in conttrovery; a letter from Frey was read reciting his sale of it to Philip Barbour (June 13,1774) who in turh sold it to Philip Alston (Oct. 19,1776). Jury believed that Philip Alston Sr. did before death of Campbell have possession of said track of land, till he abandoned the county about 1781. Decision "Grant to Campbell from British Gov. of W. Florida, destitute of validity for want of power in that Officer"- (land in dispute 31 degree below mouth of the Yazoo, in what was originally colony of Carolina)-Interesting as showing that Philip Alston from Carolina was in Mississippi before Rev. War. Pickett's "History of Ala."-also mentions him being in Miss. Territory-Natchez district.

Solomon Alston's will (1784) He was of age in 1727 when he lived at Gatesville, Gates County N.C. (then part of Chowan County.). His wife Ann Hinton (dau. of John). Journal of Miss. Hist.(Oct. 1846) records of deaths from Natchez newspapers-

Col. John Alston-died Jan. 22, 1840. (He was a son of Maj. Philip-and was born May 12, 1806.)

In "Alston and Alston", Grove states that entire family moved from N.C. after Revolution War- some went to Miss. and others to Ala.

The Name Alston is of Saxon origin, means "most notable".

The Alstons came from Saxham Hall, Suffolk County, England.
William of Saxham Hall-

Ch. 1. Edward (1537-1617).

2. Thomas-Kinghted June 13, 1642, his brother.
3. John, 4th child of Innar Temple-married Dorothy Temple, dau. of Sir John Temple, whose ancestry goes back to Alfred, the Great.
4. Wm. Married Thomasine Brooke.
5. John- came to Carolina with Gov. Archdale, 1694-5.

Yet another book says "The Alston's came from Odell Castle, Bedfordshire,

England.

Will of John Alston- Chowan precinct- probated Dec. 2, 1758.

Will of John Alston dated Feb. 20, 1755-N.C. Wills-

"Isabella Alston, daughter of James of Glasgow, Scotland-married David Connell (a son of arthur, provost of Glasgow) and a member of the firm of Somerville, Connell and Co. (Richmond).

Hayden Va. Gen. p. 689.

(Isabella- interesting in connection with Somervilles)

Table 13

(1) Nicholas Perkins
England
Bedfordshire
m.
Jane Ironmonger

From Ufton Court, Bedfordshire,
Eng. sailed for Am. from London
1634, with wife & son Nicholas.
Settled in Henrico Co., Va.

(2) Nicholas b. England 1624
m.
1. Elizabeth Hardynge
2. Mary Parker (dau. of Richard (1620-1680) and Elizabeth Bailey

(3) Nicholas
b. Henrico Co. 1640
Lived Tuckehoe Creek
Will proved 1711
m.
Sarah Childress (dau. of Philomen)

Robt.

Lydie
m.
John Nowell
(Chas. City Co)

Wm. Harding
m.
Wm. Harding (m. Alice Lee Moncure?)

Thos.

Probably others

Constantine-had land
1682-1761
m.
Ann Pollard (daug. of Joseph & Ann Hughes)

(4) Nicholas
in Hanover Goochland
& Louisa Co. Va.
Will named children

Mary

Sarah

Philomen

Elizabeth

Richard

Abram

(5) Nicholas
Maj. Col. Fr. & Indian Wars. lived Henrico & Halifax Co.)
1718-1768
m.
Bathenia Harden-(dau. of Thos. & Mary Giles)

Joseph

Stephen

Constantine

Wm. H.

Elizabeth
m.
Jos. Ellis?

Ann
m.
Oglesby

Mary
m.
Atkinson

Hardin
m.
Sarah Price
10 ch.

(6) Nicholas
1745-1800
(Franklin, Tenn.
m.
Leah Pryor
(dau. of John D.)

Mary
b. Aug. 10, 1754
d. 1798
m.
Col. Thos. Hardeman
See Hardeman Charts

Susannah
b. 1750
m. 1. Pryor
2. Beck
3. Thos. Hardeman
(siter's husband)
no issue

Thos.
b. 1757
m. Mary Magdeline O'Neal

Chas.
b. 1742
m.
Mary Tate
Ch.
Maacah- b. 1772 m. Jas. Marlow
Mary b. 1774 m. King
Elizabeth b. 1776 m. Israd Robinson
Chas. b. 1778 m. Mrs. Betheni Hampton

Anne
b. 1752
m. Jos. Seales

Peter-Rev. soldier
b. 1739-Va. Militie
m. Jane or Agnes Wilson

Bethenia
b. 1743
m. Hardin Bostick

## Perkins- (French and English ancestry)

The original founder of the family is said to be Pierre de Morlaix, a Norman Knight in the train of William, the Conqueror. This Pierre came from the vicinity of Morlaix, France.

Later, we note a Pierre de Morlaiz, also said by some to be descendant of the above Morlaixq Pierre de Morlais was a Baron and was opposed to King John at Runnymede, 1215, at which time the Magna Charta was written. The French Pierre, under various changes of spelling with added cadet form took shape as Pierre-Kin (the youngest son of Pierre-Kin being the deminitive or cadet branch.) Also Perkyns (Welsh of Erskine), Par-kyns, Per-Kins. These occured in England and Wales.

1. In 1300-1342, there lived Peter de Morlais (Per-Kins; his wife was Agnes Taylor or Tyler.
2. Henry Parkyns- living 1380. The Perkins at this time were adherents of the House of Lancaster; during the war of the Roses they were active in support of this House (see 5)
3. John Parkins (1389-1435) From 1380, the Perkins held post of Seneschal Or Secretary, to the House of Lancaster, in the service of the Duke of Lancaster, Humphreys Plantagenet, the brother of King Henry V.
4. Lord William Perkyns (1411-1451) First to hold title "Lord of Ufton Robert" (or "Upton Manor" or "Upton Court",) Her the Perkins became connected with the Despensers who were turbulent rulers of England, even under Edward III. William Parkyns married Margaret Mitchell. The Perkins were from Berkshire, England. The coat of arms is found her minus the crest, 1410.
5. Thomas Parkyns - 1430- 1478. Secretary to Despencer Family, Hugh de Spencer, Earl Marshall. (inherited 1451).
6. John Parkyns - Married Margaret Collee. Monument erected to him bears Perkins and Collee Arms. Margaret was from "Harries Manor". (inherited 1478).

7. Thomas Parkyns- living 1478. Married Dorothy Moore. Her the line above, from oldest son to oldest son, branches to the third son Thomas, named-

8. Francis - Mrried Anne ? Lived in Berkshire. Francis had a brother Sir Christopher Perkins, Ambassador to Italy.

9. Arthur - 3rd son of Francis, married Elizabeth Kymbal, the daughter cf Bedfordshire. Through the Kymbals, Francis Bacon is connected, as was a kinsman lf Elizabeth Kymbal.

10. Nicholas Perkins - Born 1572- Married Jane Ironmonger of Bedfordshire. He was the eldest son of Arthur, above.

11. Nicholas Perkins - Born 1624, died? in Bedfordshire, England. Married first (It is thought, Elizabeth Hardynge, who was the daughter of Constantine Hardynge, who was of Scandinavian descent). He, Nicholas Perkins, married Mary Parker 2nd. This Nicholas Perkins was the emigrant to Virginia, in 1640.

12. Nicholas Perkins - Born In Henrico Co. Va. 1640. He married Sara Childress. Nicholas died in 1711. Sara was the daughter of Philamon Childress.

13. Constantine Perkins - born Henrico Co. Va. died Sppt. 3, 1767 Styled himself Constant of Goochland, Louise, Albemarble, and Hanover Counties. His Will 1711. He married Anne Pollard.

14. Nicholas Perkins p born 1718. He married in 1738 Bethenial Hardin, the dau. of Thomas Hardin and Mary Gyles of Va. Thomas Hardin was son of Thomas Hardin (Va. 1650) and Mary? Mary Giles was daughter of William Gyles and Bethenial Knowles and Bethenial was the daughter of Capt. John Knowles and Bethenial.

Note: Mary Parker was the daughter of Richard Parker and Wife Elizabeth Bailey (1620-1680). Richard was son of James Parker and Kathrine Bulls-(or Bullet dau. of Sir Richard) Jas. Parker was son of Richard Parker.
Arch deacon and Justice of Cornwall, Eng.

Elizabeth Bailey was the daughter of Richard Bailey of Hog Island, Surry Co.

The Perkins Coat- Of - Arms:

The Crest is a pineapple or cone. "Toujours Loyale" is the ancient "motto" od the family- "Always Loyal".

Arms- Argent eagle displayed sable in Canton gold- a"fesse dauncette" between 7 billets sable on each an erminery.

Crest- on wreath argent and sable, a pineapple branch verle- the apple in his proper color mantled gules argent.

These arms are found on graves stones of Ufton Court Bedfordshire Eng. and were used by the Perkins of Va.

John Perkins - received grant of land from King Henry IV. Feb. 23,1400.

Wm. - 1st to be styled "Lord of Ufton Court".
m
Margaret

Thos. inherited estates 1451.

John inherited estates 1478.
m
Margaret Colee

Son Richard - inherited 1524- added Colee arms and was first to use crest.
M
Elizabeth Mompesson

His son - Richard
m
Anna Plowden

X Richard
m
X Margaret Eyston

## English Ancestry

Richard Perkins -(from England "Bono Venture" 1634)
Son of Richard Perkins and Anna Plowden. He inherited estates in 1571.

(Arra was dau. of distinguished layyer.

Their son
X Richard Perkins
m
Margaret Eyston

(Emigrant ancestors - bro't son
Nicholas b. Eng. 1624 to Am.
with them.

Perkins

References- The Perkins Family in Ye Olden Times
by D.W. Perkins - Utica N.Y. 1916.

The Curds and Allied Families - 1927.

p. 51- Will of Constantine Perkins-

p. 49 " of Nicholas N.

The Descendents of John Crawford of Va. (1883)
(1660-1883)

p. 101- data on Harden Perkins (wife Sarah Price-
Allied by Kindred ties to Oliver Cromwell and
Gov. White of Va. (bro. in-law of Oliver Cromwell.)
Lived in Buckingham Co. Va.

Institute of Am. Genealogy

History of Pittsylvania Co. (Bell Co. Lynchburg 1929- p.95.

Other authorities give different dates,

Table 14

Wm. Giles b. 1640
m.
Bethenia Knowles

Mary b. 1698 d. before 1748
m.
Thos. Harding d. Apr. 5, 1731 Henrico Co., Va.

See Harding charts

Bethenia . m Nicholas Perkins (5)

---

Capt. John Knowles b. Eng. 1608 d. prior to Apr. 2, 1694
m.
"Betheny"

Will probated that day. Henrico Co. Va.
Mentioned in St. John's Church Register, 1683.

Bethenia b. 1668 d. 1756
m
Wm. Giles

---

Philomon Childress
m.
?

Sarah
m.
Nicholas Perkins (3) Will 1711

See Perkins chart

From "Henrico Parish"-Moore

Philomon Childress 1730-33 (probably brother? or nephew-)
Vestry Book.

Others Childress mentioned-

Margaret, Abraham, Elizabeth, John, Joseph, Stephen-

Also Philomon Perkins (son ?)

Table 15

Robert Pollard (with Thos. Smythe patented 1000 acres. Northumberland, Co.
Va. Jan. 8, 1656.

possibly father of

Joseph (On Oct. 9, 1732-Col. Conray wrote Gov. Gooch- "Jos. Carter-inspector at Coroteman, s
spitefully burned Jos. Pollard's tobacco, circumstances plainly show". Rappahannoch Dist.
(Hayden's Va. Genealogy).

m.

Ann Hughes

Ann m. Constantine Perkins
Henrico Co. 1682-1767

See Perkins charts

Joseph Pollard m. Ann Hughes-

I know nothing of the Hughes.

Douglas Register lists Elizabeth Hughes
m. Wm. Pryor 1776.

David Hughes m. Judith Christian Daniels 1785

Sarah Hughes m. Thos. Wilnot b. 1680
Temperance Hughes m. Henry Watkins
(son of Thos. d. 1760)

From Jessie's "Mem. of George III"
Vol. 1. p.33

Other Pollards-

From Douglas Register (Thos. m. Sarah Hardine
Jan. 30, 1763
(Goochland Co. John m. Margaret Jones
Apr. 8, 1767.)

John Lewis Pollard (Spotsylvania Co.)
b. Oct. 18, 1729 d. Sept. 1780 Hayden p. 383

(He was son and grandson of Zackery Pollard)

Mary d. 1801 m. 1784 D.W. Meriweather
ch. Ann b. 1785 m. John Burrough
Martha m. Robt. Pollard)

Ann Pollard m. Jas. Taylor
(son of John b. 1696)

Table 16

Thos. Harding (d. 1659) Name spelled variously-
Hardin, Harden, Hardynge, Harding
m
Elizabeth -

Thos. d. apr. 5, 1731
m
Mary Giles (b.1698)

Henrico Co. Va. Received land grant (1716) 319 acres. James river.
Elizabeth (possibly m. Nicholas Perkins (2)

Bethenia
(1718-1768)
m
(Maj. Niaholas Perkins
(5) 1717-17-)

See Perkins
Chart

Wm.
b. Feb. 29, 1720
d. 1776-
Goochland Parish
m
Edith Cox

Mary

Susanna
b. 1722 d. 1817
m
Chas. Ellis

Possibly others-

Sally
m
Thos.
Pollard

Giles
b. June 25,1749
m
Amy Amidich
Morris
Ch. George
Mary
Giles(m.Charlotte-Morris?)
(b. June 13,1784)
d. Jan.7,1848)
Both Giles and wife buried
Spring Hill Cemetary, Gallatin Pike, Near Nashville.
They had Wm. (1821-1848) and 5 others.
"Belle Meade"-(Nashville, Tenn.)
Line

Wm.
m. Oct.1763
Biddy
Houghins

Rene
b.Feb.15
1753
d. 1783

Thos.H.
b.Oct.3,1755
m
Jean Ferrar
Ch.
Elizabeth Bibb
b. 1783
Thos.
(Goochland Co.)

Groves
m
Sally
Williamson
Sally-b.1767
Lucy b.1770
John b. 1773

Mary
b. 1764
m
Jas. Roach

Table 17

Horace Smith- of "Locust Grove" Mercer Co, Va.

m.
Eleanor Fulkerson

Lumuel

Abram
Fulkerson
b. Sept. 16,1809, KY.
d. Jan. 17,1863 Miss.
X May 28,1840
Sally Myra Cocks

See Cox chart

Sarah Ellen
b. July 4, 1811
m
1. Gen'l John Hardin (Ky)
2. Chancellor Walworth (N.Y.)

Gen'l Martin Hardin-
CUSA- Civil War

Ellen m.
Tracy Walworth-
son of mother's 2nd husband-
She is Ellen Hardin Walworth-
founder of DAR.

Collons "History of Ky." says
"Some Smiths were in Mercer Co.
before 1773."

Ky. Records- Vol. 2-lists a Thos. P. Smith (Possibly brother of Horace)
b. Jan. 1, 1793

Son of John b. Feb. 2, 1759.
d. Aug. 27, 1830 Ky.

Son of Charles b. Va. Apr. 17, 1735 (Maj. Chas. Smith was in Charlestown,
Berkeley Co. Va. in 1707)
(Now W. Va.)

m. Patsy Jones of Culpepper Co.
1743

Possible ancestors of Horace Smith.

X Marriage records in
"Miss Free Traders" and
"Natchez Weekly Gazette"
June 18, 1840.

Copy of letter from Brig. Gen'l Martin D. Hardin (USA Retired)

Honore Bldg. Chicago. Ill.

April 5, 1880

Mrs. Myra C. Smith - Greenville, Miss.

My dear Aunt,

I have just received your address through the politeness of Mr. John M. Parker of New Orleans. You will perceive by examining my circular that I am endeavoring to rescue my family from oblivion. (Enclosed pamplets to "Members of the Hardin Familt", asking for genealogical data). Many sad, sad changes have accured since I was a happy boy at your plantation. I hope you will take interest sufficient to send me the record of your family. I have much difficulty in finding out anything about my mother's brothers and sisters and descendents. Sister (Note: Mrs. Ellen Hardin Walworth- She was genealogically minded! one of the founders of DAR.) still lives in Saratoga. She has collected much material for the biography of our father. (Note: Gen'l John G. Hardin, killed in Mexican war.) My sister's eldest daughter, Nellie is quite well known for her book of travels around the world. My brother is a well known writer on Dairy matters and fine cattle. Sister and I write on historical subjects. Now you preceive that we follow the fashion of the day to some extent.

Hoping to hear from you soon. I remain,

Truly your nephew,

Martin D. Hardin

After she had such a hard time during the Civil War, her husband, tho' too old to fight was killed by a shot from a Yankee gun boat and her lovely big house burned also by shelling from the Miss. river, all 8 of her children killed or dead-, only the grand daughter Nellie Nugent, left her, and all her slaves freed, this letter from a Yankee General so enraged your great great grandmother Myra, that she is reported to have written him a "scorcher"! She told him, "Many's the time she hadn't known where her next meal was coming from, in the hard times after the war, and he must have known that they were hard days, never a line from him of sympathy or inquiry into the family welfare and now that he needed help he came "Dear Aunting" her! she would't help him in anyway!" (All this she told Nellie Nugent, her grand daughter, who in turn told it to me, showing me the letter from Gen'l Hardin-) I can't blame her much, but I do wish she had given him the requested data, So Sister Ellen could have recorded it after she got the DAR started. That way you might have known more about your Smith line. It never pays to get mad, does it!

Gen'l Hardin's mother, Sarah Eleanor Smith (sister of Abram) is the sister-in-law, who once wrote to your grandmother Myra (Abram's wife), in reference to her hatred for ever everyday chores, that she "tho't she was made for great occasions"!

Table 18

Abram Fulkerson
m
1. Elizabeth Black
2. Mrs. Anne Stonestreet
(no issue)

Went to Ky.-Took up land there-200 acres Fayette Co. 1783. 100 acres 1791. 135 acres Mercer Co. 1796. His Will Apr. 6 1812. Jessamine Co. Ky. Names children and 2nd wife and her son (Jas. [illegible] Stonestreet.) Vol. II Chalkey "Records of Augusta Co. Va. "Abraham Fulkerson is in the country, Sept. 7, 1791."

Elizabeth
m 1806
Henry Speed

Sarah
m
-Sutton
Amanda

Eleanor
(called "Nally")
m
Horace Smith
of Locust Grove,
Mercer Co. Ky.

Wm.

Ford
(lived in
Ind.)

Abram
m
1. Sallie Brisco
2. Sallie Boone
3. Margaret Briscoe

Ch. Elizabeth
Sarah m. Sam Hard
Horace (author of "Early Days in Miss..")
Wm.
Abram m Sallie Ann
George Harden m Emma McAlpine
Eleanor m J. A. Gage

Lemuel

Abram Fulkerson
Smith b. Sept. 16,
1809, Ky. d. Jan. 5,
1863- Miss. m-
Sally Myra Cox

Ellen
b. July 4, 1811
m
1. Gen'l John G. Harden
(killed in Mexican War)
2. Chandellor Walworth
of New York
(no issue)

Martin
(Gen. in Federal Army
Civil War)

Ellen
m
Tracy Walworth (son of mother's 2nd husband

She is the Mrs. Ellen Harden Walworth
who artrted the DAR.

Will of Abram Fulkerson of Ky.

"In the name of God, amen.

I tho't it proper to make this my last will and testament. And first it is my will and desire that my beloved wife, Ann. have all the property she had when I married her and as much more as she thinks she ought to have, with the council of her son, James Stonesstreet and my sons, A bram, Ford and Wm. Fulkerson.

Also, it is my will and desire that my grand daughter, Amanda Sutton, have my negro woman, Rose, and her present offsprings and her future offspring, if she should depart this life with an heir of her body that her father dispose of negro as he thinks proper.

I have already given my daughter, Sallie Sutton, all I intend to give her. I have already given my daughter, Nally Smith, all I intend to give her. I have already given my son, Abram, 2 negroes names Sam and Zane. I have also given my son Wm. 2 negroes name Marck and Bet. It is my desire that Abram have as much of my personal property as shall make his negro girls equal in value with Wm.'s negro girls. It is my will and desire that all the rest of my estate be equally divided between my (2) sons before mentioned.

It is also my desire that my above sons, Abram and Wm. Fulkerson, be my executors, in witness where of I have here unto set my hand and seal this 6th day April, 1812.

Abrah Fulkerson

Jessamine Co. to Wit. Feb. Court 1813.

The foregoing last will and testament of Abram Fulkerson, deceased was this day produced in court, and the handwriting of said Abram proved by oath of H. John Hawkins, James Stonesstreet and George Walker, and ordered to record.

Test. Thos. P. Mitchell D.C.

State of Ky. Jessamine County Sec. 1

"I, Dock Corman, Clerk of county court of county aforesaid, do certify that the foregoing is a true and correct copy of the will of Abram Fulkerson as appears of record in Will Book A-p. 428, in my office. Given under my hand this May 16,1941"

Dock Corman- clerk of Jessamine Co. Ky. by Hallie May Cox, D.C.

This line has a missing link- Tho' so many lines have Abraham or Abrams in them, I have been unable to find who were the parents of Abram of Ky.- whose daughter was the the first recorded Eleanor Fulkerson.

Below are some of the records I have found of Fulkerson of that ere. I am not including the long Tenn. line (James) which contains a number of Abrams, but definately not Abram of Ky.

---

Heirs of Abraham Fulkerson- deeds in Scott and Washington Co., Va. (Apr. 27,1822) in which various children sold land to Frederick Fulkerson. Deed stated land was granted Abraham Fulkerson by Commonwealth of Va. by patents, 1782,1785, 1801-

Jas. Fulkerson & wife of Cole Co. Mo. (Abram G. Fulkerson, signed as agent for James)

Richard & Susannah- (Boone Co. Mo. Clayton Wilcox & wife, Elizabeth-Nathan Livingston & wife Polly, John Hilton & wife Nancy (deed from Abraham & wife Sarah)(1785-1810) David Mury & wife Jane; Abraham Hayton & wife Sarah(Campbell Co. Tenn.); Jas. McMillan & Dinah, Wife (Ala.)

(From Mrs. Jas. Sneed-Knoxville-Hilton descendants.)

---

Richard Fulkerson (1780-1852) From"Canncellor Robt. Livingston of N.Y. & His Family" (Albany 1911)

m

Susannah Livingston (1784-1827) gr. dau.of Robt. Livingston Signer of Declaration of Ind.

---

| Sarah G. | Eliz. | Polly | Peter | Rebecca | Janett | Frances Ann | Abraham | James Henry |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| b. 1802 | b.1804 | b.1807 | b.1809 | b. 1813 | b. 1815 | b.1817 | b.1819 | b.1821 |

Eliz. m Christopher Perkins, Ky.

Abraham: Went to Mo. 1823 (postmaster of Jefferson City 1843)

Mary Matilda b. Mo. 1844
m
John Carr b. 1838 Va.

John Christopher
m
Elizabeth Metcalf

Nanon (Kansas City)

Frederick Fulkerson (Ky.) land grant 1803
m
Elizabeth- ?

| Richard | Andrew | Abraham | Dinah | Mary Ann |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| b. 1819 (Ill.)<br>m<br>Frances Baldwin | | | | |

Table 19

Emigrant Dirck Volkertzen

m

Christine Vigne

(Richard Fulkerson) "Dirk" the Norseman.

Name orginally spelt Holgerson- "The Norse, -man, probably meant from a North Provience of Holland" (from J.H. de Ruijter Amersfoot-t Netherlands 1947) Patented N.Y. Apr. 3, 1645. Greater part of 17th ward, B Brooklyn, granted him. Assessed to him in 1675. From "Provoost Family"-Eva Cayler (b 1766) lived until her marriage in house built by Derick Volketse in 1640. Stood on a Knoll between present Caylor & Franklin St. (17th ward Brooklyn)

Charming spot Lawn sloped to Brunswick Cre Creek and e. River on west. Stone house& Dutch style roof, dormer windows, halfdoors with glass eyes and brass knockers- The farm, orchid meadows & buildings gave evidence of great wealth."

Dirk was ensign Militia of Bulk 1689- (Ref. Bergen's "Early Settlers of Kings Co. N.Y.")

Derick
b.1685
m
Beertge
both buried on
farm between Weston
&Millstone N.J.
He d.6/7/1754
She d.12/12/1752
He moved to
Millstone(Somerset Co.
N.J. 1699) Will probated
1754 mentions wife & Ch.
M.J. Wills)

Robert
b.1641

Volkert
Bap.1643

Arientje
bap.1650

Philip

Nicholas

Janneken
b. 1653

Grietje
(Margaret)
m
1.Jan Herman Schut
2.Jan Negel
3.Barent Gerritsen

Nagel Ch. Gea b.1653
Christina b.1655

From Rikers "Hist. of Harlem"

From Hist. of Family(Allen
Rosen Krans R.J.p.325)

Pieter
Ref.
N.Y. Gen & Biog. Register
gives bap.dates

Magdelena
m
1.Carnelius Capers
2. Harman Hendrick
Rosenkraus from
Bergen Norway.

Ch. Alex, Annatze,Rachel,
Harmanns,Hendrick,Christina,
, Dirck,Sarah

Christina
m
Jacob Hey
(Haines)

Deborah
m
Hendrick
Rosenboom

Hanna
m
Daly

Mary
m.
Peter
Schenck

Pieter

Volvert
(Volker)
m
Dinah-

One record says he was killed en route from N.J. to N.C. by Indians.

Jacobus
(James)
b. N.J. 1737
m
Mary Van Hook
Tenn. line

X Abraham
by North
Branch Somerset
Co. N.J.1739
(In N.C.(Orange Co.)
1773-1783 Built
Court House-Caswell
N.C. m
7/2/1788 (Rowan Co.)
Sarah Gibson

Derick
m
Susannah
Livingston

Dinah

Fredrick

Volkert

Johannis

Mary

Peter

This generation all wrote name Fulkerson.

X Evidently he patented land in Va. (Oct.22,1782
Sept. 1,1785-Aug.13,1801)
for it was sold by heirs to Frederick 1822.)

Ch. Cole Co. Mo.)
Elizabeth m. Clayton
Wilcox. Nancy m. John Hilton
Dinah m. Jas. McMillan A la.
Sarah m. Abraham Hayten-Tenn.
Abram (?)

Son Abram to
Ore 1849
Va.

Emigrant Julien Vigne d. before 1632

m.

Adrienne Couville

| Marie | Christina | Rachael | Jan |
|---|---|---|---|
| m | m | m | (sketch of him) |
| 1. Roos | Dirck | Cornelis | Vol. I p. 287 |
| 2. Abrham Isaacsen Velplanct | Volckertsen (Richard Fulkerson) | Van Tienhoven (Sect'y of Colony of New Amsterdam) | Lamb's History of N.Y. City |

From "Gen. & Hist. of Southern N.Y. p,742.

Ref: " Ariaentie Cuveille- (Drienne Couvellier) "Matriash of New Amsterdam" by

Herbert Seversmith- in (Nat'l Gen. Society Quarterly) Vol. 5 p. 65-9 Sept. 1947.

Both Julien Vigne & his wife were natives of Valencia, France. May have been in New Amsterdam by 1641. Their names assumed Dutch form of Willem(Guleyn) and Ariaentje Cuvilje.

A lot about them in N.Y. Gen. & Brigg Record Vol.41 p. (112-12)

Memorial History of City of N.Y.

p. 27-8-218 Vol. I
p. 371-575 Vol. 4

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Adrienne, when left a widow m. Jan Jansen Damon (one of his 4 wives) V. 66 p. 227 N.Y. Gen. & Biog. Record.

Table 20

SOMERVILLE-HOWORTH FAMILY

Miscellaneous family papers, 1855-1936

Folder 2

## The State of Mississippi, } ss.
## WASHINGTON COUNTY.

**This is to Certify,** that I, **JAMES H. YERGER,** as Sheriff and Tax Collector of the County and State aforesaid, have this day sold to Wm E Daniels as Tax Collector, the following tract of land, viz:

W½ S E¼ Section 32 Township 19 Range 9 West

lying in said County, for the Levee Tax due thereon for the year 1854, and costs of sale; said Tax being Five Dollars, and costs Two 15/100 Dollars.

And W E Daniels became the purchaser for said amount, being the sum now due for the year aforesaid, he being the highest and last bidder. I further certify that said land was assessed on the Assessment Roll, in my hands, as the land of M Ragan

Given under my Hand and Seal,
this 5 day of March A D 1855

J H Yerger
Sheriff and Tax Collector.

---

## THE STATE OF MISSISSIPPI, }
## WASHINGTON COUNTY. }

Personally appeared before me, JOHN J. CAUGHEY, Clerk of the Probate Court of said County, the above named James H. Yerger, Sheriff and Tax Collector, who made oath that he signed, sealed and delivered the foregoing certificate as his official act and deed, on the day and year above written.

Given under my Hand and Seal of said Court,
this 5th day of March A. D. 1855

J. J. Caughey Clerk.

State of Mississippi }
Washington County } sct

I William A Haycraft clerk of the Probate Court in and for said County & State do hereby certify that the foregoing Tax Deed was filed in my Office for record March 5th 1855, and this day duly recorded in Book "R" Page 887.

Given under my hand and seal of said Court this April 6th 1860

W. A. Haycraft Clk.

T 19 R 9

J W Yeager Shff &c
To 3 Cert
Wm E Daniels

M Ragan

| | |
|---|---|
| Tax | 5.00 |
| Commiss | .15 |
| Cert | 1.00 |
| Ack & filing | 1.00 |
| | 7.15 |

Rec $1.00

Filed March 5th 1835
J. J. Caughey Clk

Recorded in Book
R1 Page 687

# The State of Mississippi.
## WASHINGTON COUNTY.

**Know all Men by these Presents,** That we [illegible] and D. C. Montgomery of said County, are held and firmly bound unto the State of Mississippi in the sum of Two Hundred Dollars, lawful money of said State, to which payment, well and truly to be made to the said State of Mississippi, we bind ourselves, our heirs, executors and administrators, each and every of us and them, jointly and severally, firmly by these presents. Sealed with our seals, and dated this 5th day of November eighteen hundred and Sixty

**The Condition of this Obligation is such,** That whereas a Marriage is shortly intended to be celebrated between the above bound Wm. L. Nugent and Eleanor F. Smith Now, if there is no lawful cause to obstruct the said Marriage, then, this obligation to be void, otherwise to remain in full force and virtue.

SIGNED, SEALED AND DELIVERED IN PRESENCE OF

Wm. L. Nugent

D. C. Montgomery

## THE STATE OF MISSISSIPPI.

To any Minister of the Gospel, lawfully authorized, Judge of the State of Mississippi, Judge, Justice of the Peace, or Member of the Board of Police of Washington County:—GREETING:

You are hereby authorized to solemnize the Rites of Matrimony between William L. Nugent and Eleanor F. Smith

**Witness,** William A. Haycraft Clerk of the Probate Court of the County of Washington, in said State, this Fifth day of November A. D. 1860, and Seal of Said Court.

(L. S.)

W. A. Haycraft Clerk.

---

I do hereby Certify that I have this day solemnized the Rites of Matrimony between Wm. L. Nugent and Miss Eleanor F. Smith

Given under my hand and Seal this 6th day of November A. D. 1860

Wm. P. Barton. (seal)

M. G.

A true Copy

att. W. A. Haycraft Clk

By John Webb D.C.

THE STATE OF MISSISSIPPI

WASHINGTON COUNTY

KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS, that we WILLIAM L NUGENT and D. C. MONTGOMERY, of said County, are held and firmly bound unto the State of Mississippi in the sum of Two Hundred Dollars lawful money of said State, to which payment, well and truly to be made to the said State of Mississippi, we bind ourselves, our heirs, executors and administrators, each and every of us and them jointly and severally, firmly by thes presents. Sealed with our seals, and dated this Fifth day of November, eighteen hundred and Sixty.

THE CONDITION OF THIS OBLIGATION IS SUCH, That whereas a Marriage is shortly intended to be celebrated between the above bound WILLIAM L NUGENT, and ELEANOR F. SMITH. Now, if there is no lawful cause to obstruct the said Marriage, then, this obligation to be void, otherwise to remain in full force and virtue.

Signed, Sealed and Delivered in Presence of

W. L. Nugent
D. C. Montgomery

W. A. Haycraft, Clerk

***********************

THE STATE OF MISSISSIPPI.

To any Minister of the Gospel, lawfully authorized, Judge of the State of Mississippi, Judge, Justice of the Peace, or member of the Board of Police of Washington County: GREETING:

You are hereby authorized to solemnize the Rites of Matrimony between

WILLIAM L NUGENT and ELEANOR F. SMITH

WITNESS, William A. Haycraft, clerk of the Probate Court of the County of Washington, in said State, this Fifth day of November A.D. 1860, and Seal of Said Court.

W. A. Haycraft, Clerk.

********************

I do hereby Certify that I have this day solemnized the Rites of Matrimony between Wm. L. Nugent and Miss Eleanor F. Smith Given under my hand and Seal this 6th day of November A.D. 1860.

A True Copy

Wm. P. Barton, M. G.

Att. W. A. Haycraft, Clerk.
By John Webb, D. C.

I, W. McD. Megget, clerk of the circuit court in and for said County and State certify that the foregoing Marriage License, is a true and correct copy of the original as same appears of record in Marriage Book, A, Page 27, in this office, of which I am custodian.

Given under my hand and official seal this the 4th day of March, 1936.

W McD Megget

W. McD. Megget, Circuit Clerk.

TO MEMBERS OF THE HINDS COUNTY BAR ASSOCIATION:

This notice is to inform you that at 10:30 a.m. on Monday February 16, 1931, in the Circuit Court Room at the Hinds County Court House in Jackson, special exercises will be held for the presentation of a memorial portrait of the late Col. W. L. Nugent, to be placed in the Circuit Court Room. This portrait is being given to Hinds County by Mrs. Nellie Nugent Somerville, Mrs. Annie Nugent Gibbs and Mrs. Bessie Nugent Shands, daughters of Col. Nugent.

The presentation address will be made by Hon. W. H. Watkins and the response and address of acceptance will be delivered by Hon. J. Morgan Stevens. Wilbourne Couprey Shands, a grandson of Col. Nugent, will unveil the portrait.

All members of the Hinds County Bar are especially requested to be present at this ceremony; and the public generally is invited to be present.

Yours very truly,

Fred Lotterhos
Fred Lotterhos

Secretary

J.O.S. Sanders
J. O. S. SANDERS

President of Hinds County
Bar Association

December 16th, 1936.

Miss Susie V. Powell,
Director, Historical Project,
Mississippi W.P.A.
Jackson, Mississippi.

Dear Miss Powell,

I have just read the interesting article in the JACKSON DAILY NEWS of December 14, 1936 entitled "Early Life in State Revealed in Records", by Merle D. Humphreys. Although I have been familiar with the suit of Seth Lewis, described in the article, I had never seen the poem and am glad to have a copy of it. However I feel it proper to call attention to the fact that Seth Lewis did not disappear from public life as is implied in the sentence "Soon after this the name of Seth Lewis was dropped from the records" and also to make it clear that Seth Lewis was never personally involved in any "great scandal." His controversies were all over public questions. In view of the article it may not be out of order to give a few facts with reference to Seth Lewis.

Seth Lewis was born in Massachusetts October 14, 1764 and came to Mississippi with his parents in 1775. Shortly after the family settled in Mississippi William Lewis, the father , also his mother died, leaving Seth Lewis as a boy of eleven to make his way alone. After varied vicissitudes he went to Nashville, Tennessee in 1790 where he met Andrew Jackson, William C.C.Claiborne and other leaders in Tennessee. He studied law in Nashville under Col. Josiah Love and married Miss Nancy Hardemen, daughter of Col. Thomas Hardeman. In 1800 he was appointed Chief Justice of the Mississippi Territory by President Joahn Adams and resigned in 1803 or 1804 as the demands of a growing family required a larger income. A few years later Seth Lewis was appointed Attorney General in Mississippi, apparently the office was more like what we now call "District Attorney". In 1810 he moved to Louisiana and in 1813 he was appointed Judge of the Fifth Judicial District of Louisiana, which office he held for twenty-seven years. In 1840 he served as Presidential Elector for Louisiana and died in November, 1848 when he was eighty five years of age. Gov. Claiborne, in reporting on conditions in the Territory gave endorsement to the ability and work of Seth Lewis as Judge. Judge Lewis was quite a "pamphleteer" on public and religious issues of his day, he initiated a fight against a proposed "new code" in Louisiana in 1825 and as a result the Code was defeated.

Ann Lewis, a daughter of Seth Lewis, attended the famous Elizabeth College and later married John Nugent. Their son, [16 Dec 1936].

William Lewis Nugent, a Colonel in the Confederate Army and a member of the Mississippi Bar for nearly fifty years, is still remembered by some of our citizens. It is through him that my own particular branch of the family claims descent from Seth Lewis. A portrait of Seth Lewis hangs in the Hall of Fame in the Capitol at Jackson and at least one document in his handwriting is on exhibition there. He was the center of much controversy largely because of the peculiar authority under which the Court over which he presided was empowered under the Territorial Act to promulgate certain laws and those citizens who believed laws should originate in the legislature bitterly attacked the attempted exercise of this authority by the Court. In so far as the family has discovered in its limited investigation, Seth Lewis was victorious in these controversies as in the suit against Turner.

I wish to take this opportunity of commending the fine and useful work you are doing in the Historical Project.

Cordially yours,

Lucy Somerville Howorth
(Mrs. Joseph M.Howorth).

December 16th,1936.

Miss Susie V.Powell,
Director,Historical Project,
Mississippi W.P.A.,
Jackson, Mississippi.

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I wish to take this opportunity of commending the fine and useful work you are doing in the Historical Project.

Cordially Yours,

Lucy Somerville Howorth
(Mrs. Joseph M. Howorth).

beyond the period of the Civil War, in which Sir SAMUEL SOMAISTER, Knt., of Painsford, and his four sons, took an active part on the royal side, selling Old Port and other estates to meet the expenses of their men in the field. Through the period of their existence severally at Old Port, Widecombe, and Painsford, the SOMASTERS matched with the most principal western houses, including PRIDEAUX, SPEKE, [illegible], FORTESCUE, HOLBEAM, TREVANION, FOWELL, ARUNDEL, STRODE, &c.; but neither the history of their extinction in the male line, nor what family enjoys their representation, is clearly known. Towards the end of the 17th century, Painsford, which was a very fine mansion, having a splendid [illegible] chapel attached to it, was sold to the family of [illegible]. Ar. a castle triple-towered sa. an orle of fleurs-de-lis [illegible]. Crest—A portcullis with chains ar. Motto—[illegible] summus magister. The Painsford line bore the castle and fleurs-de-lis or, and a bordure of the same.

**Sombre** (DAVID OCHTERLONY DYCE SOMBRÉ, Esq.). Quarterly, 1st and 4th, or, two chainshots, the one in chief and the other in base sa., for SOMBRE; 2nd and 3rd, per chev. embattled or and gu. [illegible] two [illegible] ppr. in base two battle-axes in saltire ar., for DYCE. Crests—1st, for SOMBRE: the "Chatta" or Parasol of State [illegible]; 2nd, DYCE: Out of an Eastern crown or, a demi tiger issuant vert, striped gold, holding betw. the paws a flag-staff ppr. thereon hoisted a banner per bend embattled ar. and of the second, charged with a scymitar in bend sinister also ppr. pommel and hilt of the first. Motto—Laventure Nunane.

**Somdry.** Az. a fret ar. on a canton or, a fleur-de-lis gu.

**Some** (co. Suffolk). Ar. a chev. betw. three mallets gu.

**Someler.** Ar. a lion ramp. gu. a bordure sa.

**Somer** (Newland, co. Kent). Per pale gu. and vert a chev. indented erm. betw. two roses and a [illegible] fleurs-de-lis [illegible] counterchanged. Crest—A stork per pale gu. and az. ducally gorged or.

**Somer** (co. [illegible] grant [illegible]). Per pale vert and gu. a chev. indented erm. in chief a lion pass. betw. two martlets ar.

**Somer.** Vert a fess dancettée erm.

**Somer, or Somner** (co. Kent and Suffolk). Erm. [illegible] chev. gu. Crest—On a [illegible] ppr.

**Somer.** Per pale vert [illegible] a fess dancettée [illegible] lion pass. and two martlets [illegible]

**Somercotes** ([illegible]). Ar. seven [illegible] gu. three, three, [illegible]

**Somercotes** (co. Lin[illegible]). Gu. [illegible] betw. three [illegible] or.

**Somerfield.** Ar. on a fess [illegible] betw. three [illegible] as many leopards' faces of the [illegible]

**Somerford** (Somerford, co. Chester). Ar. on a [illegible] five bezants.

**Somerford** (co. Chester). Gu. on a chev. [illegible] trefoils az.; another, Ar. on a chev. gu. [illegible]; another, sa. [illegible] bezants.

**Somerford** (Somerford, co. Stafford, 1583). Vert a buck pass. ppr. attired [illegible]

**Somerford** (co. Stafford). Vert a stag at gaze or. Crest—On a mount vert a [illegible] ppr.

**Somerford.** Quarterly [illegible] and gu. a bend sa.

**Somerie** ([illegible] extinct 1322). Or, two lions pass. in pale az.

**Somerill.** Barry of twelve ar. and gu. in [illegible] five points az.

**Somerkey, or Somerley.** Gyronny of eight gu. and or; another, ar. and gu. over all a wyvern, wings [illegible] sa.

**Somerle.** Gyronny of eight ar. and gu. a wivern or.

**Somers, Earl.** See COCKS.

**Somers** (Baron Somers, extinct 1716; JOHN SOMERS, Lord Chancellor of England, was so created 1697, [illegible] sister MARY SOMERS m. CHARLES COCKS, M.P. for the city of Worcester, 1692 [illegible] son, JOHN COCKS, d. 1771, [illegible] son CHARLES COCKS created [illegible] 1784 [illegible] 1821, [illegible]). Vert a fess dancettée erm.

**Somers** (co. Dorset, 1614). Vert a fess dancettée erm. [illegible] Crest—A [illegible] all ppr.

**Somers** (St. Margaret's, co. Kent and of Rochester). Vert a fess dancettée erm. Crest—A [illegible] head erased [illegible] gorged with a fess dancettée erm.

**Somers** (co. Worcester). Quarterly, vert [illegible] a fess dancettée erm. [illegible]

**Somersall, or Somershall** (co. Derby). Or, on a bend [illegible] three butterflies [illegible]

**Somerset, Duke of.** See SEYMOUR.

**Somerset** (*Duke of Beaufort*). Quarterly, 1st and 4th, France, az. three fleurs-de-lis or; 2nd and 3rd, England, gu. three lions pass. guard. in pale or, all within a bordure compony ar. and az. Crest—A portcullis or, nailed az. with chains pendent thereto gold. Supporters—Dexter, a panther ar. flames issuant from the mouth and ears ppr. gorged with a plain collar and chained or, and semée of torteaux, hurts, and pomeis alternately; sinister, a wyvern, wings endorsed vert, holding in the mouth a sinister hand couped at the wrist gu. Motto—Mutare vel timere sperno.

**Somerset** (*Baron Raglan*). Quarterly, France and England, within a bordure compony ar. and az. Crest—A portcullis or, nailed az. with chains pendent thereto gold. Supporters—Dexter, a panther [illegible] flames issuant from the mouth and ears ppr. gorged with a plain collar and chained or; sinister, a wyvern, wings endorsed vert, holding in the mouth a sinister hand couped at the wrist gu. Motto—Mutare vel timere sperno.

**Somerset** ([illegible] extinct 16[illegible]; Sir THOMAS SOMERSET, K.B., third son of Edward IV., Earl of Worcester, was created 1626 [illegible]). Same Arms, Crest, and Motto. Supporters—Dexter, a [illegible] sa. attired, unguled, collared, and chain reflexed over the back or; sinister, a wyvern, wings elevated vert, [illegible] ducally gorged, and chain reflexed over the back [illegible] charged on the breast with a cross [illegible] gu.

**Somerset** (Badminton, [illegible]). Same *Arms*, *Crest*, and *Motto*.

**Somerset** (London, granted 1771). Az. on a rock ppr. [illegible] eagle rising [illegible], betw. the Arctic in chief and Antarctic polar stars in base, on a canton of the third a wreath of laurel vert, fructed of the second. Crest—Out of a naval coronet or, a hippocampus [illegible]

**Somerset.** Vert [illegible] and [illegible]

**Somersett** ([illegible]). Or, on a bend vert three [illegible] Crest—A dove ppr. betw. two oak branches [illegible] leaved vert, fructed or.

**Somersham.** Az. on a fess [illegible] betw. two cotises indented or three [illegible] gu.

**Somerton** ([illegible]). Or, on a chev. gu. three bezants [illegible] two [illegible] heads [illegible] of the second.

**Somerton** (co. Worcester). Or, on a chev. betw. three [illegible] heads erased [illegible] bezants.

**Somerton.** Sa. [illegible] betw. [illegible] ar.

**Somerton.** Ar. [illegible]

**Somervile, or Somerville** ([illegible] co. Stafford [illegible] William [illegible]). Az. [illegible]

**Somervile** (co. Gloucester). [illegible] as many [illegible]

**Somervile** (co. Warwick). Ar. [illegible] lion [illegible]

**Somervile.** [illegible]

**Somervill.** Gu. [illegible] embattled or [illegible]

**Somervill.** Ar. [illegible] martlets [illegible]

**Somerville** (Edstone, co. Warwick [illegible]). [illegible] SOMERVILLE [illegible] SOMERVILLE, Esq. [illegible]

**Somerville** (*Baron Somerville* [illegible] 1870). Az. three mullets, two and one, betw. [illegible] billets [illegible] dragon vert [illegible] Motto—Fear God in life.

**Somerville** (Dinder, co. [illegible]). [illegible] *Arms* [illegible]

**Somerville** (Capt. JOHN SOMERVILLE [illegible]).

**Somerville, or Somervell** ([illegible]).

**Somerville** ([illegible]).

dexter hand in pale ppr. [illegible]

**Somerville** [illegible] Warburton [illegible]

**Somerville** [illegible] Thomas Somerville [illegible]

**Somerville** [illegible] Fownes [illegible] Somerville [illegible]

**Somervyle** [illegible]

**Somery** [illegible]

**Somery** [illegible]

**Somery** [illegible]

**Somery.** [illegible]

**Somim, or S**[illegible]

**Sommer** [illegible]

**Sommer** [illegible]

**Sommerle.** [illegible]

**Sommervill** [illegible]

**Somner** [illegible]

**Somner.** [illegible]

**Sondes, Baron.** [illegible]

**Sondes** [illegible]

**Sondes** [illegible] Magdalen [illegible]

**Sone, or Soone** [illegible]

**Sonfield** [illegible]

**Sonibanck** [illegible]

**Sonley, or So**[illegible]

**Sonnclere.** [illegible]

**Sonneclere** [illegible]

**Sonnefield.** [illegible]

**Soote** [illegible]

**Soper** [illegible] twelve [illegible]

**Soper.** [illegible]

**Soper.** [illegible]

**Sopery** [illegible]

**Sore** [illegible]

**Sore, or Le Sore** [illegible]

**Sorel** [illegible] three [illegible]

**Sorey.** [illegible]

**Sorocold** [illegible]

**Sorocold** [illegible]

**Sorpepey** [illegible]

**Sorpey** [illegible] of co. [illegible]

**Sorre.** [illegible] embossed [illegible]

**Sorrell** [illegible] Ipswich, [illegible]—On a [illegible]

**Sorrell** [illegible]

**Sorrey.** [illegible] pass. az.

**Soterley, or Sotelley.** [illegible] betw. three [illegible]

**Sotham.** [illegible]

**Sotheby.** [illegible] sa. [illegible]

**Sotheby** [illegible] a fess [illegible] of the [illegible]

**Sotheby** [illegible] a fess [illegible]

**Sotheby** [illegible]

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**Sotherley** [illegible] three [illegible]

**Sotherne** [illegible] with [illegible]

**Sotheron** [illegible] William [illegible]

**Sotheron** [illegible]

**Sotheron** [illegible]

**Sotherton** [illegible]

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# COLONEL WILLIAM L. NUGENT.

BY BISHOP CHARLES B. GALLOWAY, D.D., LL.D.

Not long since I had the pleasure of reading a learned article with this suggestive title, "Egypt the Gift of the Nile." The idea was that that great country, for years the home of the world's grandest civilization—the home of art and architectture, of law and literature, of philosophy and religion—was made possible by the generous tides of the mighty river that brought down its untold treasures from the distant Mountains of the Moon, and scattered them over a vast alluvial plain. That land, redeemed from the sands of the desert by the floods of the Nile, became the vast granary of the world, unto which hungered nations made weary pilgrimages in search of bread. What a grand idea! I thought of the Pyramids, which yet look down upon the civilizations of more than forty centuries; of the marble Pharos at Alexandria, which flung its benignant light far out to sea, and around and up to the top of which, more than five hundred feet, a royal coach and four could be driven; of the granite obelisks that yet stand the memorials of a wonderful past. I thought of many great names in the schools of philosophy and religion at Alexandria, of the asylum that land gave the virgin mother and her young child in their flight to Egypt, and then reflected that all that was possible because of the open, beneficent hand of the river-god.

And then the thought came that every true, noble, manly life is another river Nile, bringing down from the mountains of God the treasures of knowledge and sympathy that build up the continents and empires of the world; and as one of its noblest illustrations, attention was directed to my dear and honored friend Colonel William L. Nugent, whose loss the country and the Church continue deeply to deplore. To me he opened up a new continent of character and thought. He was the revelation of vast empires of sympathy and experience I never saw before. He had virtues and traits of character that distinguished him among all the men I have ever known. They were the reflections of a great soul that had intimate kinship with God and constant fellowship with the divine. To bring out into fuller view some of the features of his noble character, and recount the more salient facts of his honored history, is the purpose of this paper.

William Lewis Nugent was a native of Louisiana, born in East Baton Rouge Parish, December 12, 1832. In his veins were mingled the best English and Irish blood. His father, John Nugent, was a native of Westmeath, Ireland, and came to the United States when only seventeen years of age. He located first in Philadelphia, where he found employment in the mercantile house of a wealthy Quaker, and soon displayed such aptitude for business that two years later he was sent South to open a branch house at Washington, Mississippi. On attaining his majority, this business was transferred entirely to him, and was conducted successfully until 18 1, when he sold out and bought a sugar plantation in East Baton Rouge Parish, Louisiana. From there he removed to Opelousas, Louisiana, where he reared his large and interesting family. Later in life, in a letter to a member of his family, Colonel Nugent thus modestly referred to his paternal ancestry:

> Tradition has handed down to us some remarkable stories about our father's family in Ireland. They belonged to the gentry—held places under the government, but I have never believed Lord Nugent a kinsman or connection. I have no respect for republican people who affect the nobility.

His mother was the daughter of Judge Seth Lewis, one of the eminent jurists and solid Methodists of the early Southwest. Descended from sturdy English stock, he possessed in an extraordinary degree those hardier elements of character that "laugh at impossibilities" and demand that success must be achieved. Out of orphanage and various misfortunes, he rose to affluence, influence, and great distinction. He was a member of the first legisla-

ture that ever convened in Tennessee. In 1800 he was appointed Chief Justice of the Mississippi Territory, a position of delicate responsibility; for as yet the Territory had no legislative assembly, and the duty of making as well as interpreting laws devolved upon the governor and supreme judges. This position he held for several years and resigned because the stipend was too small to support his family. The salary of the chief justice was only eight hundred dollars.

After practicing law successfully for several years at Natchez, Judge Lewis removed to Opelousas, Louisiana, and there, in that balmy, beautiful land of the Attakapas, spent the remainder of his long and useful life. Soon after his removal to Opelousas, Governor Claiborne appointed him parish judge, from which he rose to the circuit judgeship, a position he held uninterruptedly for twenty-seven years. His manuscript autobiography, written at the request of his childnen and grandchildren, and which bears the date of August 28, 1847, tells of many adventures characteristic of pioneer days—adventures that tested the fiber of his splendid manhood.

Judge Lewis was the author of several works on the law, and one volume on theology. He was an eminent jurist of great ability and stainless integrity. An earnest Christian and an ardent Methodist, his hospitable home was ever wide open to the welcome coming of the weary itinerant. His wife was Miss

the care and tutelage of a wiser, holier motherhood, or were ever led by a firmer, yet gentle, hand.

When eight or nine years of age, William was stricken with disease of the hip-joint that threatened to cut short his young life. For weary weeks, running into months, he was confined to his bed or invalid chair, and when the shadows of many evenings came, the anxious mother thought that never would another earthly morning dawn on her handsome, blue-eyed boy. Medical skill was exhausted: with one voice the physicians said that if he ever recovered he would be a hopeless, if not a helpless, cripple. But while science was diligently at work, the devout young mother lingered during the long hours of the night with her Lord in prayer, asking that the remedies used might be blessed to the restored health and useful life of her dear son. The child recovered, and the astonished physicians said to the calm but rejoicing mother: "It is a miracle, madam; nothing else will explain it." To her he was emphatically a child of prayer, and ever thereafter she nursed the conviction that God had spared him for some noble service in the world.

About two years thereafter, when only eleven years of age, while attending a camp meeting, he was graciously converted; and from that time to his glorious translation at the age of sixty-four, he was a consistent, earnest, experimental Christian. His conversion was strangely bright and glorious. It

made a profound impression upon the whole family and community. One of his brothers thus refers to the great spiritual epoch:

> Mother told it to me over and over again. I never grew weary hearing her relate the facts, even when I was a boy. It was her custom to talk much to us on religion and all related subjects, and many an afternoon have I spent with her in such heavenly conversation. That accounts for *his* true, clear, evangelical view of the whole subject of religion.

At sixteen years of age his father sent him to New Orleans, that he might, under favorable auspices, enter upon a business career. He soon grew tired of mercantile life, however, and in order to carry out a well-formed purpose to become a lawyer, went to Jackson, Louisiana, where he entered the freshman class in Centenary College. As a student he was distinguished for great diligence, scholarly attainments, manly firmness, large-heartedness, and profound piety.

He graduated with honor at Centenary College, under the presidency of the Rev. Dr. R. H. Rivers, in June, 1852. During his senior year he edited a newspaper, practiced regularly with the college band, in which he was a skillful musician, taught two hours a day as a tutor in the preparatory department, and won the second honor of his class, with the privilege of delivering the Latin salutatory at commencement. That immense capacity for continued and concen-

Hardeman, the daughter of General Hardeman, of Tennessee. His beautiful daughter Ann, who became the mother of Colonel Nugent, was educated at Elizabeth Female Academy, Washington, Mississippi, at that time the only institution for the higher education of young women in the South. There being no railroads, or scarcely any other roads, in those pioneer days, that fair young girl rode all the way from Opelousas to Washington, Mississippi, on horseback, with only a trusted colored servant for a protector. That incident is worth recording as illustrative of the confidential relationships that once existed between master and slave in the Southern states.

From this highly cultured and admirably poised young mother William Lewis Nugent inherited many of those qualities that gave him greatness. She had a refined, delicate nature, with marked spirituality of expression, a discriminating mind, clear and comprehensive in its grasp, and a strength of purpose worthy the rich Anglo-Saxon blood of her distinguished father. Trained in the wholesome atmosphere of an intelligent Christian home, and sanctified by the affluent grace of the Holy Spirit, those rare qualities were developed into a radiant and queenly womanhood. She was counted worthy to be the devout mother of eight noble sons and daughters, the second of whom was the distinguished subject of this grateful tribute. And no children were ever under

the care and tutelage of a wiser, holier motherhood, or were ever led by a firmer, yet gentle, hand.

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trated labor became the habit of a toilsome and distinguished life.

Dr. J. C. Keener, now the venerable bishop, attended the commencement at Centenary, and in a letter to the New Orleans *Christian Advocate* thus refers to the brilliant young collegian:

> The Latin salutatory (second honor) was then pronounced by Mr. W. L. Nugent, St. Landry, Louisiana. Its delivery was thoughtful, and remarkable for ease and correctness of pronunciation.

After this salutatory in Latin, he delivered an oration in English, to which Dr. Keener thus genously referred:

> W. L. Nugent, "The Bible, the Foundation of Government": original in treatment, clear and harmonious in expression, sublime and beautiful in sentiment, graceful and appropriate in delivery, It was to me the best performance of the commencement; not so striking as that of the next speaker, but more impressive, more uncommon, and indicated genius of fine order.

That was high praise from a discriminating pen never given to extravagant euology. The theme selected for discussion indicated the tone and trend of his devout young mind. That same letter makes this later reference:

> The music immediately succeeding the address was a "Valedictory Anthem," composed by Mr. W. L. Nugent, and sung by the choir.

After graduation he removed to Greenville, Mississippi, then, as now, the commercial capital of the great Yazoo Delta, famed for the marvelous fertility of its soil and the magnificence of its cotton plantations. Here he rendered efficient service as a private tutor, while diligently employing every half hour in mastering the great principles and science of law. In 1856 he was admitted to the bar at Greenville, and almost immediately commanded a lucrative practice. His first appearance as an advocate in the court room attracted attention, and the consummate skill with which he successfully conducted his fiercely litigated case made the old lawyers prophesy for him a brilliant professional career. He was at once regarded as the rising star of the Delta, and into his office clients freely came with their causes, assured that they had in him a champion as conscientious as he was able and laborious. He continued in the increasing and successful practice of his profession until Mississippi seceded from the Union and the war between the states was formally declared.

In response to his country's call the brilliant young lawyer enlisted in the military service, and chose the humble place of a private in the ranks. But there he was not long allowed to remain. His conspicuous abilities soon commanded recognition. He was promoted to the rank of captain, and for his gallant conduct in leading his brave troops on the bloody field of Franklin he was called to the colonelcy of the Twelfth Mississippi Regiment. A braver soldier never drew a sword, and a more fearless com-

mander never led his legions into the wild shock of battle.

After peace was declared, he returned to his law office in Greenville, and there remained until in 1872, when he removed to Jackson, the capital of the state, which was thereafter his happy home until the early morning of January 18, 1897. There he was eminent in his profession and conspicuous in the social and religious life of the state.

He had a charming home, in which was dispensed the most delightful and elegant hospitality, and where the gentler virtues of the distinguished counselor and courtly citizen shone with divinest radiance. It is not the purpose of this paper to invade the sacred home circle further than to say that nature and Christian grace combined to make him, as husband and father, the model head of a loving household.

Colonel Nugent was *a great lawyer*. The annals of Mississippi jurisprudence furnish few men who were his equals, and possibly none his superiors. His vast and varied learning, his marvelous analytical power, his logical mastery moving with stately and steady step from premise to conclusion, and his wonderful skill in marshaling arguments and commanding them like a moving column on the field of battle, at one time decoying an enemy and again charging with "the plunge of fire," are a part of the brilliant forensic history of the state. Add to this

the exhaustless fertility of his resources and the readiness with which he would re-form his shattered lines and organize victory out of defeat, and we have probably the most successful advocate the bar of Mississippi has ever produced.

But, even more than his superb abilities, one thing always impressed me in this noble lawyer, evidencing the breadth and greatness of his character—the revelations of courts of justice, bringing out as they do the worst phases of human nature, never made him think less highly or hopefully of mankind. They never for a moment shocked his almost guileless confidence in his fellow-men or narrowed the wide scope of his brotherly sympathy.

He was singularly devoted to his profession. He delighted in the study of its great principles and their application to living issues. His regard for the honor and dignity of his noble profession was akin to a minister's reverent appreciation of the sacredness of his high and holy calling; and to pursue an argument to its conclusion, however tedious its steps or slow its processes, became with him almost a passion. His professional labors, however exacting and taxing, were never a drudge, but a positive delight. To illustrate this, I quote again from one of his beautiful, confidential family letters:

> It is very exhilarating to be busy at court; to meet able men in a closely fought case, and let your and their minds clash like scimiters in physical warfare; to feel your reason-

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ing faculties expanding and your strategy truly at work to prevent a surprise or a defeat.

To this estimate of his really marvelous abilities as a lawyer I add the generous, but not extravagant, tribute of the Vicksburg *Herald*, whose able editor knew him long and intimately:

> In the death of Col. W. L. Nugent, of the capital bar, the state has lost one of the leading and ablest members of the legal profession. This is the place in the ranks of his calling that all lawyers in the state recognized. Born in Louisiana, the deceased has resided all of his life since childhood in Mississippi. And during this whole period of over forty years—except the war—he has worked actively and unremittingly in the harness. With many strong intellectual qualities, a faculty of concentration and sustained application of perfectly trained and versatile mental powers, was his most distinguishing trait. He was an attorney of infinite fertility of resource. His antagonist could never count a victory against him until the combat's end had been reached. He never surrendered, and often wrested success from defeat by skill and pertinacity. Labor in his profession was with Colonel Nugent a love, in which, so long as absolute exhaustion was stayed, he lingered. In his character of citizen, in domestic relations and religious life, Colonel Nugent leaves a record that is irreproachable.

He had no earthly ambitions outside the lines of his profession. No solicitation, however flattering or influential, could ever gain his consent to become a candidate for political office. Though an ardent patriot, and often actively concerned with public affairs, he had a perfect aversion for the personal contests and so-called rewards of party politics. The popular estimate was shared by his professional associates throughout Mississippi and other states wherever he had appeared. The public and official proceedings of the bar on the occasion of his death were unusually solemn and impressive. The tribute of the bar of the Supreme Court of Mississippi was presented by ex-Chief Justice J. A. P. Campbell. From that admirable, but not too eulogistic, paper the following paragraphs have been taken:

> Death has lately invaded our ranks and broken our small circle of professional brethren by removing from our midst our esteemed brother, William L. Nugent, whose demise we greatly deplore. He possessed a good intellect, good habits, good acquirements, great industry, perseverance, and devotion to duty, with laudable ambition for success in his profession; and these brought their sure reward, and placed him in the front rank of the eminent lawyers of Mississippi; while his affable and unostentatious manner and bearing, his cordial and generous nature, with many other virtues, made him deservedly a favorite with all classes.
>
> In his death the bar has lost one of its most eminent and distinguished members, and Mississippi one of her prominent and valuable citizens. He had, besides excellent mental powers, a good judgment, great equipoise, wonderful quickness of apprehension, a cheerful and genial spirit, a warm heart and benevolent disposition, prompting to acts of kindness to others, a fine person and voice, and persuasive eloquence; and was thus well fitted to shine, as he did, in the varied walks of life.
>
> He was a good lawyer, a good citizen, a good husband and father and friend, and, as we believe, a sincere Christian; was true to his country, and did his duty to it in peace and in war; was true to his clients, ever alert, expert, and diligent; in

every relation of life was faithful and true. Not more can or could be said of him. May his survivors imitate his many virtues.

Among others of his distinguished associates at the bar who paid generous and glowing tributes to the splendid abilities and magnificent character of Colonel Nugent, was his near neighbor and long-time friend, Judge S. S. Calhoon, himself a leading lawyer of the state and for years an eminent jurist. I quote some passages from a very able address:

> Look back over thirty-five years, and see how brightly shines out the memory of great lawyers: William Sharkey, George S. Yerger, William Yerger, Fulton Anderson, George L. Potter, H. H. Chalmers, Wiley. P. Harris, David Shelton. In this galaxy now stands the name of William Lewis Nugent. He ranked easily in the highest grade of thorough lawyers. We all know his amazing fertility of resource, his readiness in adapting varying tactics to the shifting phases of his case, his profound learning, his lucid and strong presentation. His ambition was confined within the boundaries of his chosen vocation. He had no craving for, and made no effort to achieve, distinction beyond the limits of his profession, and looked with indifference on the honors of professional preferment.
>
> As a man and citizen I am gratified to refer to his leading characteristics. If generosity in thought and deed, if boundless benevolence, keen and tender sensibilities for the sufferings and afflictions of his fellow-men, the absence of envy, and a hand, heart, and purse ever open to the poor and distressed ones, re, as I believe they are, the greatest virtues of our race, then I say William L. Nugent had no superior within my acquaintance.
>
> One of his most admirable traits was his moderation in

the use of power. He was a magnanimous conqueror, and was wholly free from that petty meanness we occasionally see, even in good lawyers, of nagging an opponent. He took no pleasure in harrassing an antagonist, but was ever generous and considerate pending the controversy, and after the victory.

To the resolutions of the bar, the supreme court made fitting and eloquent response, through Justice Whitfield. Some of his characterizations of the great Christian lawyer are so eminently just and singularly discriminating that a liberal extract must be given:

> The court joins with the bar in paying fitting tribute to the exalted character, as lawyer, citizen, and man, of our lamented brother, Colonel William L. Nugent. The contemporary of the greatest lawyers of our past, he filled a conspicuous place in the history of this court, among the richest treasures of whose jurisprudence are the contributions of his genius, and whose "Reports" contain a permanent memorial of the imperishable splendor of his intellect. Religiously eschewing public office and political preferment, his fame rests upon the securer basis of great personal achievement. He was profoundly versed in all the learning of his profession, and held all its vast stores in ready command, for apt and instant application to the ever-shifting phases of varied cases. Thoroughly informed with the spirit of all law, he was no prisoner bound in the fetters of rules, the reason for whose existence had long passed away; but stood forth the matchless champion of the evolution of the law, of its ceaseless and triumphant struggle away from the erudities, absurdities, and injustices of its obscure dawn, toward the elevated plane of its present day, whereon all men meet as equals; and the marvelous faculties of his rich and virile mind hence displayed their finest action in the field of reason,

principle, and independent thought. Perfectly at home in all departments of the law, he proved himself in all its jurisdictions a dreaded adversary of incomparable skill and resourcefulness, in attack or defense. Of all lawyers whom I have ever known, Colonel Nugent was pre-eminently the fittest model of the proper conduct and bearing of the attorney toward the court. Equal to either fortune, he moved serene in victory or defeat, with a self-control the consummate product of perfect discipline. He was the prince of courtesy ; not that artificial gloss of manner, the veneer of sincerity, assumed for a purpose, but the radiance of a genuine soul shining out upon all. His charming urbanity was part of his mental and moral constitution, inseparable from him, as fragrance from the flower. It was as if the genius of courtesy had spilled the cup of grace over him, and he could not but be gracious * * * Our friend was a man of boundless benevolence. No child of poverty ever called on him in vain ; no deserving charity ever lacked his generous aid. Above all, he was a devoted Christian. Whilst he towered in the Church of his love, her surest and strongest support, loving her services and rejoicing in her glorious advance, his sympathies embraced in their broad sweep all of every sect or name who struggled for the uplifting of the race.

Though never a candidate for political office, he was actively and at times conspicuously concerned with public affairs. While aligned in his convictions with one of the great parties, he was too great to be a narrow partisan, and too nationally patriotic to be selfishly sectional. Provincial prejudice seemed never to obscure his open vision or in anywise to affect his clear judgment of public men and measures. He wrote the call for the Tax-payers' Convention in Mississippi, which produced the political revolution in 1875, and occasioned the state's emancipation from the bondage of reconstruction. He inaugurated the prohibition movement in Mississippi, and for a number of years was chairman of the State Executive Committee. To his pen the people are indebted for the first draft of the excellent law which, with numerous and various modifications, is now on the statute books of Mississippi. To his supurb management and tireless efforts we are under obligation for the construction of the Gulf and Ship Island Railroad. It was his convincing argument more than once, before the Interior Department at Washington, that saved the land grant to that enterprise, and made its construction a possibility.

He was a striking illustration of the fact that laborious attention to secular affairs is perfectly consistent with deepest and purest devotion to God. The distinguished hard-working lawyer was an humble, consistent Christian. And he was seemingly as devout when preparing an important brief, or arguing a great cause before the Supreme Court, as when conducting a Sunday school or sitting in the sanctuary. In a delightful letter to a member of his family occurs this paragraph, which was really a leaf out of his own spiritual history:

> The Master must have his followers *in* the world, but not *of* it. He wants them examples of diligence in business while their fervent spirits are worshiping him every day and hour.

Engaging in the activities and enterprises of life, they must be unspotted. Trials, troubles, chastisements must come, but they are needed to correct, to purify and ennoble.

And in another letter breathing the same devout spirit and expressing the same earnest desire to be a faithful steward of the manifold grace of God, he thus philosophically writes:

> Extraordinary labor, close economy, and purdent enterprise will generally result in rapid accumulations; but one who makes haste to be rich will surely fall into divers temptations and a snare. So at least we are taught in the Bible, and I know of no surer guide to moral results. I am often tempted to exclaim, "Give me neither poverty nor riches," notwithstanding I feel a perfect confidence in my ability always to do right. To keep my heart ever alive with the love of God is somewhat more difficult. This I can only accomplish by the assistance of a divine power. I repose confidently in the present trust that I shall ever rest under the shadow of the Great Rock, sheltered from all trouble and protected from all dangers.

Referring to certain financial losses he had sustained and the disappointment they had brought to some of his noble plans, he thus cheerfully wrote to his brother:

> I have always had an abiding confidence that the Lord was leading me by a way I knew not, into a fuller realization of his Fatherhood, and to the point where I could say, "I owe no man anything but to love him." I greatly lament my losses, because they have largely cut me off from launching into schemes of benevolence about which my mind and heart have revolved for years. . . . The frosts of so many winters have now pressed on my head that I cannot hope to do

what I had purposed. The Lord knows my heart, and he knows I love him and all his people.

Such an utterance from many persons would be mere idle gabble, or an apology for covetousness; but from a princely soul, who all his life gave with an unstinted hand, it is the longing and outgoing of a sanctified desire to speed the world-wide establishment of our Lord's kingdom. I never knew a human being to whom the exquisite lines of William Winter could be more appropriately applied:

His love was like the liberal air—
  Embracing all, to cheer and bless;
And ev'ry grief that mortals share
  Found pity in his tenderness.

He was an ardent, intelligent Methodist, subscribing heartily to the doctrines and sustaining loyally the polity and institutions of his Church. He had studied profoundly the philosophy of Methodism's ecclesiastical system, and considered it unequaled in all history for evangelistic efficiency and ready adjustability to all conditions, climes, and countries. And no pastor ever had a more loyal supporter in all the delicate duties of his high office. For six years I served the church in which he was an honored member, and have grateful knowledge of his unvarying sympathy and cordial support. He was never obtrusive, and never contentious. Writing to one of his brothers, he says:

I am prepared to pass over many things I do not cordially indorse, because, after all, I don't know what is really proper. Others are as capable of judging as I am, and my charity teaches me to suffer long and be kind, to bear all things, and to believe all things. Now as this charity will never fail, but will help us all here, go with us through the valley of shadows, and brighten the atmosphere of heaven, it is a safe thing to trust.

He loved the Conferences of the Church, and, when not kept away by the demands of a large clientage, was always in his place. In the General Conference, few laymen wielded greater influence or showed larger acquaintance with the history and philosophy of our ecclesiastical legislation. Writing to one of his brothers, he thus referred to the anticipated pleasure of attending the Ecumenical Conference at Washington in 1891:

> I shall go, D. V., to the Conference at Washington. I always obey such calls, feeling that they come from our great Commander. I may say or do something for the good of Methodism when I take my place among "the elders."

From young manhood to his peaceful death he was a steward in the Church, and for twenty-two years was the loved and honored superintendent of the First Church Sunday school at Jackson, Mississippi.

He *delighted in the ministry of sacred song.* Next to the Holy Scriptures, he loved the standard hymn book of his Church. In a letter to his preacher-brother, two years before his death, he said:

> Indeed, I would rejoice to have you spend a week or more

with me, so that I could have the unspeakable comfort of a long nightly talk, and sing with you again some of the old "songs of Zion." How I would love to sing with you,

> O love divine, how sweet thou art!

after the old tune our father of blessed memory used to sing in the long ago. It wouldn't then take long for both of us to get up to the shouting point.

So well was his great delight in the service of song understood and appreciated that when he was present rarely was a prayer meeting adjourned in his home church without singing "Colonel Nugent's hymn":

> Come, ye that love the Lord,
> And let your joys be known,

with the chorus,

> There are no tears in heaven.

I have rarely known any Christian who more genuinely enjoyed the mid-week prayer-meeting service than this busy lawyer. From the intense study and mastery of legal intricacies and the fierce conflicts of the court room, in which he worsted more than one splendid foeman, he sought the restful, helpful service of God's house. It was a picture worthy the gallery of the greatest saints: that great lawyer sitting in the little conventicle, with the tears stealing from beneath his closed eyelids as the man of God expounded the word, or singing with tremulous voice the old hymns of the Church, or offering a prayer,

the humility and tenderness of which made every worshiper want to live nearer to God.

He was a model for all men of business in *his habits of daily devotion.* Professional engagements were never so exacting, and the demands of a large clientage never so urgent, as to hurry him away from home in the early morning without his Scripture lesson. If anything occurred to interrupt regular family devotions, he sought a few moments alone for Bible reading, and with some suggestive, helpful passage in mind, he went cheerfully to his toilsome desk, or to a contest of giants in the court room, in which was involved the property or the life of a fellow-man.

He was an absolute Christian believer. His was the *rest* of faith. Though trained to independent thought and accustomed to doubt the doctrine and sustaining authority of another, in matters of religion his trust was as beautiful and simple as a child's. He accepted unquestioningly the great verities of the Christian religion, and they had been transmuted into the very fiber of his being. Having settled some questions, they were finally settled. Doubts that distressed others never disturbed him.

As indicating his absolute and uncomplaining submission to Providence, I take this sentence from a private letter:

> The future belongs to God. We have no right to draw upon it, however much our minds may long to do so; our draft may be dishonored, for we know not what a day may bring forth, and our brightest imaginings are dissipated.

spiration from a reposeful trust in God; to be temperate and never uselessly tax his powers of mind and body, and to pile up daily and gradually stores of knowledge.

And in another beautiful and deeply spiritual letter is this striking passage:

> And here I speak of duty; for I recognize duty as the only stimulant that never intoxicates. In the expressive language of another, "it puts a clear sky over every man, into which the skylark — happiness — always goes singing."

Another beautiful trait was *his ready forgetfulness of injury.* He never cultivated animosities, or harbored resentments, or remembered a personal wrong. His great soul was too full of human sympathy and Christian charity to have a hiding place for petty spite. In one of his charming letters this choice sentiment finds beautiful expression:

> It is sometimes hard to bear the ingratitude of some, but I am always strengthened by the firm belief that all things work together for good to me; and maybe when I too find that bourne from which no traveler returns, there will be friendly hands to spread the spring flowers over me, and plant the vioet and the rose above the spot where, "life's fitful fever o'er," I go to sleep.

I have often thought of my glorified friend as a kind of mental and spiritual paradox. He united harmoniously in himself a contrariety of elements that were seemingly irreconcilable. In the court room he was alert, watchful, suspicious, cautious, contentious, resourceful; outside, in his social relations, he was guileless, unsuspecting, incautious, con-

fiding. Almost any tale of sorrow would touch his heart and command a generous gift. Hence he was easily and frequently the victim of imposition. But it never made him less sympathetic or in a single instance caused him to close his liberal hand. The fear of failing to relieve the really needy made him never regret a gift, even when assured that it was bestowed upon the unworthy. And then for him to help others was a genuine joy.

He loved the association of ministers of the gospel. With them he delighted to talk of the deep things of God, and discuss the great questions commanding the thought and prayer of the Church. As indicating his strong attachment to, and earnest interest in, the ministers of his own great Church, I quote from letters written to his brother, the Rev. C. J. Nugent, of the Kentucky Conference:

> There were, you know, seven thousand who had not bowed the knee to Baal, though Elijah did not think so. There are more good people in the world than we think. I am not given to optimism, but I really believe the world is growing better; and it would grow faster if our preachers would preach more after the manner of the Sermon on the Mount—carp less, and point in an ecstatic way to the mountain tops of joy. How do you like the glad refrain,
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> O would he more of heav'n bestow!
> And let the vessels break,
> And let our ransomed spirits go,
> To grasp the God we seek!
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> Our brethren can be led up—not driven. The constraining force of love—charity, if you please—is far better than the thunderbolts of the law.

And in discussing the gracious provisions of Providence to soften the sorrows and lighten the burdens of life, he added:

> Were it otherwise, the golden bowl of life would always be broken, and the chords of the human heart, that are capable of so many ineffable intonations, would ever throb with pain. Trusting His goodness, we do not repine, believing that He does all things well.

He was a man of *unaffected modesty.* He never boasted. He never mentioned his achievements or his charities, though they were many and very great. I have often heard him speak of great cases with which he was connected, and of their final adjudication, but he always discussed the salient questions involved and the points on which they turned at last, and never prided himself on having unhorsed a prominent antagonist or winning a signal victory. Arrogance was a stranger to his great and genial nature.

His life was one of *unwearied industry.* He had immense capacity for sustained and concentrated labor. His energies seemed to know no flagging, and his imperial purpose was never deflected from the high object in immediate view. In writing to a younger brother on one occasion, he evidently gave the chart of his own great life:

> There is but one way for a man to do when he deliberately undertakes a profession or duty; and that is, to go ahead unswervingly, to keep his face like flint upon the object ahead, to possess his soul in patience, to be diligent, careful, steady, and prayerful; to commune with himself alone, and gather in-

spiration from a reposeful trust in God; to be temperate and never uselessly tax his powers of mind and body, and to pile up daily and gradually stores of knowledge.

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And in another letter he returns to the same subject. His intense desire for the ministers of his Church to be worthy successors of the apostles, and to have even more than apostolic success, caused him to dwell much in thought and prayer upon their holy calling. He was never critical, and never volunteered counsel, but these private letters indicate the depth of his convictions and the intensity of his brotherly interest in their welfare:

> In a preacher [he said] *charity, in its broad sense, and personal piety* are worth a whole library of books on *homiletics* and dogmatic theology. With this, if he will "let his light shine," stir up the Church, and keep up class meetings and prayer meetings, the results will be good. I doubt the propriety of trying to force things; there is too much of human agency in it.

And in yet another letter to his brother in the itinerancy, he puts emphasis upon a spiritual ministry, and the absolute necessity of a close and constant walk with God:

> Cultivate your intellect, be ready to give a reason for the faith that is in you, but, above all and over all, live very near to Jesus. Imbibe his spirit, practice his teachings, walk with God. He may not call you away, when the race is run, as he did Enoch, and yet the sunlight of your departure may suffuse all the clouds that ever darkened your life's day. I do not think that one can make a useful preacher who is not full of the Spirit, and yet I would not have you run wild on the idea of sanctification as now taught by some. What a saintly man was Fletcher! Read him carefully, and you cannot go astray.

The deep humility of the really great man, and his constant watchfulness over daily life and thought, are revealed in his rich private correspondence with different members of the family. These are more valuable than a diary as revelations of the inner life, for they were never expected to be seen except by those to whom they were addressed. In diaries there is of necessity much mental and spiritual posing. This is a characteristic passage from one letter:

> O how can words with equal warmth
> The gratitude declare?
>
> Do I deserve it? Have I merited so great salvation? Am I worthy the discriminating providences that have always spared and protected me? Have I cultivated and applied my talents aright? Have I always rendered to God the things which are God's? Am I not only and barely fit to be a mere doorkeeper in his holy temple? Yes! yes! but I had rather be such a doorkeeper than dwell in the tents of wickedness.

And in a beautiful Christmas letter to a member of his family he thus recurs to the same subject, one on which his great mind frequently and devoutly dwelt:

> Well! well! the old year is dying. Slowly, sadly, certainly, the passing moments are numbering its existence, and with them how sober come the thoughts of its experimental ordeal! Have we lived as we ought to have done? Have our duties all been well done? Have we advanced a station in the march to the temple not made with hands, eternal in the heavens? Or have we too often rested by the wayside when trumpet tongues were calling us to work while the day lasted? May God help us in the future!

These tender expressions, written in the sacred confidence of the home circle, he never supposing that another eye would see them, are a revelation of the perfect sincerity and beautiful spiritual humility that characterized his noble and devoted life.

The end of that great man was peace. He died the death of the righteous. Suddenly the summons came, but it found him ready, and he felt no fear. Without haste or alarm, he *walked* through the valley of the shadow of death. His whole life had been a preparation for that day. Long years before he had thus written in a loving letter to a member of his family:

> To die is a passing pain, 'tis true; but if, when the soul is taking its flight from the clay mold that retained it, it sees heaven opening and the angels descending to greet it on the other shore, it appears to me we should rejoice to die when the summons comes.

That glorious vision he had, so that his death was a translation, and the joy ot the Lord wreathed with a radiant smile every line of his handsome face. Sincerely mourned by the whole people—a loss which seems as great to-day as when he first went away—we laid him to his "laureled rest" among the holiest of Mississippi's dead.

And never did thy asters gleam,
  Or through thy pines the night winds roll,
To soothe, in death's transcendent dream,
  A sweeter or a nobler soul!

W. L. Nugent. 1832-1897

# COLONEL WILLIAM L. NUGENT.

BY BISHOP CHARLES B. GALLOWAY, D.D., LL.D.

Not long since I had the pleasure of reading a learned article with this suggestive title, "Egypt the Gift of the Nile." The idea was that that great country, for years the home of the world's grandest civilization—the home of art and architectture, of law and literature, of philosophy and religion—was made possible by the generous tides of the mighty river that brought down its untold treasures from the distant Mountains of the Moon, and scattered them over a vast alluvial plain. That land, redeemed from the sands of the desert by the floods of the Nile, became the vast granary of the world, unto which hungered nations made weary pilgrimages in search of bread. What a grand idea! I thought of the Pyramids, which yet look down upon the civilizations of more than forty centuries; of the marble Pharos at Alexandria, which flung its benignant light far out to sea, and around and up to the top of which, more than five hundred feet, a royal coach and four could be driven; of the granite obelisks that yet stand the memorials of a wonderful past. I thought of many great names in the schools of philosophy and religion at Alexandria, of the asylum that land gave the virgin mother and her young child in their flight to Egypt, and then reflected that all that was possible because of the open, beneficent hand of the river-god.

And then the thought came that every true, noble, manly life is another river Nile, bringing down from the mountains of God the treasures of knowledge and sympathy that build up the continents and empires of the world; and as one of its noblest illustrations, attention was directed to my dear and honored friend Colonel William L. Nugent, whose loss the country and the Church continue deeply to deplore. To me he opened up a new continent of character and thought. He was the revelation of vast empires of sympathy and experience I never saw before. He had virtues and traits of character that distinguished him among all the men I have ever known. They were the reflections of a great soul that had intimate kinship with God and constant fellowship with the divine. To bring out into fuller view some of the features of his noble character, and recount the more salient facts of his honored history, is the purpose of this paper.

William Lewis Nugent was a native of Louisiana, born in East Baton Rouge Parish, December 12, 1832. In his veins were mingled the best English and Irish blood. His father, John Nugent, was a native of Westmeath, Ireland, and came to the United States when only seventeen years of age. He located first in Philadelphia, where he found employment in the mercantile house of a wealthy Quaker, and soon displayed such aptitude for business that two years later he was sent South to open a branch house at Washington, Mississippi. On attaining his majority, this business was transferred entirely to him, and was conducted successfully until 18 1, when he sold out and bought a sugar plantation in East Baton Rouge Parish, Louisiana. From there he removed to Opelousas, Louisiana, where he reared his large and interesting family. Later in life, in a letter to a member of his family, Colonel Nugent thus modestly referred to his paternal ancestry:

> Tradition has handed down to us some remarkable stories about our father's family in Ireland. They belonged to the gentry—held places under the government, but I have never believed Lord Nugent a kinsman or connection. I have no respect for republican people who affect the nobility.

His mother was the daughter of Judge Seth Lewis, one of the eminent jurists and solid Methodists of the early Southwest. Descended from sturdy English stock, he possessed in an extraordinary degree those hardier elements of character that "laugh at impossibilities" and demand that success must be achieved. Out of orphanage and various misfortunes, he rose to affluence, influence, and great distinction. He was a member of the first legisla-

ture that ever convened in Tennessee. In 1800 he was appointed Chief Justice of the Mississippi Territory, a position of delicate responsibility; for as yet the Territory had no legislative assembly, and the duty of making as well as interpreting laws devolved upon the governor and supreme judges. This position he held for several years and resigned because the stipend was too small to support his family. The salary of the chief justice was only eight hundred dollars.

After practicing law successfully for several years at Natchez, Judge Lewis removed to Opelousas, Louisiana, and there, in that balmy, beautiful land of the Attakapas, spent the remainder of his long and useful life. Soon after his removal to Opelousas, Governor Claiborne appointed him parish judge, from which he rose to the circuit judgeship, a position he held uninterruptedly for twenty-seven years. His manuscript autobiography, written at the request of his childnen and grandchildren, and which bears the date of August 28, 1847, tells of many adventures characteristic of pioneer days—adventures that tested the fiber of his splendid manhood.

Judge Lewis was the author of several works on the law, and one volume on theology. He was an eminent jurist of great ability and stainless integrity. An earnest Christian and an ardent Methodist, his hospitable home was ever wide open to the welcome coming of the weary itinerant. His wife was Miss

Hardeman, the daughter of General Hardeman, of Tennessee. His beautiful daughter Ann, who became the mother of Colonel Nugent, was educated at Elizabeth Female Academy, Washington, Mississippi, at that time the only institution for the higher education of young women in the South. There being no railroads, or scarcely any other roads, in those pioneer days, that fair young girl rode all the way from Opelousas to Washington, Mississippi, on horseback, with only a trusted colored servant for a protector. That incident is worth recording as illustrative of the confidential relationships that once existed between master and slave in the Southern states.

From this highly cultured and admirably poised young mother William Lewis Nugent inherited many of those qualities that gave him greatness. She had a refined, delicate nature, with marked spirituality of expression, a discriminating mind, clear and comprehensive in its grasp, and a strength of purpose worthy the rich Anglo-Saxon blood of her distinguished father. Trained in the wholesome atmosphere of an intelligent Christian home, and sanctified by the affluent grace of the Holy Spirit, those rare qualities were developed into a radiant and queenly womanhood. She was counted worthy to be the devout mother of eight noble sons and daughters, the second of whom was the distinguished subject of this grateful tribute. And no children were ever under

the care and tutelage of a wiser, holier motherhood, or were ever led by a firmer, yet gentle, hand.

When eight or nine years of age, William was stricken with disease of the hip-joint that threatened to cut short his young life. For weary weeks, running into months, he was confined to his bed or invalid chair, and when the shadows of many evenings came, the anxious mother thought that never would another earthly morning dawn on her handsome, blue-eyed boy. Medical skill was exhausted: with one voice the physicians said that if he ever recovered he would be a hopeless, if not a helpless, cripple. But while science was diligently at work, the devout young mother lingered during the long hours of the night with her Lord in prayer, asking that the remedies used might be blessed to the restored health and useful life of her dear son. The child recovered, and the astonished physicians said to the calm but rejoicing mother: "It is a miracle, madam; nothing else will explain it." To her he was emphatically a child of prayer, and ever thereafter she nursed the conviction that God had spared him for some noble service in the world.

About two years thereafter, when only eleven years of age, while attending a camp meeting, he was graciously converted; and from that time to his glorious translation at the age of sixty-four, he was a consistent, earnest, experimental Christian. His conversion was strangely bright and glorious. It

made a profound impression upon the whole family and community. One of his brothers thus refers to the great spiritual epoch:

> Mother told it to me over and over again. I never grew weary hearing her relate the facts, even when I was a boy. It was her custom to talk much to us on religion and all related subjects, and many an afternoon have I spent with her in such heavenly conversation. That accounts for *his* true, clear, evangelical view of the whole subject of religion.

At sixteen years of age his father sent him to New Orleans, that he might, under favorable auspices, enter upon a business career. He soon grew tired of mercantile life, however, and in order to carry out a well-formed purpose to become a lawyer, went to Jackson, Louisiana, where he entered the freshman class in Centenary College. As a student he was distinguished for great diligence, scholarly attainments, manly firmness, large-heartedness, and profound piety.

He graduated with honor at Centenary College, under the presidency of the Rev. Dr. R. H. Rivers, in June, 1852. During his senior year he edited a newspaper, practiced regularly with the college band, in which he was a skillful musician, taught two hours a day as a tutor in the preparatory department, and won the second honor of his class, with the privilege of delivering the Latin salutatory at commencement. That immense capacity for continued and concen-

trated labor became the habit of a toilsome and distinguished life.

Dr. J. C. Keener, now the venerable bishop, attended the commencement at Centenary, and in a letter to the New Orleans *Christian Advocate* thus refers to the brilliant young collegian:

> The Latin salutatory (second honor) was then pronounced by Mr. W. L. Nugent, St. Landry, Louisiana. Its delivery was thoughtful, and remarkable for ease and correctness of pronunciation.

After this salutatory in Latin, he delivered an oration in English, to which Dr. Keener thus genously referred:

> W. L. Nugent, "The Bible, the Foundation of Government": original in treatment, clear and harmonious in expression, sublime and beautiful in sentiment, graceful and appropriate in delivery, It was to me the best performance of the commencement; not so striking as that of the next speaker, but more impressive, more uncommon, and indicated genius of fine order.

That was high praise from a discriminating pen never given to extravagant euology. The theme selected for discussion indicated the tone and trend of his devout young mind. That same letter makes this later reference:

> The music immediately succeeding the address was a "Valedictory Anthem," composed by Mr. W. L. Nugent, and sung by the choir.

After graduation he removed to Greenville, Mississippi, then, as now, the commercial capital of the great Yazoo Delta, famed for the marvelous fertility of its soil and the magnificence of its cotton plantations. Here he rendered efficient service as a private tutor, while diligently employing every half hour in mastering the great principles and science of law. In 1856 he was admitted to the bar at Greenville, and almost immediately commanded a lucrative practice. His first appearance as an advocate in the court room attracted attention, and the consummate skill with which he successfully conducted his fiercely litigated case made the old lawyers prophesy for him a brilliant professional career. He was at once regarded as the rising star of the Delta, and into his office clients freely came with their causes, assured that they had in him a champion as conscientious as he was able and laborious. He continued in the increasing and successful practice of his profession until Mississippi seceded from the Union and the war between the states was formally declared.

In response to his country's call the brilliant young lawyer enlisted in the military service, and chose the humble place of a private in the ranks. But there he was not long allowed to remain. His conspicuous abilities soon commanded recognition. He was promoted to the rank of captain, and for his gallant conduct in leading his brave troops on the bloody field of Franklin he was called to the colonelcy of the Twelfth Mississippi Regiment. A braver soldier never drew a sword, and a more fearless com-

mander never led his legions into the wild shock of battle.

After peace was declared, he returned to his law office in Greenville, and there remained until in 1872, when he removed to Jackson, the capital of the state, which was thereafter his happy home until the early morning of January 18, 1897. There he was eminent in his profession and conspicuous in the social and religious life of the state.

He had a charming home, in which was dispensed the most delightful and elegant hospitality, and where the gentler virtues of the distinguished counselor and courtly citizen shone with divinest radiance. It is not the purpose of this paper to invade the sacred home circle further than to say that nature and Christian grace combined to make him, as husband and father, the model head of a loving household.

Colonel Nugent was *a great lawyer*. The annals of Mississippi jurisprudence furnish few men who were his equals, and possibly none his superiors. His vast and varied learning, his marvelous analytical power, his logical mastery moving with stately and steady step from premise to conclusion, and his wonderful skill in marshaling arguments and commanding them like a moving column on the field of battle, at one time decoying an enemy and again charging with "the plunge of fire," are a part of the brilliant forensic history of the state. Add to this

the exhaustless fertility of his resources and the readiness with which he would re-form his shattered lines and organize victory out of defeat, and we have probably the most successful advocate the bar of Mississippi has ever produced.

But, even more than his superb abilities, one thing always impressed me in this noble lawyer, evidencing the breadth and greatness of his character—the revelations of courts of justice, bringing out as they do the worst phases of human nature, never made him think less highly or hopefully of mankind. They never for a moment shocked his almost guileless confidence in his fellow-men or narrowed the wide scope of his brotherly sympathy.

He was singularly devoted to his profession. He delighted in the study of its great principles and their application to living issues. His regard for the honor and dignity of his noble profession was akin to a minister's reverent appreciation of the sacredness of his high and holy calling; and to pursue an argument to its conclusion, however tedious its steps or slow its processes, became with him almost a passion. His professional labors, however exacting and taxing, were never a drudge, but a positive delight. To illustrate this, I quote again from one of his beautiful, confidential family letters:

> It is very exhilarating to be busy at court; to meet able men in a closely fought case, and let your and their minds clash like scimiters in physical warfare; to feel your reason-

ing faculties expanding and your strategy truly at work to prevent a surprise or a defeat.

To this estimate of his really marvelous abilities as a lawyer I add the generous, but not extravagant, tribute of the Vicksburg *Herald*, whose able editor knew him long and intimately:

> In the death of Col. W. L. Nugent, of the capital bar, the state has lost one of the leading and ablest members of the legal profession. This is the place in the ranks of his calling that all lawyers in the state recognized. Born in Louisiana, the deceased has resided all of his life since childhood in Mississippi. And during this whole period of over forty years—except the war—he has worked actively and unremittingly in the harness. With many strong intellectual qualities, a faculty of concentration and sustained application of perfectly trained and versatile mental powers, was his most distinguishing trait. He was an attorney of infinite fertility of resource. His antagonist could never count a victory against him until the combat's end had been reached. He never surrendered, and often wrested success from defeat by skill and pertinacity. Labor in his profession was with Colonel Nugent a love, in which, so long as absolute exhaustion was stayed, he lingered. In his character of citizen, in domestic relations and religious life, Colonel Nugent leaves a record that is irreproachable.

He had no earthly ambitions outside the lines of his profession. No solicitation, however flattering or influential, could ever gain his consent to become a candidate for political office. Though an ardent patriot, and often actively concerned with public affairs, he had a perfect aversion for the personal contests and so-called rewards of party politics. The popular estimate was shared by his professional associates throughout Mississippi and other states wherever he had appeared. The public and official proceedings of the bar on the occasion of his death were unusually solemn and impressive. The tribute of the bar of the Supreme Court of Mississippi was presented by ex-Chief Justice J. A. P. Campbell. From that admirable, but not too eulogistic, paper the following paragraphs have been taken:

> Death has lately invaded our ranks and broken our small circle of professional brethren by removing from our midst our esteemed brother, William L. Nugent, whose demise we greatly deplore. He possessed a good intellect, good habits, good acquirements, great industry, perseverance, and devotion to duty, with laudable ambition for success in his profession; and these brought their sure reward, and placed him in the front rank of the eminent lawyers of Mississippi; while his affable and unostentatious manner and bearing, his cordial and generous nature, with many other virtues, made him deservedly a favorite with all classes.
>
> In his death the bar has lost one of its most eminent and distinguished members, and Mississippi one of her prominent and valuable citizens. He had, besides excellent mental powers, a good judgment, great equipoise, wonderful quickness of apprehension, a cheerful and genial spirit, a warm heart and benevolent disposition, prompting to acts of kindness to others, a fine person and voice, and persuasive eloquence; and was thus well fitted to shine, as he did, in the varied walks ot life.
>
> He was a good lawyer, a good citizen, a good husband and father and friend, and, as we believe, a sincere Christian; was true to his country, and did his duty to it in peace and in war; was true to his clients, ever alert, expert, and diligent; in

every relation of life was faithful and true. Not more can or could be said of him. May his survivors imitate his many virtues.

Among others of his distinguished associates at the bar who paid generous and glowing tributes to the splendid abilities and magnificent character of Colonel Nugent, was his near neighbor and long-time friend, Judge S. S. Calhoon, himself a leading lawyer of the state and for years an eminent jurist. I quote some passages from a very able address:

> Look back over thirty-five years, and see how brightly shines out the memory of great lawyers: William Sharkey, George S. Yerger, William Yerger, Fulton Anderson, George L. Potter, H. H. Chalmers, Wiley. P. Harris, David Shelton. In this galaxy now stands the name of William Lewis Nugent. He ranked easily in the highest grade of thorough lawyers. We all know his amazing fertility of resource, his readiness in adapting varying tactics to the shifting phases of his case, his profound learning, his lucid and strong presentation. His ambition was confined within the boundaries of his chosen vocation. He had no craving for, and made no effort to achieve, distinction beyond the limits of his profession, and looked with indifference on the honors of professional preferment.
>
> As a man and citizen I am gratified to refer to his leading characteristics. If generosity in thought and deed, if boundless benevolence, keen and tender sensibilities for the sufferings and afflictions of his fellow-men, the absence of envy, and a hand, heart, and purse ever open to the poor and distressed ones, are, as I believe they are, the greatest virtues of our race, then I say William L. Nugent had no superior within my acquaintance.
>
> One of his most admirable traits was his moderation in

the use of power. He was a magnanimous conqueror, and was wholly free from that petty meanness we occasionally see, even in good lawyers, of nagging an opponent. He took no pleasure in harrassing an antagonist, but was ever generous and considerate pending the controversy, and after the victory.

To the resolutions of the bar, the supreme court made fitting and eloquent response, through Justice Whitfield. Some of his characterizations of the great Christian lawyer are so eminently just and singularly discriminating that a liberal extract must be given:

The court joins with the bar in paying fitting tribute to the exalted character, as lawyer, citizen, and man, of our lamented brother, Colonel William L. Nugent. The contemporary of the greatest lawyers of our past, he filled a conspicuous place in the history of this court, among the richest treasures of whose jurisprudence are the contributions of his genius, and whose "Reports" contain a permanent memorial of the imperishable splendor of his intellect. Religiously eschewing public office and political preferment, his fame rests upon the securer basis of great personal achievement. He was profoundly versed in all the learning of his profession, and held all its vast stores in ready command, for apt and instant application to the ever-shifting phases of varied cases. Thoroughly informed with the spirit of all law, he was no prisoner bound in the fetters of rules, the reason for whose existence had long passed away; but stood forth the matchless champion of the evolution of the law, of its ceaseless and triumphant struggle away from the erudities, absurdities, and injustices of its obscure dawn, toward the elevated plane of its present day, whereon all men meet as equals; and the marvelous faculties of his rich and virile mind hence displayed their finest action in the field of reason, principle, and independent thought. Perfectly at home in all departments of the law, he proved himself in all its jurisdictions a dreaded adversary of incomparable skill and resourcefulness, in attack or defense. Of all lawyers whom I have ever known, Colonel Nugent was pre-eminently the fittest model of the proper conduct and bearing of the attorney toward the court. Equal to either fortune, he moved serene in victory or defeat, with a self-control the consummate product of perfect discipline. He was the prince of courtesy; not that artificial gloss of manner, the veneer of sincerity, assumed for a purpose, but the radiance of a genuine soul shining out upon all. His charming urbanity was part of his mental and moral constitution, inseparable from him, as fragrance from the flower. It was as if the genius of courtesy had spilled the cup of grace over him, and he could not but be gracious * * * Our friend was a man of boundless benevolence. No child of poverty ever called on him in vain; no deserving charity ever lacked his generous aid. Above all, he was a devoted Christian. Whilst he towered in the Church of his love, her surest and strongest support, loving her services and rejoicing in her glorious advance, his sympathies embraced in their broad sweep all of every sect or name who struggled for the uplifting of the race.

Though never a candidate for political office, he was actively and at times conspicuously concerned with public affairs. While aligned in his convictions with one of the great parties, he was too great to be a narrow partisan, and too nationally patriotic to be selfishly sectional. Provincial prejudice seemed never to obscure his open vision or in anywise to affect his clear judgment of public men and measures. He wrote the call for the Tax-payers' Convention in Mississippi, which produced the political revolution in 1875, and occasioned the state's emancipation from the bondage of reconstruction. He inaugurated the prohibition movement in Mississippi, and for a number of years was chairman of the State Executive Committee. To his pen the people are indebted for the first draft of the excellent law which, with numerous and various modifications, is now on the statute books of Mississippi. To his supurb management and tireless efforts we are under obligation for the construction of the Gulf and Ship Island Railroad. It was his convincing argument more than once, before the Interior Department at Washington, that saved the land grant to that enterprise, and made its construction a possibility.

He was a striking illustration of the fact that laborious attention to secular affairs is perfectly consistent with deepest and purest devotion to God. The distinguished hard-working lawyer was an humble, consistent Christian. And he was seemingly as devout when preparing an important brief, or arguing a great cause before the Supreme Court, as when conducting a Sunday school or sitting in the sanctuary. In a delightful letter to a member of his family occurs this paragraph, which was really a leaf out of his own spiritual history:

> The Master must have his followers *in* the world, but not *of* it. He wants them examples of diligence in business while their fervent spirits are worshiping him every day and hour.

> Engaging in the activities and enterprises of life, they must be unspotted. Trials, troubles, chastisements must come, but they are needed to correct, to purify and ennoble.

And in another letter breathing the same devout spirit and expressing the same earnest desire to be a faithful steward of the manifold grace of God, he thus philosophically writes:

> Extraordinary labor, close economy, and purdent enterprise will generally result in rapid accumulations; but one who makes haste to be rich will surely fall into divers temptations and a snare. So at least we are taught in the Bible, and I know of no surer guide to moral results. I am often tempted to exclaim, "Give me neither poverty nor riches," notwithstanding I feel a perfect confidence in my ability always to do right. To keep my heart ever alive with the love of God is somewhat more difficult. This I can only accomplish by the assistance of a divine power. I repose confidently in the present trust that I shall ever rest under the shadow of the Great Rock, sheltered from all trouble and protected from all dangers.

Referring to certain financial losses he had sustained and the disappointment they had brought to some of his noble plans, he thus cheerfully wrote to his brother:

> I have always had an abiding confidence that the Lord was leading me by a way I knew not, into a fuller realization of his Fatherhood, and to the point where I could say, "I owe no man anything but to love him." I greatly lament my losses, because they have largely cut me off from launching into schemes of benevolence about which my mind and heart have revolved for years. . . . The frosts of so many winters have now pressed on my head that I cannot hope to do

what I had purposed. The Lord knows my heart, and he knows I love him and all his people.

Such an utterance from many persons would be mere idle gabble, or an apology for covetousness; but from a princely soul, who all his life gave with an unstinted hand, it is the longing and outgoing of a sanctified desire to speed the world-wide establishment of our Lord's kingdom. I never knew a human being to whom the exquisite lines of William Winter could be more appropriately applied:

His love was like the liberal air—
  Embracing all, to cheer and bless;
And ev'ry grief that mortals share
  Found pity in his tenderness.

He was an ardent, intelligent Methodist, subscribing heartily to the doctrines and sustaining loyally the polity and institutions of his Church. He had studied profoundly the philosophy of Methodism's ecclesiastical system, and considered it unequaled in all history for evangelistic efficiency and ready adjustability to all conditions, climes, and countries. And no pastor ever had a more loyal supporter in all the delicate duties of his high office. For six years I served the church in which he was an honored member, and have grateful knowledge of his unvarying sympathy and cordial support. He was never obtrusive, and never contentious. Writing to one of his brothers, he says:

I am prepared to pass over many things I do not cordially indorse, because, after all, I don't know what is really proper. Others are as capable of judging as I am, and my charity teaches me to suffer long and be kind, to bear all things, and to believe all things. Now as this charity will never fail, but will help us all here, go with us through the valley of shadows, and brighten the atmosphere of heaven, it is a safe thing to trust.

He loved the Conferences of the Church, and, when not kept away by the demands of a large clientage, was always in his place. In the General Conference, few laymen wielded greater influence or showed larger acquaintance with the history and philosophy of our ecclesiastical legislation. Writing to one of his brothers, he thus referred to the anticipated pleasure of attending the Ecumenical Conference at Washington in 1891:

> I shall go, D. V., to the Conference at Washington. I always obey such calls, feeling that they come from our great Commander. I may say or do something for the good of Methodism when I take my place among "the elders."

From young manhood to his peaceful death he was a steward in the Church, and for twenty-two years was the loved and honored superintendent of the First Church Sunday school at Jackson, Mississippi.

He *delighted in the ministry of sacred song.* Next to the Holy Scriptures, he loved the standard hymn book of his Church. In a letter to his preacher-brother, two years before his death, he said:

> Indeed, I would rejoice to have you spend a week or more

with me, so that I could have the unspeakable comfort of a long nightly talk, and sing with you again some of the old "songs of Zion." How I would love to sing with you,

O love divine, how sweet thou art!

after the old tune our father of blessed memory used to sing in the long ago. It wouldn't then take long for both of us to get up to the shouting point.

So well was his great delight in the service of song understood and appreciated that when he was present rarely was a prayer meeting adjourned in his home church without singing "Colonel Nugent's hymn":

Come, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known,

with the chorus,

There are no tears in heaven.

I have rarely known any Christian who more genuinely enjoyed the mid-week prayer-meeting service than this busy lawyer. From the intense study and mastery of legal intricacies and the fierce conflicts of the court room, in which he worsted more than one splendid foeman, he sought the restful, helpful service of God's house. It was a picture worthy the gallery of the greatest saints: that great lawyer sitting in the little conventicle, with the tears stealing from beneath his closed eyelids as the man of God expounded the word, or singing with tremulous voice the old hymns of the Church, or offering a prayer,

the humility and tenderness of which made every worshiper want to live nearer to God.

He was a model for all men of business in *his habits of daily devotion.* Professional engagements were never so exacting, and the demands of a large clientage never so urgent, as to hurry him away from home in the early morning without his Scripture lesson. If anything occurred to interrupt regular family devotions, he sought a few moments alone for Bible reading, and with some suggestive, helpful passage in mind, he went cheerfully to his toilsome desk, or to a contest of giants in the court room, in which was involved the property or the life of a fellow-man.

He was an absolute Christian believer. His was the *rest* of faith. Though trained to independent thought and accustomed to doubt the doctrine and sustaining authority of another, in matters of religion his trust was as beautiful and simple as a child's. He accepted unquestioningly the great verities of the Christian religion, and they had been transmuted into the very fiber of his being. Having settled some questions, they were finally settled. Doubts that distressed others never disturbed him.

As indicating his absolute and uncomplaining submission to Providence, I take this sentence from a private letter:

> The future belongs to God. We have no right to draw upon it, however much our minds may long to do so ; our draft may be dishonored, for we know not what a day may bring forth, and our brightest imaginings are dissipated.

And in discussing the gracious provisions of Providence to soften the sorrows and lighten the burdens of life, he added:

> Were it otherwise, the golden bowl of life would always be broken, and the chords of the human heart, that are capable of so many ineffable intonations, would ever throb with pain. Trusting His goodness, we do not repine, believing that He does all things well.

He was a man of *unaffected modesty*. He never boasted. He never mentioned his achievements or his charities, though they were many and very great. I have often heard him speak of great cases with which he was connected, and of their final adjudication, but he always discussed the salient questions involved and the points on which they turned at last, and never prided himself on having unhorsed a prominent antagonist or winning a signal victory. Arrogance was a stranger to his great and genial nature.

His life was one of *unwearied industry*. He had immense capacity for sustained and concentrated labor. His energies seemed to know no flagging, and his imperial purpose was never deflected from the high object in immediate view. In writing to a younger brother on one occasion, he evidently gave the chart of his own great life:

> There is but one way for a man to do when he deliberately undertakes a profession or duty; and that is, to go ahead unswervingly, to keep his face like flint upon the object ahead, to possess his soul in patience, to be diligent, careful, steady, and prayerful; to commune with himself alone, and gather in-

spiration from a reposeful trust in God; to be temperate and never uselessly tax his powers of mind and body, and to pile up daily and gradually stores of knowledge.

And in another beautiful and deeply spiritual letter is this striking passage:

> And here I speak of duty; for I recognize duty as the only stimulant that never intoxicates. In the expressive language of another, "it puts a clear sky over every man, into which the skylark — happiness — always goes singing."

Another beautiful trait was *his ready forgetfulness of injury*. He never cultivated animosities, or harbored resentments, or remembered a personal wrong. His great soul was too full of human sympathy and Christian charity to have a hiding place for petty spite. In one of his charming letters this choice sentiment finds beautiful expression:

> It is sometimes hard to bear the ingratitude of some, but I am always strengthened by the firm belief that all things work together for good to me; and maybe when I too find that bourne from which no traveler returns, there will be friendly hands to spread the spring flowers over me, and plant the violet and the rose above the spot where, "life's fitful fever o'er," I go to sleep.

I have often thought of my glorified friend as a kind of mental and spiritual paradox. He united harmoniously in himself a contrariety of elements that were seemingly irreconcilable. In the court room he was alert, watchful, suspicious, cautious, contentious, resourceful; outside, in his social relations, he was guileless, unsuspecting, incautious, con-

fiding. Almost any tale of sorrow would touch his heart and command a generous gift. Hence he was easily and frequently the victim of imposition. But it never made him less sympathetic or in a single instance caused him to close his liberal hand. The fear of failing to relieve the really needy made him never regret a gift, even when assured that it was bestowed upon the unworthy. And then for him to help others was a genuine joy.

He loved the association of ministers of the gospel. With them he delighted to talk of the deep things of God, and discuss the great questions commanding the thought and prayer of the Church. As indicating his strong attachment to, and earnest interest in, the ministers of his own great Church, I quote from letters written to his brother, the Rev. C. J. Nugent, of the Kentucky Conference:

> There were, you know, seven thousand who had not bowed the knee to Baal, though Elijah did not think so. There are more good people in the world than we think. I am not given to optimism, but I really believe the world is growing better; and it would grow faster if our preachers would preach more after the manner of the Sermon on the Mount—carp less, and point in an ecstatic way to the mountain tops of joy. How do you like the glad refrain,
>
> O would he more of heaven bestow!
> And let the vessels break,
> And let our ransomed spirits go,
> To grasp the God we seek!
>
> Our brethren can be led up—not driven. The constraining force of love—charity, if you please—is far better than the thunderbolts of the law.

And in another letter he returns to the same subject. His intense desire for the ministers of his Church to be worthy successors of the apostles, and to have even more than apostolic success, caused him to dwell much in thought and prayer upon their holy calling. He was never critical, and never volunteered counsel, but these private letters indicate the depth of his convictions and the intensity of his brotherly interest in their welfare:

> In a preacher [he said] *charity, in its broad sense, and personal piety* are worth a whole library of books on *homiletics* and dogmatic theology. With this, if he will "let his light shine," stir up the Church, and keep up class meetings and prayer meetings, the results will be good. I doubt the propriety of trying to force things; there is too much of human agency in it.

And in yet another letter to his brother in the itinerancy, he puts emphasis upon a spiritual ministry, and the absolute necessity of a close and constant walk with God:

> Cultivate your intellect, be ready to give a reason for the faith that is in you, but, above all and over all, live very near to Jesus. Imbibe his spirit, practice his teachings, walk with God. He may not call you away, when the race is run, as he did Enoch, and yet the sunlight of your departure may suffuse all the clouds that ever darkened your life's day. I do not think that one can make a useful preacher who is not full of the Spirit, and yet I would not have you run wild on the idea of sanctification as now taught by some. What a saintly man was Fletcher! Read him carefully, and you cannot go astray.

The deep humility of the really great man, and his constant watchfulness over daily life and thought, are revealed in his rich private correspondence with different members of the family. These are more valuable than a diary as revelations of the inner life, for they were never expected to be seen except by those to whom they were addressed. In diaries there is of necessity much mental and spiritual posing. This is a characteristic passage from one letter:

> O how can words with equal warmth
> The gratitude declare?
>
> Do I deserve it? Have I merited so great salvation? Am I worthy the discriminating providences that have always spared and protected me? Have I cultivated and applied my talents aright? Have I always rendered to God the things which are God's? Am I not only and barely fit to be a mere doorkeeper in his holy temple? Yes! yes! but I had rather be such a doorkeeper than dwell in the tents of wickedness.

And in a beautiful Christmas letter to a member of his family he thus recurs to the same subject, one on which his great mind frequently and devoutly dwelt:

> Well! well! the old year is dying. Slowly, sadly, certainly, the passing moments are numbering its existence, and with them how sober come the thoughts of its experimental ordeal! Have we lived as we ought to have done? Have our duties all been well done? Have we advanced a station in the march to the temple not made with hands, eternal in the heavens? Or have we too often rested by the wayside when trumpet tongues were calling us to work while the day lasted? May God help us in the future!

These tender expressions, written in the sacred confidence of the home circle, he never supposing that another eye would see them, are a revelation of the perfect sincerity and beautiful spiritual humility that characterized his noble and devoted life.

The end of that great man was peace. He died the death of the righteous. Suddenly the summons came, but it found him ready, and he felt no fear. Without haste or alarm, he *walked* through the valley of the shadow of death. His whole life had been a preparation for that day. Long years before he had thus written in a loving letter to a member of his family:

> To die is a passing pain, 'tis true; but if, when the soul is taking its flight from the clay mold that retained it, it sees heaven opening and the angels descending to greet it on the other shore, it appears to me we should rejoice to die when the summons comes.

That glorious vision he had, so that his death was a translation, and the joy of the Lord wreathed with a radiant smile every line of his handsome face. Sincerely mourned by the whole people—a loss which seems as great to-day as when he first went away—we laid him to his "laureled rest" among the holiest of Mississippi's dead.

And never did thy asters gleam,
  Or through thy pines the night winds roll,
To soothe, in death's transcendent dream,
  A sweeter or a nobler soul!

## FAMILY DATA

Sources: D.A.R. Membership applications of, Nellie Nugent Somerville, No. 114 968
Anne Nugent Gibbs, No. 120 076
Lucy Somerville, No. 133 182
(Howorth)

D.A.R., Library, Paper relating to Thomas Hardeman, Va.-Tenn.

The Restoration of the Jews.....with a biographical sketch of the Author---by Seth Lewis, published byJ.S.Redfield, Clinton Hall, New York, 1851 (included in this volume are two studies on a proposed Code for Louisiana dated 1825 and 1831 and writings on the slavery issue)

Thomas Hardeman born January 8, 1750 in Albemarle County Virginia son of John Hardeman born about 1716 or 1717 in Virginia and Dorothy Edwards who came from Ireland, they were married about 1746 or 1747 and had two sons and seven daughters.

Thomas Hardeman left home in 1768 on an expedition to Holston or Powells Valley. He returned to his father's home in about a year and in 1770 married Mary, sometimes referred to as May and sometimes as Nancy Perkins, daughter of Nicholas Perkins. He then rented land on the Dan River, in 1778 he lived on Boone's Creek at the headwaters of the Holston River. This area was exposed to Indian attacks, and during this period he led a company in fighting against the Indians, known as the "Nicojack War" (the Company was a Carolina Company and Thomas Hardeman was known as Captain after this campaign). He was a member of Capt. Beans Co. at the Battle of Kings Mountain (Annals of Tennessee, page 179)

His education was very limited as a boy and as his children began to go to school or classes he attended with them.

In 1785 he visited the Cumberland Country and the following winter built a boat for the purpose of moving his wife, five children and a few slaves. On March 10,1786 after a voyage up the Ohio and Cumberland Rivers he pitched his tent at a point 3 miles east of Nashville and built a cabin and a stockade.

In 1798 Mary Perkins Hardeman died after having borne fourteen children, and shortly thereafter Thomas Hardeman married Mary's sister Susan Perkins Marr a widow with seven children. Susan Perkins Marr Hardeman died in 1815.

In 1803 Thomas Hardeman removed to Williamson County, Tennessee, in 1816 he removed to Howard County, Missouri and returned to Tennessee in September 1830, the exact date of his death is not shown by these records."After 1798" is what appears on the applications.

Thomas Hardeman served in the North Carolina Legislature, in ~~the first~~ a Tennessee Constitutional Convention and in the Tennessee Senate at the same time his son-i in-law Seth Lewis was in the Tennessee House (Legislature of 1791, History of Tennessee from Earliest Times to the Present, Goodspeed Publishing Co.,1887.)

Nancy Hardeman, born March 23,1774 married Seth Lewis 1793, died 1833. They had twelve children, Rachel Jackson, Mary, Sarah, Amelia, Elizabeth, John, Thomas Hardeman, Seth, Ann Lavenia, Louise, William B., and Clarissa or Clara. (Note: The undated manuscript says "all the children of Nancy are dead except Amelia and Clara both of whom live in Memphis ,Tennessee. Amelia was born in 1799 and married first Rev. John Menefee, and next to Patrick Thomas; Clara born in 1814 married Dr.Jewell)

Seth Lewis was born October 14, 1764 in Connecticut (sometimes given as Massachusetts, the particular settlement is now in Connecticut), married 1793 in Nashville, Tenn. and died in Opelousas, Louisiana Nov.15, 1848

Anne Lavenia Lewis was born in 1807, married John Nugent in 1827 and died in 1866, John Nugent was born in Ireland* in 1792 and died in 1873; William Lewis Nugent, son of Anne and John Nugent was born in June* 1832, married Eleanor (Ellen) Fulkerson Smith in October* 1860 and died January* 1897, his wife having died January 1,* 1866. Subsequently he married Kate Montgomery who died without children* and in 1870 he married Aimee Webb. The first two marriages were in Greenville, Mississippi, where Eleanor F.S.Nugent died.* William Lewis Nugent died in Jackson, Mississippi.*

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* NOT FROM cited SOURCES_

# LEWIS

There is a tradition in the Lewis family that the name originated in France and was originally spelled "Louis", meaning strong or brave. After the family settled in Wales, the name being Anglicized, it was changed to Lewis. All the Welsh Lewises are related, as they sprang from the same original stock. Wm.Lewis of Conn. evidently came from the same stock in Wales as the Va. Branch, as the name William occurs in nearly every generation. But the Conn. branch came to ~~the~~ America America much earlier (1632), while "Pioneer John", who settled in Staunton, Augusta Co.,Virginia (having killed an Irish landlord and fled to America) came in 1720. ---From Genealogy of the Lewis Family in America by Wm.Terrel Lewis.

".......the ship Lyon, Capt. Mason, Commanding, sailed from England June 27, 1632 and arrived Boston Sept. 16m 1632. She brought 133 passengers, including 50 children. Among these Wm. Lewis, his wife Felix and son William, a large boy, who married first in 1644 after landing in Boston. Wm. Lewis returned to England and probably to Wales in 1649.......Executor to his will were his son William, Samuel Steel of Weatherfield,Conn. and Saml. Partrigg of Hadley, Mass. He owned property in both places......"--From the records of Harry W. Lewis, of Erie,Penn.

William Lewis,2nd.

".....Born in Wales in 1620 came to America and lived with his parents in Mass. and Conn. In 1644 he married Mary, daughter of Wm. Hopkinsof Stratford, Conn. by whom he had ten children. In 1640, on Jan. 10 he was appointed commissioner in General Court at Hartford and was a Lieutenant and Captain in a Military Co. Sept. 14, 1644 he was one of the first settlers of Farmington, 9 miles west of Hartford. The township was laid off eleven miles wide by fifteen miles long and the ten acres system was used. There William, Second, became a very prominent man; its first recorder, when incorporated in 1695; Captain of its military company. He joined the church there January 25, 1657, his wife having joined March 15, 1656. No date is known of the death of his first wife but he married secondly Nov. 22, 1671 to Mary, baptised Nov. 29, 1640, daughter of Ezekiel Cheever, a noted schoolmaster of New Haven, Ipswich, Charleston and Boston, by whom he had six children. He died Aug. 16, 1690. Both he and his father were buried at Farmington in the Old Colonial Burying Ground....."From the records of Harry W. Lewis,of Erie, Penn.

When Farmington was first settled it was the lawful hunting ground of the Tanxis Indians and the home of wild beasts. William Lewis 2nd' first home there was probably of logs, for in 1660, after a sawmill had been built, he erected another house where he continued to live until his death in 1704. His son William, 3rd, (called 'Schoolmaster William') lived in this house when it was one of 7 fortifications against the Indians and French who were committing depredations in Western Mass. and Conn., as well as in the vicinity of Albany, N.Y.,(events which lead to the French and Indian Wars (1755-58). This fortified house passed into the hands of a grandson, William Lewis who made and inn of it, which he called "The Elm Tree Inn". It is still used as an Inn. (From "History of Estate of Capt. Wm. Lewis, 2nd--Digest of Early Probate Record)

Also from the same source, Digest etc.,:
"March 6, 1690-1:Distribution of Estate of Capt. William Lewis (2nd) the jointure

being already settled",etc.--from Court Record, p.26
"Mrs. Lewis comes into court being interested in the distribution of my honored husband, Capt. Wm.Lewis' estate." See also Court records page 112, Vol.VII and "Private Controversies"--Vol.N. No. 150

William Lewis, 3rd.

William Lewis (3), som of William and Mary Hopkins, baptised March 15, 1656, married Sarah Moore, daughter of Deacon Isaac Moore of Farmington. His name can be found in school records of Farmington. He was a school master till after 60 years old. Joined church at Farmington, Conn., May 22, 1688. He died in 1732. In 1892 a paper was read about William (3) before the Conn. Historical Society by a descendant.

Next in the Lewis-Nugent-Somerville line comes Daniel, son of William and Sarah Moore. He was born Dec. 10, 1691 and died Dec.8, 1774, aged 83. Beyond these dates and record of his children there is little in our family archives of record about Daniel.

Daniel married May 1, 1718 Mary Strong who was born Jan. 22, 1692 who died April 9, 1751, aged 59.

A son of Daniel and Mary Strong was Ethan Lewis who was born July 27,1724 and married June 18,1746 Sybil ~~[illegible]~~xx Parmelee who was born March 29, 1727, the daughter of Joshua and Hannah Parmelee. (Taken from Farmington, Conn.Town Records, Conn. Genealogical Recordx and Hartford Probate Records... From deeds on record Ethan appears to have moved to Tyringham, Mass. (Thex deeds are on record at Pittsfield) in 1761 and to Sheffield, Mass. in 1766 and was living there in 1771. A child was born to Ethan and Sybil in Farmington. In the history of Ethan Lewis a confusion of names has arisen in some way. The records in New England prove beyond a doubt that his father's son Daniel was born September 24, 1721 and died Nov.15, 1740, having lived but 19 years. It is also proven by New England records that Ethan Lewis married Sybil Parmelee by whom he had 10 children, dates of birth of all are known and marriages of some are of record. Later when Ethan Lewis moved from Massachusetts to Mississippi he is known as Daniel in some records, his father's son Daniel had long since died. In the jounral kept by Captain Phelps, commanding the ship on which Ethan Lewis removed to Mississippi, he is called Daniel Lewis,Sr., having a grown son of the same name. His descendants in Mississippi and Louisiana and other Southern States knew him as Daniel Lewis,Sr., yet his children have identical names and dates of birth as those recorded in New England as Ethan's. The only explanation is that after the death of his brother Daniel, Ethan added his brother's name, that his father might have a son bearing his name.

A son of Ethan (Daniel) and Sybil Parmelee who came with his parents to Mississippi at the age of 7, in 1774 was Seth, born 1764 and died 1848. He married Nancy (Anne) Hardeman, daughter of John Hardeman. A daughter of Seth and Nancy Hardeman, Anne married John Pratt Nugent.

# COX

9/17/1823: Seth Cox died

8/31/1827: Gale " "

10/13/21: Henry H. "

12/18/1816: Dr. John C. Cox died

6/21/1838: Ramsey M. Cox mar. Mrs. Philina Sherer

1/2/1840: Robert Cox mar. Rebecca Wilson

6/25/1840: Wm. Cox, Jr. mar. Susan Ann Beverly Hughes

6/18/1840: Myra Cox mar. A. F. Smith

The data above was copied from "The Journal of Mississippi History" for October 1946, published by the Department of Archives and History, and comes from old Natchez newspapers. The dates shown are those of the papers rather than those of the marriages and deaths.

If this data is of any value to him, please show it to Wil[illegible].

① Emigrant ancestor - Richard Fulkerson (Dirck Volkertszen - "The Noorman" or Scandanarian - Norwegian - Sometimes spelled Volkerson

m. 1640

Christine Vigne.

② Richard Volkertsen (went to N.J. 1699)

m — wife's name not known -

③ Fulkerson — wife's name not known.

④ Abraham Fulkerson - Killed on way from N.J. to N.C. (before Rev. war)

m

1.

2. Sarah Gibson (Rowan Co. N.C. - July 8 - 1788)

⑤ Abraham Fulkerson. b. N.C. Went to Ky. 1792. Took up land there - 500a. in Fayette Co. - 135 in Mercer Co. (will probated. 1806)

m

1. Elizabeth Black

2. Mrs. Anne Stonestreet (no issue)

⑥

Elizabeth
m. 1806
Henry Speed

Sarah
m
— Sutton

Eleanor
m
Horace Smith (of "Locust Grove")
(Mercer Co. Ky.)

Wm

Ford

Abram.
m
1. Sallie Briscoe (1814)
2. Sarah Boone (1835)
3. Margaret Briscoe (Sallie's sister - no issue

Children -
Elizabeth. b. 1818
Sarah - m. Sam Hart
Horace. m. Charlotte McBride
Wm. b. 1819
Abram. b. 1821. m Harriet Ann —
Geo. Hardin. m. Emma McAlpine
Mary Eleanor. b. 1823
Sally Jane m. J A Gage

⑦

Lemuel

Abram
Fulkerson
b. Sept. 16. 1809 Ky.
d. Jan 5. 1863. Miss.
m
Sallie Myra Cocks.

Sarah Ellen
b. July 4 - 1811
m
1. Gen'l John G. Hardin (Killed at Bueno Vista)
2. Chancellor Walworth. N.Y. (no issue)

Gen'l
Martin
Hardin.
(USA)

Ellen Hardin
(Walworth)
(one of founders
of D.A.R. Married
her mother's
step-son)

⑧ Eleanor Fulkerson.

m

Col. Wm Lewis Nugent (CSA)

⑨ Eleanor (Nellie)
m. Robt Somerville —

SOMERVILLE-HOWORTH FAMILY

"Genealogical Charts Showing Ancestry of Robert Somerville," compiled by Keith Frazier Somerville. Also a brief autobiography of Robert Somerville by Lucy Somerville Howorth, 1963.

Folder 3

**From the desk of**

**LUCY S. HOWORTH**
**JOSEPH M. HOWORTH**

To Womens ARCHIVES
Radcliffe College
10 Garden St –
Cambridge 38, Mass –

Herewith Somerville Genealogy (partial, of course) – Several years ago I sent Nugent + other lines of Nellie Nugent – also partial –

Lucy Somerville Howorth
March 1, 1965

515 So. Victoria Ave. – Cleveland, Miss. – Telephone: VI 3-5193

# GENEALOGICAL CHARTS SHOWING ANCESTRY
# OF
# ROBERT SOMERVILLE

b.May 22,1851
d.Oct.19,1925
m.2d. Sept. 16,1885 Nellie Nugent

Compiled by Keith Frazier Somerville, (Mrs. Robert Nugent Somerville)
With additions by Miss Mary Lee Somerville of Culpeper, Virginia, daughter of Atwell Somerville, brother of Robert Somerville.

1

James Somerville b. Scotland Feb 23, 1742
Bachelor - Left Estate to nephew in Scotland
Came to Fredericksburg, Va. 1758
d. Port Royal, Va - Apr. 24, 1798

James - son of Walter Somerville and Mary GRAY
b. Glasgow, Oct. 15, 1774
d - Aug. 29, 1858, at Somervilla, Culpeper Co. Va
m June 23, 1798
Mary Atwell (dau of Capt FRANCIS Atwell. Rev. Soldier)
b. June 22, 1778
d. Feb. 14, 1845

James
b. 1799
m. 1821
Helen Glassell Wallace
8 children

Margaret Ann
b. 1800
mar 1819
Wm. E. Glassell
7 children

Henry
b. 1802
d 1830
unmar

Walter (DR.)
b 1804
m
Mary BRIGGS
12 children

Julia
b
m
Edward GRAY

Albert
b 1806
d 1826
Unmar.

Julia
b 1809
d 1880
m 1829
GEORGE Andrew Smith
9 children

Samuel Wilson
b 1811
m 1848
Jennie FARISH
12 children

Robert Briggs
b. Aug 1, 1813
d. Oct 24, 1904
m. Oct 11, 1838
LAURA Anna GRAY
b. Feb 22, 1818
d. Nov. 2, 1890

Mary
b 1815
m 1838
Quintus Barker or Barbour

William
b 1817
m 1838
Martha Knox
one child
Rev George

Jane
b 1820
d 1841
m 1839
William French
no issue

Harriet
b ~~d. 1840~~ 1839
d 1840

James GRAY
b 1841
d 1842

Julia Smith
b. 1844
d. 1917
m Dec 11, 1866
Benj. L. Wherry Chapin

Laura
b 1845
d 1931
m 1866
M. W. Radford Munford

Helen
b 1848
d 1850

* Robert
b. May 22, 1851
d. Oct. 19, 1925
m (1) Mary Rutherford Lee 1879
d 1880
(2) Nellie Nugent
b. Sept 25, 1863
d. July 28, 1952
m. Sept 16, 1885

Jessie
b 1856
d 1856

Atwell
b 1857
d 1950
m 1884
Mary STRINGfellow

Mary Ellen
b ~~1858~~ 1842
d 1858

Louisa
b 1858
d 1859

Robert Nugent
b Aug 9, 1886
d. June 28, 1946
m. Nov. 20, 1912
(Annie) Keith FRAZIER

Abram Douglas
b Nov. 10, 1888
M. (1) Evelyn Estes May 3, 1916
(2) Lois Derrick Patterson
Jan 10, 1951

Eleanor
b. Dec 1, 1891
m Aug. 6, 1914
Audley Wm. Shands

Lucy Robinson
b. July 1, 1895
m. Feb. 16, 1928
Joseph Marion HOWORTH

*See Robert Somerville Chart 1A

1A

Robert Somerville
b May 22, 1851, Richmond, Va.
d. Oct 19, 1925
m (1) Mary Rutherford Lee, 1879
d. 1880 - No issue
m (2) Nellie Nugent (baptized Eleanor) Sept 16, 1885
b. Sept. 25, 1863, Greenville, Miss.
d. July 28, 1952

Robert Nugent
b. Aug 9, 1886
d. June 28, 1946
m Nov. 20, 1912
(Annie) Keith Frazier

(Louise) Keith
b May 30, 1914
m
Joseph Rice Dockery
3 daughters

Dougles Keith

McKay
m 1958
Tom Clark

Carolyn

Mary Keith

Ashton (Josephine)
b Feb 12, 1917
m. 1940
George Mason Ingram

Ashton Somerville

George Mason Jr

Elinor

Abram Douglas
b. Nov. 10, 1888
m (1) Evelyn Estes
May 3, 1916 (Div.)
(2) Lois Derrick Patterson
No issue 2 adopted children. ADS lives in New Orleans; Joy S. Davis in Cleveland, Miss

Eleanor
b Dec 1, 1891
m. Aug 6, 1914
Audley Wm Shands

Eleanor
b Nov. 25, 1915
m July 11, 1936
Hunter Collins Leake III

Hunter CL III
b May 8 1937
m Sept 1969
Janet

Robert Shands L.
b Apr 13, 1940

James deNeveu L.
b. Aug 2, 1943

Mary
b Nov. 18, 1917
m July 16, 1949
Elsum Graves Hedges

Eleanor
b. Nov 21, 1950

Wm. Shands
b Nov 23, 1952

Dorothy
b June 5, 1919
m Dec 20, 1952
John Marshall Martin Jr.

John M. III

Mary Lu

Lucy Robinson
b. July 1, 1895
m. Feb 16, 1928
Joseph Marion Howorth
No issue

Vi/

(Capt.) Francis Atwell – Lived Westmoreland Co. Va d. 1725 –
m. ?
Will Book. 3 – p. 256 – 432
Fauquier Co. Va

John Atwell
(will Westmoreland Co.) m –
1770

~~Francis Atwell~~ (2)
m. ?

John

Thomas

Francis(3) Capt. in Rev. – member of 11th Va Regiment.
Served at Trenton, Brandwine + Valley Forge
(Howes' Historical Collection – Fauquier + Culpper Co. p. 238 – 263)

b. Westmoreland Co. 1750.
d. Fauquier Co.
X Will 1796 (Nov. 11) (Book 5 – Fauquier Co.)
m. Oct. 25 – 1768
Mary Mc Donald –
(b. 1752 – d. 1781)

Mary
b. June 22. 1778
d. Feb. 14. 1845
m. 1798
James Somerville (1774 – 1858)

Elleanor (Nellie)
m. Robert Briggs

John.

Francis

---

See Somerville Chart.

From. Rev. Minute Book. Fauquier Co.
(in Court House. Warrenton)
"Francis Atwell, Gentleman – was sworn in as Capt.
Sept. 28 – 1778."
Another reference –
"Va Militia in Rev. p. 199 –
Militia Order Book – Fauquier Co.

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X Willed negroes to sons + to "James Somerville who m. Mary".
Negroes appraised by Chas. Scott, Ed Diggs + T.R. English.

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Davy – | $370 | Robt. – | 120 | Violet – | 300 |
| Daniel | 350 | Wm | 100 | Lucy | 200 |
| Charlotte | 250 | Delita. | 360 | Charlotte. | 95 |
| George | 230 | Aggy – | 360 | | |
| Peggy | 150 | Isaac | 350 | | |

Will Book V p 261

Thos. Keith
acting TRUSTEE

B/

(Rev.) Daniel McDonald — ~~son of 3rd~~ descended from 1st Earl of Antrim?
m. July 28. 1740
Helen (Ellen) Barrett

b. County Antrim – Ireland
1707 – d. Va 1762
Came to America – Oct 20 – 1731
Pastor Lamb's Creek Church – Va

Capt. Theodosius
Killed in
French + Indian
war.

Daniel
m
Susannah
Pilcher

Mary
m.
Oct. 25 – 1768
Francis
Attwell
See
Atwell
chart.

Jean
m.
David
Briggs
of "Stony
Hill" –
Stafford
Co. Va
James
m
Charlotte Keith
(dau. of Isham
+ Charlotte
Ashmore)
On Keith Tree.

Ann (Nancy)
m
Neil
McCoull

Jennie

Helen
m
Edward
Moore
Ch.
1 Edward.
2 Nancy m
Roy Bicknor
3 Jane m.
Chas. Julien,
(Dr. Rev. war)

" Ordained in 1731

Minister of Hanover
Parish 1731 – 1735
Minister of Brunswick
Parish 1735 – 1762

Buried in Muddy Creek
Churchyard "

above appears on a
memorial tablet in the
old Lambs Creek Church
in King George County
erected by his descendents
in 1940

The name is sometimes
given as "Donald."

1st Earl of Antrim
Created by James I in 1600s

4

* David Wherry - son of David - b. 1670 NORTH Ireland and wife Mary?

b. in Ireland ~~Ireland~~ - 1719 (~~also~~ b. given as Chester Co. Pa.)

d. July 7 - 1800 Va.

m. June 15 - 1762

Father - David Wherry emigrated to Chester Co. Pa. - b. 1670 - Ireland

Margaret Mackey - dau of James ~~McKey~~ Mackey Sr. - of Little Elk Creek, Md. -

d. Jan 5, 1807

Jesse - b. Mar. 24 - 1863 Chester Co. Pa -

d. Sept. 27, ~~1883~~ 1833

m. Feb. 17 - 1793 - (by Rev. Jas. Muir - Alexandria, Va)

Anna Howard Chapin (~~grand~~ mother was Anna Howard of Mass.)

Dau Dr Benj. Chapin of Alexandria, Va and wife Margaret Colton -

b. Ap. 8 - 1769

d. Ap 8 - 1814

Harriet Anna - b. July 17 - 1795 - (~~Manchester Va~~) Alexandria Va -

d. May 4 - 1863 Richmond, Va.

m. Nov. 9 - 1819 Manchester, Va.

(data from book - "The Gray Family" - by Robt. S. Gray of Richmond)

James Gray -

See Gray charts

* Wherry Genealogy (from Robt. S. Gray) says David Wherry (son of David b. 1676 was born in Ireland in 1719. He married Margaret Mackey.

5/ Ref. Pleasant
Valentine papers (Richmond)
Vol. 1 - p 269
Vol 4 - p. 257
(Gray family.

Henry Gray - B. 1705 - or 1715 d. 1773. Will Surry Co. Va - names children.
m.
Sarah Hardin (dau. of Benjamin Hardin - Will Surry Co 1734
+ wife Sarah Hardin - will Isle of Wight 1750

James Joseph Henry Thos Marthe Jesse ~~Margaret~~

Lt. William - b. Feb. 20 - 1745 -
d. June 14 - 1826
(Prince Edward Co.
+

Ref - soldier - member
of Society of Cincinnati -
Ref - Va Soldiers of Rev. p. 189
Aud. Acct - VII. 219 -

Vol. 68 - p. 247
Wm + Mary Quarterly - resident Amelia County - Va -

m.
Apr. 29 - 1777
Susannah Crenshaw - Resident Amelia County. Va -
b. 1756, Oct 17
d. 1847, June 11

James
b. Apr. 15 - 1788
d. Apr. 3 - 1855 -
m. 1815, Nov 9. in Manchester
Harriet Anna Wherry B July 17, 1795; d. May 11, 1863 ~~May 24, 1763; d. Sept 27, 1833~~

Polly
unmar

Sally
m
John
Garnett

Lucy
m
John
Cook

Mildred
Winston.
m
James
Garnett

Edwin
m

Elizabeth
Crenshaw
unmar.

William
m.
Susan Ann Pleasants
10 children

Laura Anna
b. Feb. 22 - 1818
d. Nov. 2. 1890
m. Oct. 11 1838
Robt. Briggs
Somerville

See Somerville
chart.

James
(1816 - 1872)

Robt.
b 1819

Benjr
Chapin
b. 1826

Walter
b. 1822
d. year infancy

Wm.
m.
Elizabeth
Ann
Valentine

Gordon
d. y.

Ella
b. 1825
m
Robt
McCandlish

Harriet
m.
George
Reid.

Alfred.
d. y.

Douglas

Edward

Somerville
B. 1846 +
named after
oldest
sister's
marriage +
for her
husband.

m. Julia
Somerville

Father of
Robert S. Gray

James and Harriet A. W. Gray
had 17 children - only 13
are given above

Ref. Pleasant Valentine papers. Vol. 4 - p. 2251

6/

Elkanah Crenshaw - Will Amelia Co. Va. Mar. 26. 1772
m.
Amelia Winston (or Mary Winston)

Mentions sons ~~+ sons~~ David, Anthony ~~[illegible]~~ + Wm Winston brother Charles Crenshaw

[illegible] Lucy
m. 1784
[illegible]-John Muse
Amelia Co.

Susanneh
b. Oct 17, 1756
d. June 11. 1847
m. Apr. 29. 1777.
Amelia ~~[illegible]~~ Co. Va.
Wm Gray - b. 1745
d. 1826

See Gray chart.

David
(~~Kept an ord.~~
"~~ordinary~~". in
~~Louisa Co.~~)
mar. Elizabeth Hobson in Powhatan County Va - 1782
He died in Bedford Co.
Children =
Sam'l H
John
Richard
David
Sally m. Coffer
Susan m. Thos Preston
Mary N. m. Wm. Mead
2 gr. chil Ed + Mary Hopkins

Wm Winston
m
Jane ?

Administered fathers will.
Court order - 1785 Amelia Co - His will - Louisa Co. - Will Book 1 - p. 62
Listed as "planter" - deeded land in 1763 -

Anthony d 1798
m. 1786 in Amelia Co -
~~[illegible]~~
Mason Jeter
4 sons: Nathaniel Anderson - Wm Tate
Allen Jeter + Anthony Winston Crenshaw

Old St. Peter's (New Kent Co.) parish records mentions Charles - so the Crenshaws probably came from there -

In Civil War a Capt. Wm Graves Crenshaw - Orange Co - organized the famous Crenshaw Battery - C.S.A.

4/

Mark Hardin – bought land in Va 1706 –
m
Mary Hoge
land grant – 1716.
d. Prince Wm Co. Va – 1735. Will names wife + children.

- John m. Catherine?
  - son Benjamin m "Cousin Sarah".
- Mark m Elizabeth Ashby
- Martin b. 1720 m Lydia Waters
  - Mary m. (1) Robt Wycliffe (2) Wm Robertson
  - Hannah m Capt James Neal
  - Sarah b 1743 m her cousin Benjamin Harden
    - Kate
    - Polly
    - Sarah m Henry Gray. b 1715
      See Gray charts.
    - Rosannah
    - Cassandra
    - Martin
    - Warren
    - Benjamin
  - Lydia m Chas. Wycliffe
  - Mark m Susannah Stull
  - John X (Rev soldier) m Jane Davis
  - Martin
  - Rosannah
- Ann Alice
- Martha –

This seems to be an error
Robert Somerville's ancestress Isle of Wight
was Sarah Hardin died 1750 in Surry Co. Va
her husband Benj. died 1734

X. John had 4 children – among them Genl. John J – Killed in Mexican War. He had married Ellen Smith (sister of Abraham Fulkerson Smith (Nellie Nugent Somerville line) Their daughter Ellen Smith Hardin m. Tracy Walworth of NY – (son of her mother's 2nd husband) and is the Ellen Harden Walworth, founder of DAR.

From him descended Genl. Benj. Harden. CSA whose wife was a sister of Lincoln's wife, Mary Todd. He visited White House in 1861 + was offered commission in Federal army. Refused. Killed at Chickamauga + wife went up + stayed with her sister at White House. Lincoln much critized for harboring wife of a "traitor" – a Rebel general –

8/

Came to Mass - 1636

(Deacon) Samuel Chapin - bap. Oct. 8 - 1598 - Peighton, Eng
m. Feb. 9 - 1623 (Eng)
d. Nov. 11 - 1695 - Springfield Mass.

Cicely Penny - bap. Feb. 21 - 1601 (dau. of Henry + Ja~~mes~~ne)
d. Feb. 8 - 1682-3 Peighton - Eng.

Was one of founders of Springfield, Mass. A statue of him there by St. Gaudens - "The Puritan" - Copy in Corcoran Gallery, Washington DC. A descendent has compiled list of his descendents - 1800 to date.

Henry - d. Aug. 15 - 1718 - one of founders of Chicopee, Mass.
m. Dec. 15 - 1664

Bethiah Cooley - b. Sept. 16 - 1643 - (some records say 1644) d. Dec. 11, 1711
dau Benj. Cooley

(Deacon) Benjamin (1) b. Feb. 2 - 1682. d. Mar. 27 - 1756
m. Nov. 9 - 1704

1. Hannah Colton b Aug 8, 1688, d. Mar 5. ~~1738~~ 1739
2. Mrs. Joanna Warriner d. 1764

Benjamin (2) b. July 17 - 1708. d. Mar. 8. 1762
m. Apr. 3 - 1735 (Springfield, Mass.

Anna Howard -

See Howard chart

(Dr.) Benjamin (3)
b. May 24 - 1736
Surgeon Va line Navy, served aboard "Safeguard from Apr. 1, 1776 till his death while on a furlough in Alexandria Va Oct - 1778 - will probated Oct 15, 1781, Fairfax Co. Va.
m. Mar 4, 1760

Data from "The Chapin Family" by Gilbert W. Chapin + from family Bibles - (in possession of Wm Taylor Chapin, Alexandria Va

Margaret Colton - (Mass.) b Oct 24, 1738; d. ~~[illegible]~~ - Fairfax Co. Va.
dau Benj Colton + Eliz. Pynchon

Hiram

Anna Howard m. Feb 7. 1793
b Apr 8 1767
d Apr 8. 1814
Jesse Wherry b Mar 24, 1763 d Sept 27. 1833
See Wherry chart

Gordon m Guedon

Elizabeth m Richard Ashton

Margaret C. m. (1) 1791 Charles L Ashton (Dr) in King Geo Co. Va -
m (2) 1806 John Bailey, King Geo Co. Va -
see Hayden's Gen p 633

Brothers - Sons of John Ashton - Will, King Geo. Co., Va - 1788

9/

John Howard - from Eng - (with brother George) at age of 18 - Settled in Duxbury. Mass "Bore arms" 164. Original settler of Bridge-water, Mass - One of 1st military officers of town - Selectman 1678 - Deputy 1883 (From Bridge water Mass Historical Society -) He is said to have lived at one time with Miles Standish.

d. 1700
m.

Martha Hayward.

Daughter of Thos - also original Settler of Bridgewater. He Came to America on "Hercules - 1665 - from Sandwich - Kent Co. Eng.

John
Jonathan
b. 1689
(1) Susannah Keith
(2) Sara Dean
Ephriam.
b. 1669
m
Mary Keith
James
Elizabeth
Sara.
Bethia

Susannah + Mary were daughters of Rev. James Keith - Episcopal Rector of Bridgewater, Mass. There at same time our Rev. James Keith ([illegible] Mary Isham Randolph) was in Va - probably, cousins ~~there~~ in Scotland -

So Keith Somerville Dockery is descended from the Two main lines of Keiths in America.

also Ashton Somerville Ingram

Ephriam
m ?
Jonathan.

Anna
m
Benjamin Chapin

Generation omitted here - Anna Howard Chapin who married Jesse Wherry was daughter of Dr Benj. Chapin and wife Margaret Colton. Dr. Benj Chapin was son of Benj. Chapin and wife Anna Howard

Anna Howard
m.
Jesse Wherry -

See Wherry chart

George Colton - b. Sutton Cold field. Warwick Co, Eng.
m. 1644
Pioneer resident of Winslow Springs
+ Longmeadow - Mass.

Deborah Gardner of Hartford Conn.
d. Sept. 5 - 1689.
(of same family as Lionel - of Gardiners Island (1)
1st of name came to Am. 1635 with his
Dutch wife - to Saybrook Conn -
Their 1st child. first white child born
in Conn. Bought Gardiners Island
from Indians -

Isaac - b. Sept. 21, 1646
d. Sept. 3 - 1700
m. June 20, 1670

Mary Cooper -

Hannah (7th child -
b. Aug. 8 - 1688
m. Nov. 9 - 1764

Benjamin Chapin (1) of Chicopee. Mass -

See Chapin charts.

(From "Springfield Families"
published in Boston
Transcript -
and from "Descendents of
Quartermaster George Colton"
by Geo. Colton - (Phila - 1902)

Thos. Cooper –
d. 1675
m.
1. Mary Slye
2. Sarah – ? d. 1688

Pioneer settler of Springfield. Mass. + fur Trader associated with John Pynchon. Killed by Indians – Wife remarried – Lt. Wm Clark.

Timothy
m
Elizabeth
Munson.

Thos
m.
Desire
Lamberton

Elizabeth

Mary
b. Mar. 5. 165,
m. June 30. 1670
(1) Isaac Colton :
(2) Edward Stebbins

See Colton Chart.

John
died
in infancy

Rebecca
m
John
Clark

Sarah
m
Thos.
Day –

John
b. 1659.
Killed by
Indians – 1677.

Cooper Institute (N.Y.
founded by descendent
of This line – (Peter)

12/

(Col.) Wm Pynchon - b. Eng. 1590. d. 1662.
m. d. 1630, Roxbury, Mass.
1. Anna (dau. of Wm Andrews)
2. Frances Sanford of Roxbury

(1)
"Maj". John - b. 1621 - d. Jan 17, 1703
Col. of Hampshire Regiment
m. Oct. 30 - 1644
Amy Wyllis (dau. of Gov. George Wyllis of Hartford Conn.
d. Jan. 9 - 1699

(2)
(Col.) John b1649
d. Apr. 25. 1721
m.
Margaret Hubbard
d. Nov. 11. 1716

Joseph b1646
d. 1682

Wm b1653
d. y.

b. 1661
Mehitabel
d. y.

Mary
b 1650
m
Joseph Whiting
of Westfield

(3)
(Col.) John
m. Feb. 18 - 1702
Bathshua Taylor (dau. of Rev. Edward Taylor of Westfield)

Elizabeth - b. Dec. 27 1703. d. Sept. 6 - 1776
m. - Feb 16, 1721
Benjamin Colton (of same family as Hannah Colton who married in 1704 Benj. Chapin of Chicopee, Mass.)

Margaret
m. 1760
Dr. Benjamin Chapin

See Chapin - Colton charts -

Came to America on ship "Jewel" - (one of Winthrops fleet) with wife & 3 children - Founded Roxbury, Mass - Then moved on & helped found Springfield, May 14, 1636. Was patentee & assistant in charter of Mass. Bay Colony - 1629 Treasurer - 1632. Governing Commissioner at Springfield - (1636 - 1651).

Ref - Mass. Colonial Dames Register
"Pynchon Family in Eng. & America" by J.C. Pynchon (1883)

From "The Chapin Family" - "Descendents of Benjamin Chapin can claim, thru his wife, Margaret, a doubly distinguished ancestry as her mother was a gr. gr. grandaughter of Col. Wm Pynchon, whose ancestry has been traced back to Wm, The Conqueror".

13/

W$^{m}$ Hubbard – Came, with wife and sons from Tendring Hundred, Eng. on "Defense". Jul, 1635

m (in Eng.)

Judith (?) b. 1610

Settled at Ipswich but moved to Boston.

Will probated Aug. 19. 1670

W$^{m}$ (inherited land in Eng. by father's will)

m. ?

Graduated Harvard. 1642.

Pastor at Wrenham. 1643

" Ipswich. 1656.

Wrote "History of New England."

Margaret.

d. Springfield 1716.

m.

Col. John Pynchon (2)

---

See Pynchon chart.

Edward Taylor –
m.
Elizabeth Fitch

b. Sketelby, near Hinkley, in Leicestershire Eng. 1646
Came to Am. 1668
Graduated Harvard – 1671
d. (at age of 83) 1729.
First minister of Westfield Mass.

Bathshua
m. Feb. 18 – 1702
Col. John Pynchon (3)

See Pynchon chart.

* * *

Colonial Governor of Conn. 1642

George Wyllys –
d. Mar. 9 – 1645
Hartford, Conn.
m. (in Eng)
Mary ?

b. "Fenny Compton". Warwickshire Eng.
Came to Hartford Conn. 1638 with wife + children
In 1639 – 41. Deputy Governor – Conn.
1642 – Governor of Conn.

George
(left in Eng. in possession of "Fenny Compton)

Hester
m. Oct. 17, 1645
Capt. Robt. Harding.
They returned to Eng.

Amy
d. Jan 9. 1699
m. Oct. 30 – 1645
(Maj) John Pynchon (1)
d. Jan 17, 1703

See Pynchon chart.

Samuel
b. Eng. 1632
m
1. Ruth, dau. of Gov. John Haynes.
2. Mrs. Mary Love.

# ROBERT SOMERVILLE (1851-1925)

Robert Somerville was born in Richmond,Virginia, May 22, 1851. He was a son of Robert Briggs Somerville of Culpeper and Laura Anna Gray of Richmond. His father moved to Richmond and he grew up in Richmond. He served as a page in the Virginia State Senate in the session which voted secession. His mother was one of a large family and her father built similar brick, four story houses for each of his children as they married and settled in Richmond. The houses adjoined and took up most of a city block, known as "Gray's Row". They were Presbyterians.

Shortly after the Civil War Robert Somerville went to the University of Virginia, received a mathematics certificate and began to learn engineering.

On Thursday May 29,1879 Robert Somerville married Mary Rutherford Lee in Richmond, Virginia. She died June 11, 1880.

About 1883, Robert Somerville came to Greenville, Mississippi. All the rest of his life was spent there and most of the time he was in what is now known as flood control work and was for many years Assistant Chief Engineer, Mississippi Board of Levee Commissioners.

On Wednesday, September 16, 1885 Robert Somerville married Nellie Nugent in the Nugent family home in Jackson, Mississippi. It was a morning wedding and an elaborate wedding breafast was served after the ceremony. The two table cloths, one colored, figured design was used for the first courses, then removed and the white damask under it was used for the dessert. These table cloths were given to my mother and used whenever an especially nice dinner was given. Mrs. Shands has them.(1963).

Robert Somerville died October 19,1925 at Rural Sanitarium, Madison, Tenn. aged 74, He had been ill about a year. He is buried in Greenville,Mississippi.

He was a member of the American Society of Civil Engineers, was a Shriner, Knights Templar and other Masonic orders and joined the Methodist Church after his marriage.

LSH-1963

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# AMERICAN SOCIETY OF CIVIL ENGINEERS

INSTITUTED 1852

## MEMOIRS OF DECEASED MEMBERS

NOTE.—Memoirs will be reproduced in the volumes of *Transactions*. Any information which will amplify the records as here printed, or correct any errors, should be forwarded to the Secretary prior to the final publication.

### ROBERT SOMERVILLE, M. Am. Soc. C. E.*

DIED OCTOBER 19, 1925.

Robert Somerville was born on May 24, 1851, in Richmond, Va., and was reared there, living on Franklin Street, near where the Jefferson Hotel now stands. His early education was received largely at the University School of Richmond, a private school, of which the Assistant Principal was Thomas R. Price, Jr., who was called from this school to be Professor in Mathematics at the University of Virginia and, later, at Columbia University in New York, N. Y. It was the thorough instruction received by Mr. Somerville from this eminent mathematician which lent so much to his success as an engineer.

After the Civil War Mr. Somerville attended the University of Virginia, where he became a member of the Phi Kappa Psi Fraternity, to which Chapter, a few years later, President Wilson was elected. Mr. Somerville did not take any degree at the University of Virginia, but completed the resident work necessary for a Civil Engineer and later would have been entitled to the degree had he applied for it.

On leaving the University of Virginia he was employed by the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad Company and worked under Maj. Peyton Randolph for several years in the vicinity of Huntington, W. Va. The lack of home life and social advantages in that country caused Mr. Somerville to abandon his profession for a time and he returned to Richmond and formed a partnership with his father in the grain and commission business, under the firm name of R. B. Somerville & Son. He did the bookkeeping and kept all the records for the firm, and his father did all the buying and selling.

While in Richmond and in this business he was married to Mary Lee, a close relative of Gen. Robert E. Lee. They had long been sweethearts and the marriage had been delayed by her ill-health. When she died a year later, Mr. Somerville left Richmond and again entered the engineering field, this time to stay for the remainder of his life.

He was again employed by the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad Company on the reconnaissance and location surveys for the extension from Huntington to Cincinnati, Ohio. It was while doing this work in Kentucky that he was offered a position with the Board of Mississippi Levee Commissioners. He accepted this offer and came to Greenville, Miss., where he lived until his death on October 19, 1925. With the exception of a short employment with the Georgia Pacific Railway Company (now the Columbus and Greenville Railway Company) on the location of its lines through the Mississippi Delta, Mr. Somerville was steadily employed by the Levee Board for the remainder of his life, and it was in this position that he did his real life work. He was employed as an Assistant Engineer for many years and, finally, the position of Assistant Chief Engineer was created, to which he was promoted. His principal work which will live after him was the keeping of records that show all the work of the Levee Board.

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* Memoir prepared by C. H. West and W. E. Elam, Members, Am. Soc. C. E.

Mr. Somerville was always careful, conscientious, and conservative in all matters coming under his care; and his passion for record keeping gave the Mississippi Levee District the most complete records of any Levee District as far as the writer knows. In passing, it might be added that a few years ago the writer tried to collect data from all the Levee Districts along the Mississippi River, similar to the information contained in the records of the Mississippi Levee District, and had to abandon it because so many districts could only supply the total expenditures and could not separate the cost of construction from the other expenses such as overhead, interest, etc. The desired information was what had been spent on actual construction, and in the other districts it could only be estimated. Yet Mr. Somerville, at a time when cost accounting was practically unknown, devised a system of record keeping which was complete enough to supply reliable data when legislation was being urged in Congress for the improvement of the Mississippi River.

Mr. Somerville had a mild and most gentlemanly manner, coupled with firmness when necessary. His devotion to duty will ever be a landmark in the community.

He was prominent in church and fraternal circles. For at least forty years he was an active member of the Board of Stewards of the First Methodist Episcopal Church of Greenville, and he served the church in practically every capacity possible for a layman. In each and every place he was ready, competent, and willing to serve at all times. He was also quite active in Masonic circles, having been a member of the Blue Lodge, Chapter, Council, Commandery, Shrine, and Eastern Star. He served as the highest official of each of these locally, and held many other local offices in the bodies; he also served the Grand Chapter, Royal Arch Masons, as Grand High Priest for the year 1913.

On September 16, 1885, Mr. Somerville was married to Nellie Nugent, daughter of Col. William L. Nugent, formerly of Greenville, but then residing in Jackson, Miss. To this union there were born four children, Robert N., Abe D., Eleanor (Mrs. A. W. Shands), and Lucy R., all of whom survive him. He will be missed by his devoted family and those who came in contact with him in a social and professional way.

Mr. Somerville was elected a Member of the American Society of Civil Engineers on June 1, 1887.

SOMERVILLE-HOWORTH FAMILY

Newsclippings re: family members

Folder 4

[illegible] Haughton
by NNS

Mrs. Alexander Ashley is general chairman of the conference. Committee chairmen are Mrs. J. Dunbar Stone, hospitality; Mrs. D. Sweeny Bland and Mrs. Vincent Ruwet, arrangements; Mrs. Joseph F. Betterley, program, and Mrs. A. G. Turner, publicity.

## Overseas League Area Conference

The annual conference of the Third Service Area of the Women's Overseas Service League has been called for Saturday by Miss Dorothy Shands, national vice president for the area, which includes chapters ir. Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia and the District.

The conference will open with a luncheon at the Sulgrave Club, to be followed by a discussion of league projects. After a recess for sightseeing, a dinner will be held at the Woman's National Democratic Club at 7 p.m. An international style show will be a part of the dinner program.

The Women's Overseas Service League consists of women who served overseas during both World Wars.

Mrs. Fred Franke, 4011 Leland street, Chevy Chase, Md., is in charge of luncheon and dinner arrangements for the conference.

Grandaughter
of N N S.

# Women's Clubs

## Miss Shands Represents 'Younger Element' In Women's Overseas Service League

Miss Dorothy Shands, only national officer of the Women's Overseas Service League living in Washington, represents the "younger element'' in an organization originally composed of women who served overseas in World War I.

Miss Shands.

An overseas Red Cross worker for two and a half years in World War II, Miss Shands is one of the 10 national vice presidents of the league—an office she won just three months after becoming second vice president of the Washington Unit.

She is a native of Mississippi, and is now working as secretary to Representative William Madison Whittington of her home State. Incidentally, she is a niece of Judge Lucy Howorth, formerly of Mississippi, who has been prominent in Washington club work since she became associated with the Veterans Administration here.

As a national officer, Miss Shands will have charge of club extension work for the league's third area district which, in addition to Washington, includes Pittsburgh and Philadelphia. Miss Shands hopes to continue the local group's work to establish a unit this year in Baltimore, and already has plans afoot to organize another group in northern Virginia.

Units of the league throughout the country are making a concerted effort to bring in the "World War II girls." A new unit in New Orleans, Miss Shands pointed out, is composed entirely of girls who served overseas in the last war, with the exception of one member who served in World War I who considers herself the "mother" of the club.

The Washington Unit of about 140 members, still has only a small number of World War II "vets" but the membership chairman is working all the time, Miss Shands said.

Miss Shands pointed out that the Washington unit does the majority of its work for veterans at Mount Alto Hospital. Members pay regular hospital visits and provide entertainment for the servicemen. Some also work in the chaplain's office, chief nurse's office and the hospital library.

The national WOSL officer saw service in the Mediterranean and European theaters, first as a clubmobile girl in North Africa and Italy and later as a service club worker in France and the American zone in Germany.

The WOSL was organized following the World War I by a group of former women overseas volunteers who wished "to keep alive and develop the spirit that prompted overseas service, to maintain the ties of comradeship born of that service, and * * * work for the welfare of the armed services."

# Somerville-Frazier Nuptials Are Brilliantly Celebrated

Centenary M. E. church, south was the scene of a brilliant wedding on Wednesday night when in the presence of some of Chattanooga's most prominent men and women there was solemnized the nuptials which united Miss Annie Keith Frazier, elder daughter of Senator and Mrs. James B. Frazier, of this city, to Mr. Robert Nugent Somerville, of Cleveland, Miss., which ceremony also united two of the south's oldest and most influential families. Dr. J. A. Burrow, presiding elder for this district, assisted by the Rev. C. J. Nugent, of Kentucky, cousin of the groom, officiated with the impressive ring service. Mrs. G. M. Smartt furnished the nuptial music, entertaining with a well selected program which closed with Mascagni's "Intermezzo" just before the "Bridal Chorus" from "Lohengrin" announced the entrance of the bridal party, who marched singly down the two converging aisles. The six ushers entered first. Mr. James B. Frazier, Jr., and Mr. Tom Frazier, brothers of the bride, led the party. Shortly after came Mr. Paul Carter and Mr. Gus Littleton, and then came Dr. Atlee and Mr. Carlisle Littleton, all of whom, upon reaching the altar, formed into lines of three. The groom entered with his brother, Mr. A. D. Somerville. Down the opposite aisle then entered Miss Veva Harrison, of Macon, Miss., with Mr. Harry Love, of Leland, Miss. After a brief interval came Miss Sarah Barker, of Bristol, Tenn., with Mr. William R. [illegible], of Nashville. Miss Eleanor Somerville, of Greenville, Miss., entered with Mr. McKay Van Vleet, of Memphis, and Miss Ashton Woodman, of Wheeling, W. Va., with Mr. Couprey E. Nugent, of Jackson, Miss. Then came the maid of honor, Miss Louise Frazier, sister, preceding the bride, who entered upon the arm of her father, who, in response to the minister, presented her to the groom. The vows were plighted before an altar, stately with palms and golden chrysanthemums, altar rail and background bearing a tracery of English ivy upon a screening of white canvas.

The bride was queenly in a gown of ivory brocaded satin, which was her mother's bridal robe. It was en train, made with pannier effect and trimmed with rare old lace and pearl passamenteries. Her veil was held in place with a wreath of orange blossoms. The bridal bouquet was of Bride roses and valley lilies, a shower of the latter flower caught into loops of gauze ribbon falling almost to the floor.

The maid of honor was gowned in pink accordian plaited chiffon and carried a large bouquet of pink and white roses.

The bridesmaids were gowned alike in white chiffon, made entrain over white charmeuse. All carried bouquets of pink La France roses.

A reception exquisite in its every appointment was held after the ceremony at the house of the bride's parents. The decorations carried a color scheme of green and white, ferns, palms and chrysanthemums being used throughout the rooms with fine effect.

In the receiving line with Senator and Mrs. J. B. Frazier were Mr. and Mrs. Robert Somerville, of Greenville, Miss., and the bridal party.

In the diningroom the handsome table decoration was developed from Bride roses, valley lilies and tulle. Tulle ribbons were drawn from an umbrella of pink roses and feathery ferns which hung overhead forming a canopy. In the center of the table was an immense bouquet of Bride roses, while encircling were the dainty valley lilies arranged in crystal vases. Wide white satin ribbons and tulle were arranged about the table's edge.

The guests were served with an ice course, in which also the color note of green and white prevailed, the side veranda being screened for the occasion and arranged for seating the guests while being served.

Punch was dispensed in the library by the Misses Katherine Keith, Virginia Isbester and Louise Frazier.

Among those assisting senator and Mrs. Frazier were: Capt. and Mrs. E. J. A. Frazier, Mr. and Mrs. Alec Keith, of Athens, Tenn.; Judge and Mrs. S. T. McReynolds, Capt. and Mrs. C. A. Lyerly, Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Latimore, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Coleman, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Chambliss, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Sholar, Dr. and Mrs. George R. West, Mr. and Mrs. J. Light Atlee, Dr. and Mrs. Frank Wallace, Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Cooke, Mr. and Mrs. T. Virgin, Mrs. Mary V. Grayson, Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Colyar, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Pound, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Lowry, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Garvin, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Cantrell; Misses Sarah Frazier, Mary Lynn Carter, Lucile Carter, Beulah Mitchell, Willie and Grace Campbell, Nel Chambliss, Marguerite Spears.

The bridal presents, which were displayed during the evening, are among the most beautiful ever seen in this city, occupying every available space of three rooms. They consist of exquisite silver, cut glass, ceramics, bric-a-brac, house furnishings of all descriptions, and handsome household linen.

Mr. and Mrs. Somerville left on the night train for Cincinnati and cities in Canada.

The bride's going-away gown was of maroon-colored cloth, worn with a picture hat heavily plumed.

In the marriag eof these two young people Chattanooga parts with one of its most beautiful and popular girls, who as Annie Keith Frazier, was loved throughout the city of her birth and lifelong home. A few years of her life were spent at school in Ward seminary and in Washington during her father's term of office as United States senator, and enjoys the distinction of having christened the battleship Tennessee.

Mr. Somerville is a native of Mississippi and a rising young lawyer, member of the firm of Charles Scot, Sykes & Somerville, of Cleveland.

Among the out-of-town guests were: Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Keith, of Athens; Misses Louise and Katherine Keith, of Athens; Judge and Mrs. Joseph Sneed, of Knoxville; Mr. and Mrs. Robert Somerville, of Greenville, Miss.; Mr. A. D. Somerville, of Clarksville; Miss Eleanor Somerville, of Greenville, Miss.; Miss L. R. Somerville, of Lynchburg, Va.; Mrs George C. Harris, of Mont Helena, Miss. Mrs. L. H. Hawkins, of Stanford, Ky. Mrs. F. R. Streater, of Memphis; Mrs. Lelia Somerville Jones, of Memphis; Mr. W. W. Taylor, of Cincinnati, O.; Col. and Mrs. Samuel King, of Bristol, Tenn.; Mr. A. A. Stone, of Fayetteville, Tenn.; Mr. and Mrs. Rutledge Smith, of Cookeville, Tenn.; Mr. and Mrs. Alec Scott, of Memphis; Judge and Mrs. Joseph Sneed, of Knoxville; Judge E. T. Sanford, of Knoxville, and Mrs. Davis, of Washington, D. C.

# HISTORY OF LITTLE RED SCHOOLHOUSE OF WASHINGTON COUNTY

By Greenville's No. 1 Schoolmarm

The following article was written over twenty-five years ago by Miss Susie P. Trigg. It is probably the only written record about the county schools of its kind, giving along with accurate data many sidelights of warm human interest. Miss Susie collected the information in conversations with some of the grand old people of Greenville history who since have died, but whose names will always be landmarks in local history. The article [illegible] as it was read at a meeting of a historical society in 1911. It has been cut, regretfully, and as [illegible] as possible, to fit the space here.

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When the early settlers came to Washington county they brought with them governess or tutor at the same time that wife and children came to the new country. For it is a well-known fact that this county was opened and developed by men of intelligence who counted not cost where education was involved.

### Antebellum Schools

From the best verbal sources, and as yet there are no printed records, we learn that prior to "The War" there were three schools in the county, partly maintained by public funds. One of these was located on Glenbar, Dr. Samuel Dunn's plantation; one on the Rucks place near the present Three Oaks site of Leland, and the third was in "Old Greenville," some miles below the present town of that name. There was probably such a school at Leota or Egg's Point, but we cannot ascertain this positively. Previous to the establishment of these semi-public schools, as the county became more thickly populated, there were fewer families maintaining a separate governess or tutor.

### Plantation Schools

Instead, one family in a neighborhood secured a tutor, another a governess, and to the first all of the older boys within riding distance were sent; to the other little boys and girls looked for their "schooling." The privilege of attending these schools was extended to all who could go and come daily, and in many instances children of friends or relatives would come on Monday morning and return home Friday night. In every instance the teachers were men and women of culture and refinement, for they were accepted as members of the families with whom they lived.

Mr. Archer pressed the necessity for immediate establishment of a sufficient number of separate schools so that a seat would be provided for every colored child who wished to go to school; and at the same time have schools for the much smaller number of white children. Of course, the old expensive mode of education was a matter of impossibility to the impoverished people of the South.

### Carpetbagger Superintendent

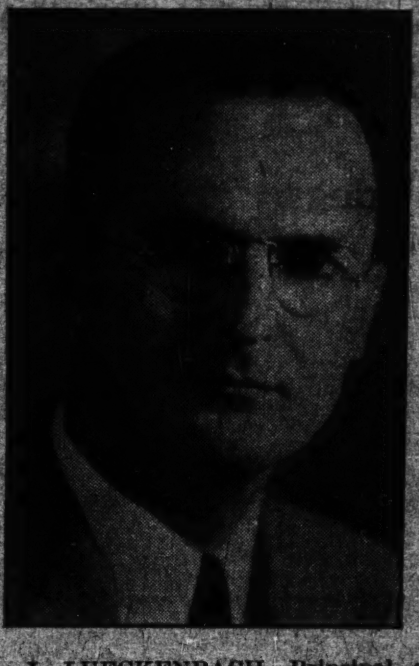
The Board of Police responded promptly by establishment of a crude system of public schools and appointed a certain C. P. E. Johnson, a carpetbagger from [illegible], as first county superintendent. After a short service he absconded with all the money collected to date—about $8,000. He was followed by a negro named Pyles, who served until the election of 1875. Pyles remained in office long enough to erect two one-room frame school houses, which was all he accomplished with an expenditure of $30,000. When he left, he carried with him another $10,000. In 1869 Mr. Stevenson Archer, Mr. Frank Valliant, Major "Ned" Burns, and Judge W. R. Trigg were school trustees for the town and succeeded in building two three-room school houses. That for white children being on a beautiful lot on Main street and Walnut, the corner of which is now occupied by the Ham Building. The ground on which stood the colored school has long since been devoured by our mighty boundary waters. Both buildings were in the shape of a capital T with a long hall facing the street and two smaller rooms at the other end. This hall was divided through the center, lengthwise, by a plank partition which served to separate the boys and girls, and by so doing to make communication much more desirable than if they had sat in one room with no obstruction.

There was many a narrow crack in this partition made by the ubiquitous "jackknife" and countless were the notes that found their way from one side to the other. The teacher sat on a high rostrum at one end with eagle eye commanding both sides of the room. The name of the first principal is forgotten, the second was from the despised carpetbaggers and named Cannon—his stay was short. Several others of the same ilk followed in quick succession. Afterwards the Reverend Duncan Green, the Episcopal preacher, held the position for some years.

## Returns This Week-End

FORREST W. MURPHY, Superintendent of Greenville Schools, will return today or tomorrow from Columbia University in New York City, where he has been working on a doctor's degree in education.

## READY FOR SCHOOL



E. J. LUECKENBACH, Principal of Greenville High School, arrived yesterday from Marshfield, Wisconsin, full of interesting plans for the 1937-38 high school year.

en Finlay. She was a connecting link between the school system of "Before the War" and that of today. My mother was her teacher and I, her pupil, have been a Washington county teacher for twenty-seven years.

school work here for many years.

After the epidemic of 1878 Mrs. Kate Hunt Stone became my teacher for a time, she was left a widow with three children and her friends all patronized her school for several years. She had quite a large school.

### Boys', Girls' Schools Separate

In 1862 the boys and girls of the public school were separated, the boys staying in the school house and the girls occupying part of a residence on Washington and Broadway. At that time the gate into cotton field east of town was only a few hundred yards from the school, near the point of intersection of Theobald and Washington. Mrs. D. F. Hunt was principal assisted by Mrs. Penny and Miss Fannie Valliant.

In those days when grading was not so strict it was very delightful for brothers and sisters near the same age to be classed together. In my class there were five pairs of sisters, the Wards, Nurses, Valliants, Sternes and Triggs. Down at the old building the boys were having a great time and did not hesitate [illegible] ungallantly to say [illegible] to be to themselves. Here were teaching Mr. Sam T[illegible] Rucks and Miss Allee Gray. From the first the boys were looking for Cupid's work and they were not disappointed. The rumors of the courtship were brought out by the boys, and the girls were green with envy to think that they had nothing of the kind to watch.

In 1884 Mr. E. E. Bass, our present most efficient superintendent came to take charge, and since his coming the schools under his wise leadership, have grown with the town.

### Other Schools

Always there has been one, generally more than one, private schools in town, one of these being taught by Miss Bettie Finlay, a sister of Miss Helen.

For some years there has been a flourishing school at the convent on Main street. There are excellent schools at Leland, Hollandale, and Glen Allan, all employing several teachers. In Belzoni there is also a good school, ranking well, besides there are thirty-three one-room schools for white children and ninety such schools for the negroes.

In 1876 $20,000 was a large amount to build houses and pay teachers. This year 1911-12 the county salary total outside of Greenville is $38,000 and in Greenville has been spent $27,022.42. Now the county has 130 schoolhouse, a constant growth.

An article covering so wide a subject necessarily is a mere sketch, leaving out much of great interest, many pleasant incidents, many ludicrous, many sad, but each would touch a responsive chord in the heart of some Washington county boy or girl who might chance to read it.

## ARCOLA SENDS FINE

whom they lived.

The first o fthese schools of which we have any account was located on Panola plantation, the home of Judge William Yerger, which was conducted by a young man named Yerger. This school was in existence as early as 1846, possibly before.

### School in Worthington Home

In the lower end of the county another such school was supported by the Worthington, Johnson and Rucks families, this being in Mr. Isaac Worthington's home. As early as 1847 little Marian Rucks, (our revered Mrs. Frank Valliant), was attending this school. She says that it has been in existence for quite a while, and she was one of the younger pupils. In the year 1847 this was presided over by Mr. Carr, a Methodist preacher, and beloved and admired. He afterwards was a teacher in the semi-public school of "Old Greenville." Another of these schools was on Elmwood plantation, home of Mrs. P. W. Gregory. She had a son and some ten or twelve nieces and nephews to attend this schools as well as the older boys from adjoining plantations, Dr. Sam Dunn, Messrs. Chapin, and Sam and Mrs. Bettie Dunn being among the nephews and nieces.

Still another such school was taught at the home of Dr. Finlay, in the town (Old Greenville). These last two were taught respectively just previous to "The War" by my father and mother.

### W. L. Nugent Taught

At this time the public school in Greenville was taught by the late W. L. Nugent, father of Mrs. Robert Somerville of this place. These public schools were not entirely free schools —a small tuition fee fas paid for each child and the rest of the salary was derived from the sale of leasing of the sixteenth sections, which the government had set aside for the maintenance of public education in each state.

The great proportion of these leases on the sixteenth sections were for a period of ninety-nine years, the leases being made in 1836. By giving a slight thought to this matter we see that all sections so leased will revert to the state in 1985 for use in our schools.

### Effects of War

During the war between the States education suffered as severely as did all other interests in our beloved South. At the beginning of the war all money that was in the county school treasury was taken by common consent to equip a company of artillery for service.

As ealy as 1866 Rev. Stevenson Archer went before the "Board of Police," our county governing body, and urged that steps be taken to establish separate free schools for white and colored children. At that time or soon thereafter the State laws, proposed and passed by a legislature composed of "carpetbaggers" and negroes, provided for free schools open to children of all citizens irrespective of race.

It was with this fact in view that

held the position for some years.

In 1876, Rev. S. A. Archer was appointed Superintendent of Education with the magnificent salary of $240. As the treasury was empty, the first step was to raise money, so for the first time in our history a special tax was levied for schools and it amounted to $20,000. This was to furnish houses and teachers for the coming year.

That fall began with seven white, and eleven negro schools. After that for many years all privilege taxes and fines were devoted to the school fund.

### Finlay School

My own earliest memories of school life cluster around a cheerful bedroom, furnished in the quaint handsome style of those days. About the fireplace was a large semi-circle of chairs in hte middle sat a bright-eyed, gentle voiced little woman, who has never lost the place she then held in my heart and mind. The teacher, first and best. She had no modern methods but there was genuine life in her work and love in her face. Yet her rule was firm and the result to the lawbreaker certain.

This was the school room and she was the teacher of many Greenville children for years, and there are now but five left of those who learned from and loved that gracious lady, Miss Hel-

## HE'S TIGER MEAT!

FRIT
captai
last
schol
the
Sept.
with
sides

teacher for twenty-seven years.

### Other Private Schools

At that time there were two other private schools in the town, one taught by Mrs. Frey and one by Mrs. Penny. Most of the girls and the small boys of the families who had patronized the neighborhood schools of early county life were in these three private schools.

From Miss Helen's school I went for a short time to the public school. Mr. Green was principal then. Miss Ella McGinty, assistant, and my teacher Miss Lou McAlister (Mrs. James E. Negus). Mr. Green was active in

## ARCOLA SENDS FINE GROUP TO COLLEG

Arcola [illegible]
gate to college this
Miss Jean McCra
haven College; Miss
S. C. W.; J. T. Ma
to the Atlanta
Jean Scull, to
rah Grantham
Miss Sarah
Craw, Jr.
tend Bo

ATTENTIO
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CO

SOMERVILLE-HOWORTH FAMILY

Life of Amelia Thomson and of her daughter, Amelia Thomson Watts
with pencil notes by Lucy Somerville Howorth

Volume 1

NOT FILMED

SOMERVILLE-HOWORTH FAMILY

Re: Jackson, Miss. and Nugent Home.

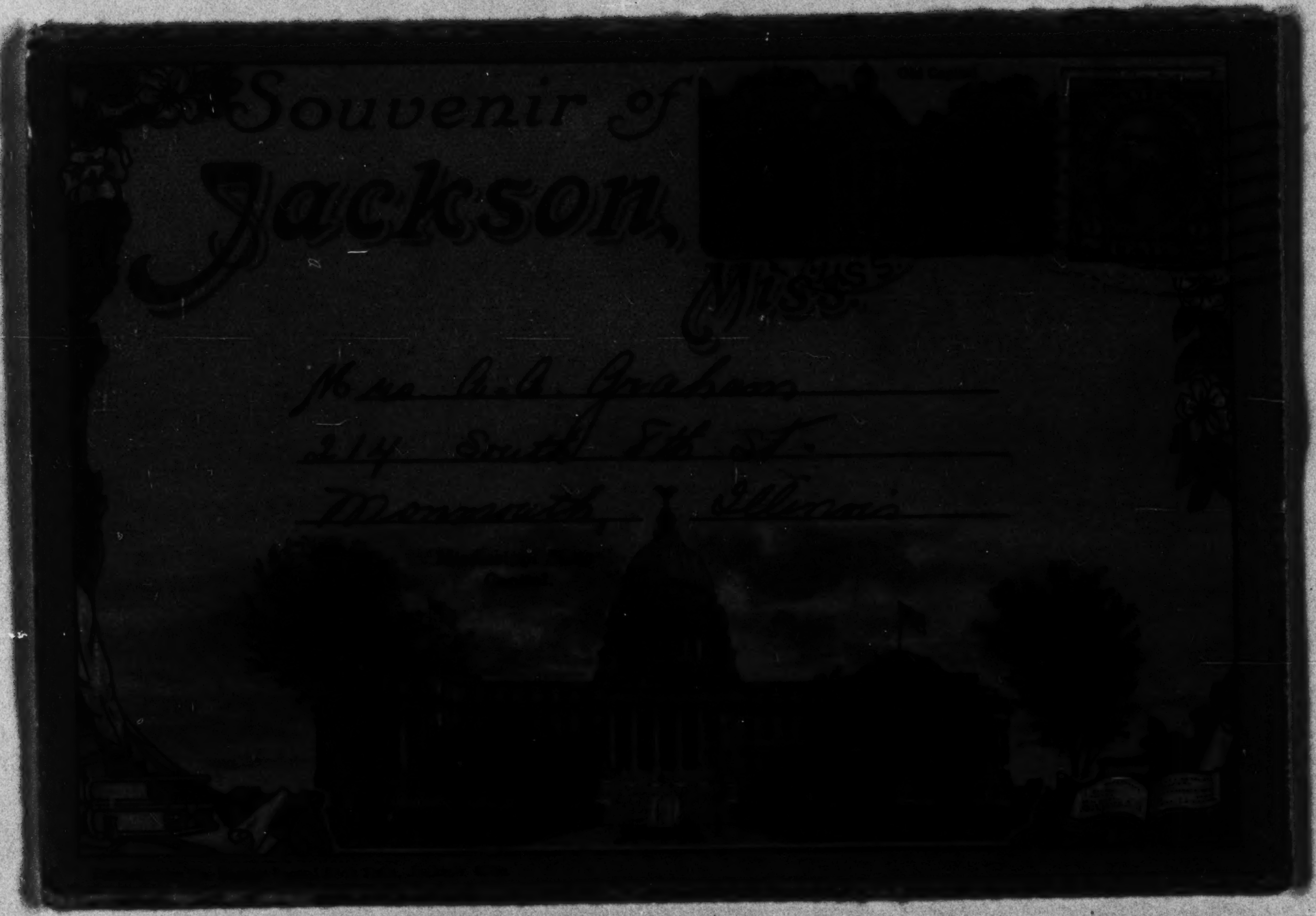
Folder 5

Dear Lucy - 9/17/57

These Jackson postcard views must be of about 1925. If they are of any value to the Archives, please send them on. Otherwise, consign them to the wastebasket.

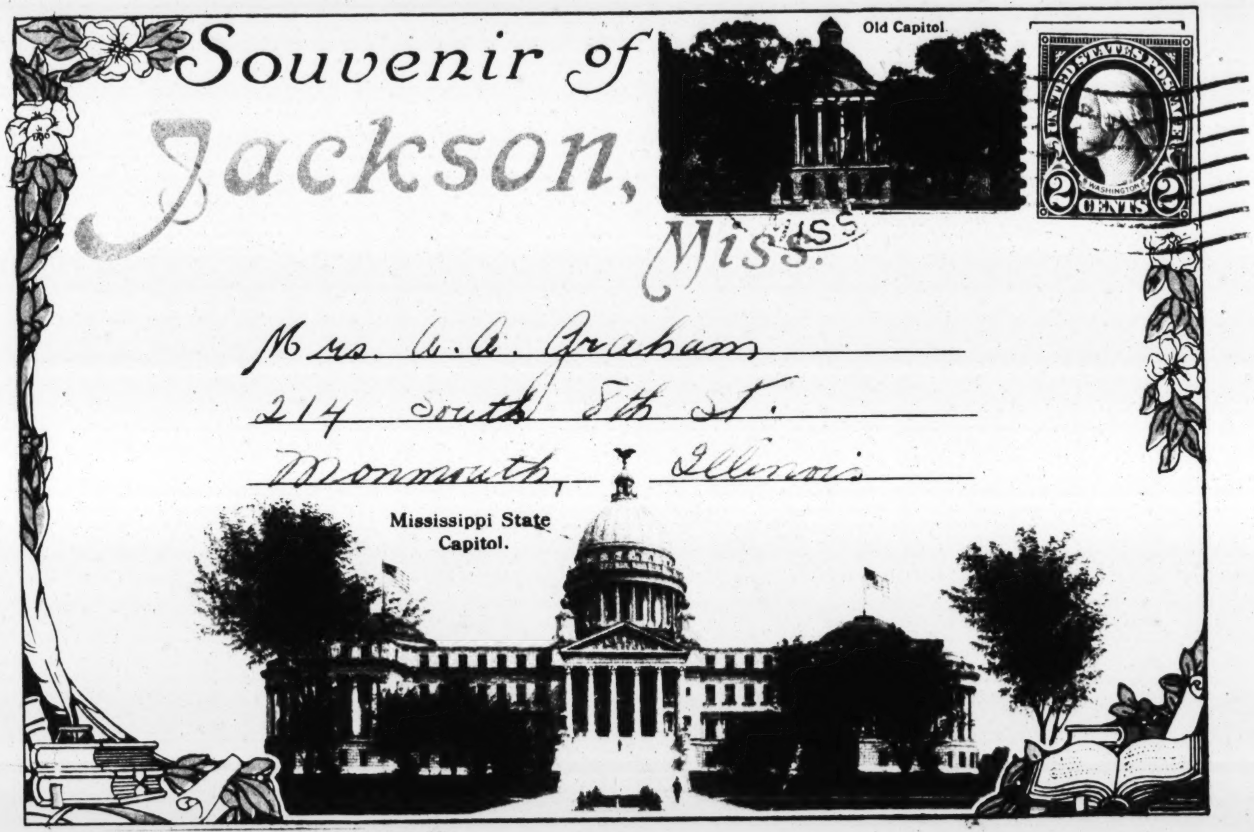
Will and I expect to live in New York, for at least the early part of the winter. After Oct. 15th, we shall live in a hotel, so use the office address listed on the envelope. Have dinner with us when next you and Joe are in New York.

Affectionately, Polly.



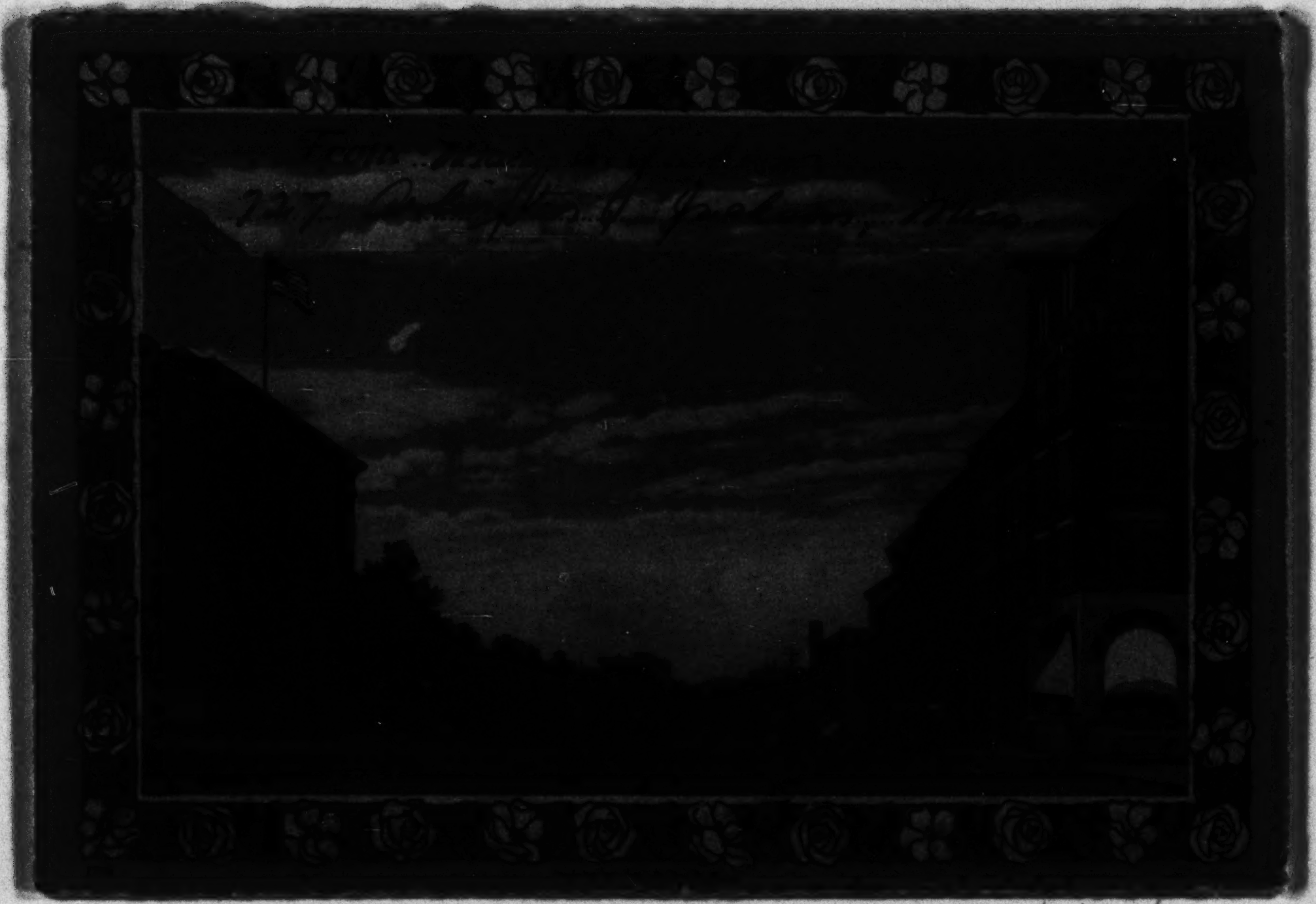
Souvenir of
Jackson,
Miss.

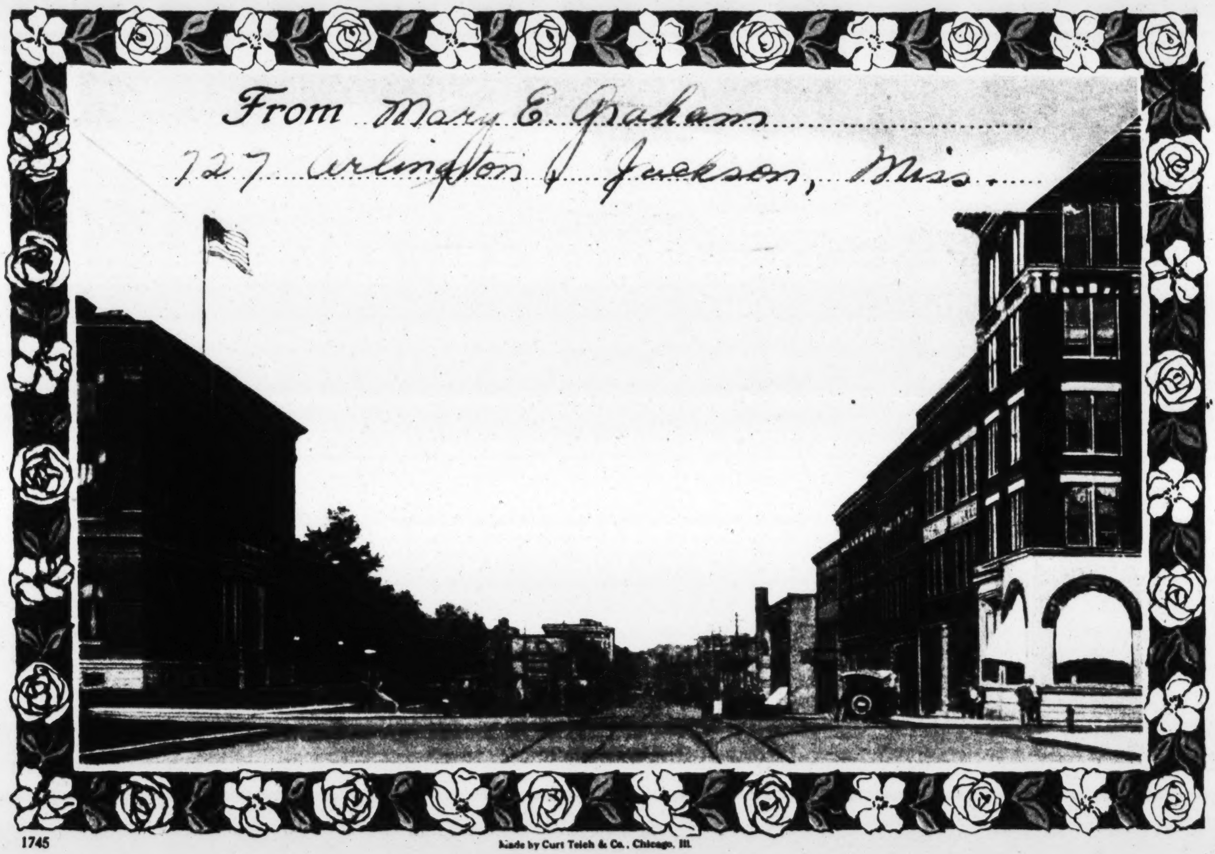
Mrs C. A. Graham
214 South 8th St.
Monmouth, Illinois


Souvenir of
Jackson,
Miss.
Old Capitol
UNITED STATES POSTAGE
WASHINGTON
2 CENTS 2
MISS
Mississippi State
Capitol.

Mrs. A. A. Graham
214 South 5th St.
Monmouth, Illinois

Published by The Baptist Record Book Store, Jackson, Miss.





From Mary E. Graham
727 Arlington / Jackson, Miss.

1745

Made by Curt Teich & Co., Chicago, Ill.

MERCHANTS BANK BUILDING.

The vice president is a young [illegible]
[illegible] is a civil [illegible]

ST. ANDREWS CHURCH, Episcopal

# POINTS OF INTEREST.

JACKSON is the capitol of Mississippi, and her largest city. It is located on the Pearl River, and was laid out about 1822, but not incorporated until about ten years later. It was named in honor of ANDREW JACKSON. During the Civil War, many encounters took place in and about the city. Gen. Sherman and Gen. Jos. E. Johnston were both active in this vicinity. In May, 1863, the Confederates under Johnston were driven from the town by the combined forces of Sherman and McPherson, but after the fall of Vicksburg, Johnston again concentrated his troops at JACKSON, which meantime had been evacuated by the Federal troops. One night during Sherman's renewed attack, Johnston silently withdrew from the city, leaving it in possession of the Federal forces. Among the points of interest is the OLD CAPITOL BUILDING, dating back to 1840, in which the three famous assemblies have been held: THE SECESSION, THE BLACK AND TAN, and the CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTIONS.

Here also JEFFERSON DAVIS, President of the Confederacy, made his last speech. Other buildings of interest are the beautiful STATE CAPITOL, which was completed in 1913; the STATE LIBRARY, which contains more than 80,000 volumes; HINDS COUNTY COURT HOUSE; the CITY HALL and the GOVERNOR'S MANSION. The Pearl River Valley is far from uninteresting and the many nearby stock-farms and the old breast-works surrounding the city are often pointed out to visitors. As an educational center JACKSON takes high rank among the cities of her size in the United States.

Not only are her public schools unexcelled, but the city boasts of four splendid colleges. These are MILLSAPS COLLEGE, for young men (white), established and endowed by late Major R. W. Millsaps, then leading financier and philanthropist of the town; BELHAVEN COLLEGIATE and INDUSTRIAL INSTITUTE, the leading school for young ladies (white) which takes special pride in its domestic science course which is offered free to all regular students; and JACKSON COLLEGE for colored boys, and CAMPBELL COLLEGE for colored girls. Previous to 1910, the development of the city was very slow, but since that time it has made rapid strides and is now one of the most thriving and progressive cities in the south. One of the most powerful factors in the up-building of the city has been the JACKSON BOARD OF TRADE. JACKSON has a splendid geographical position and unrivaled railroad facilities, which have caused her to become a manufacturing and distributing center of no mean importance. One of the chief interests of JACKSON lies in her enormous lumber trade, which is due to the city's being adjacent to one of the finest hardwood sections in the world. Among the principal manufactures are cotton-seed oil, agricultural impliments and furniture, a recent addition to the city's manufactories is the magnificent new syrup refinery.

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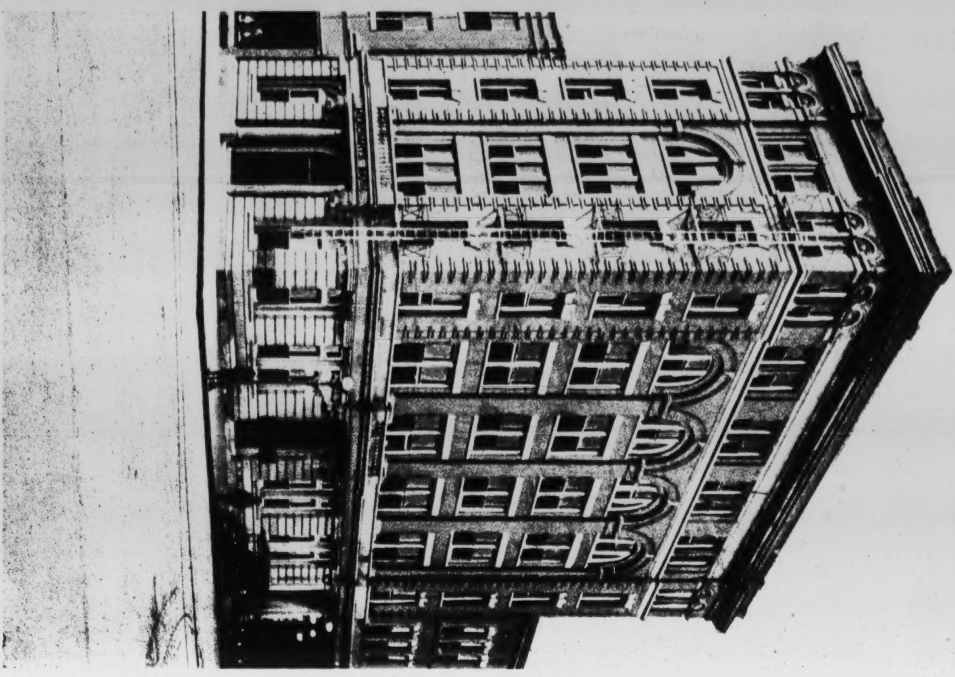
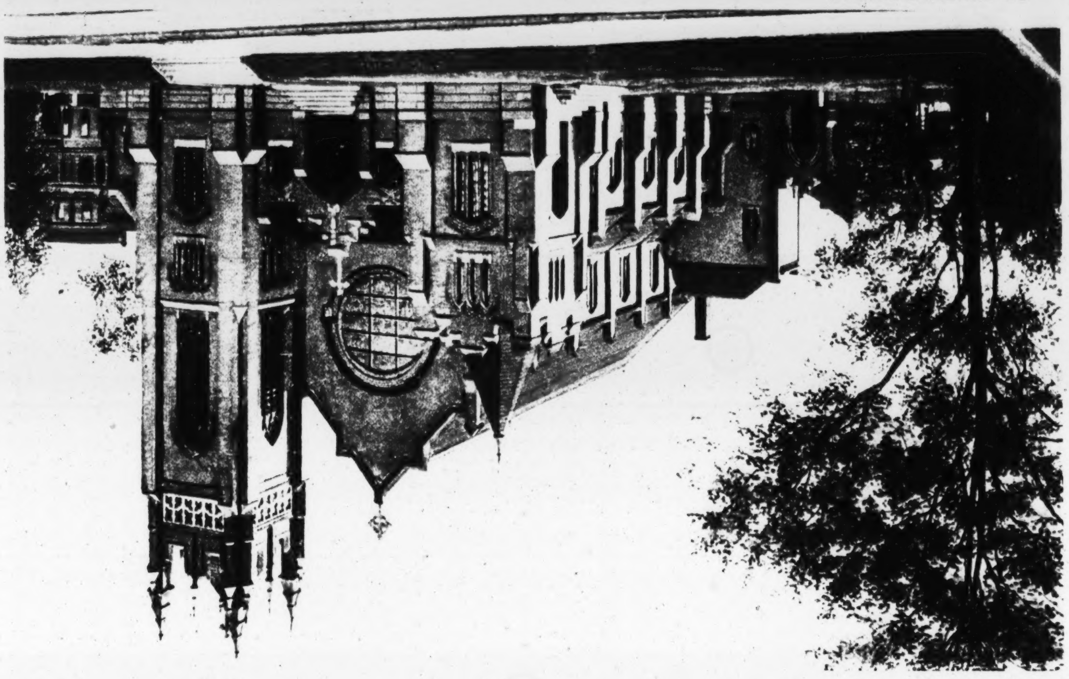
MERCHANTS BANK BUILDING.



ST. ANDREWS CHURCH.



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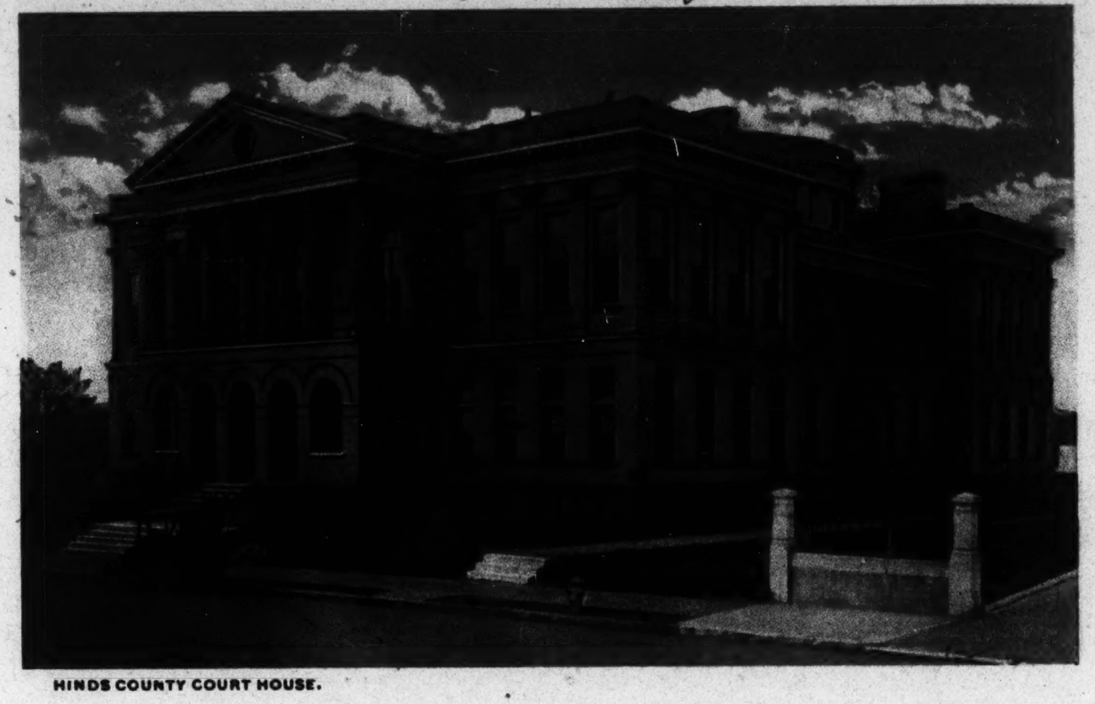
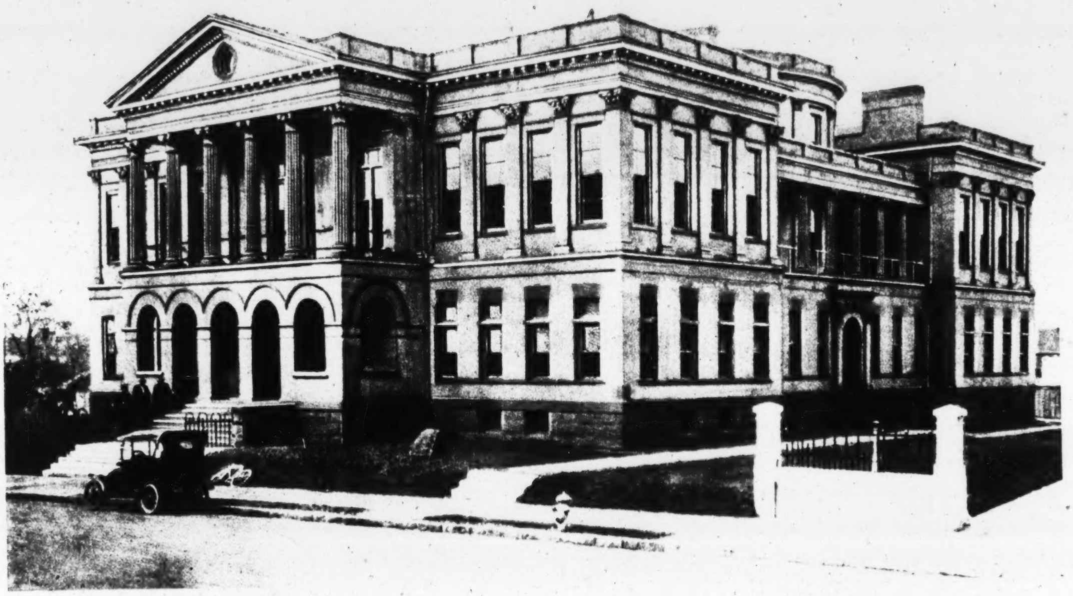
This doesn't look quite so grand at the present.



HINDS COUNTY COURT HOUSE.

I don't know this; probably I've passed it dozens of times.

SMITH PARK.


HINDS COUNTY COURT HOUSE.

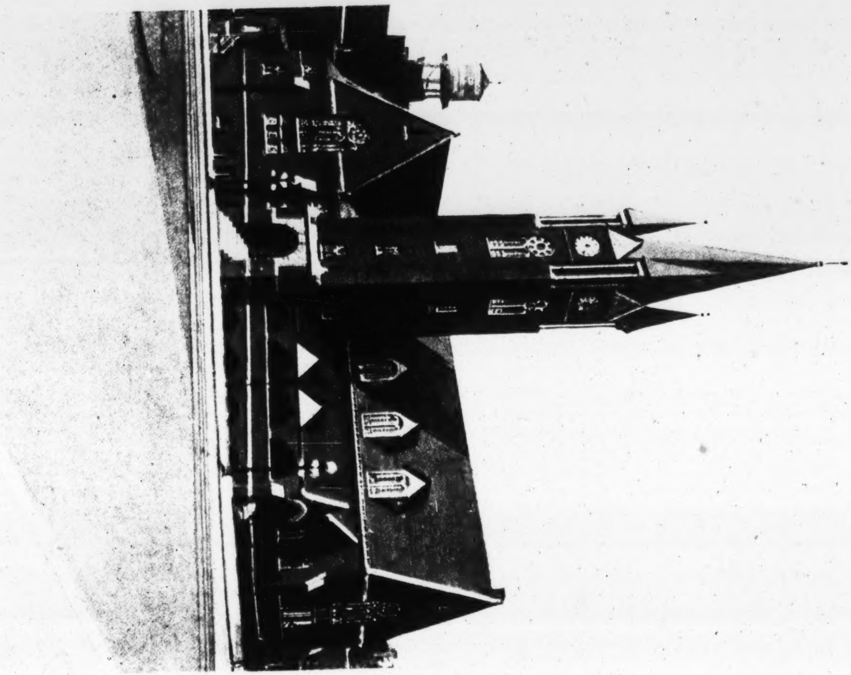
SMITH PARK.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.

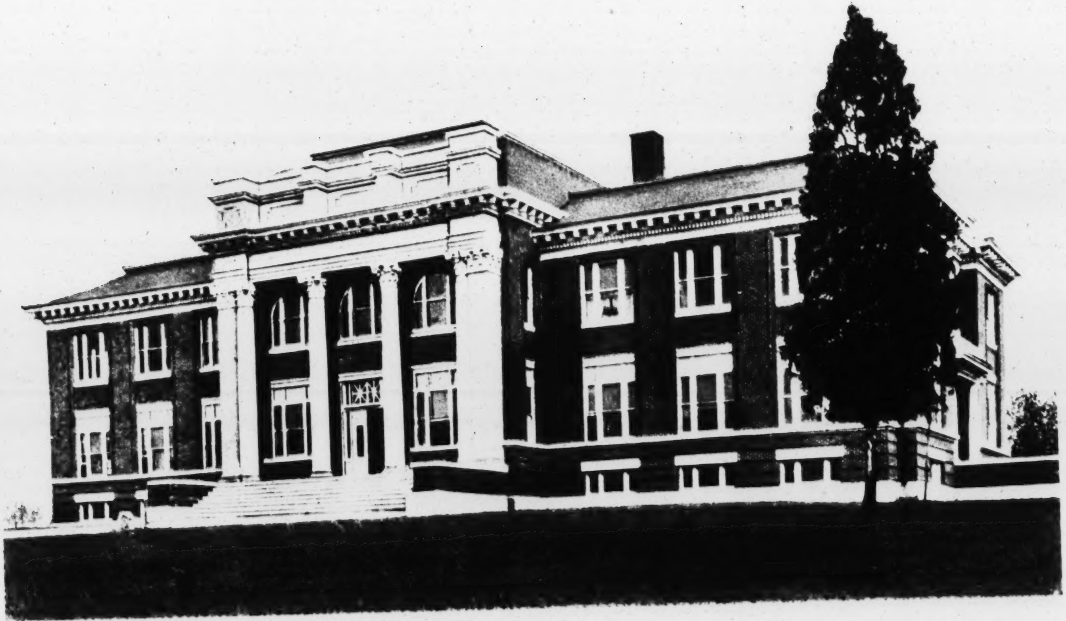
This is absolutely down town. Mrs.
Main attends this. A new church
is [illegible]

This is one of the best buildings on the campus.

MILLSAPS COLLEGE, ADMINISTRATION BUILDING.



FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.



MILLSAPS COLLEGE, ADMINISTRATION BUILDING.

This is where I went with Dr. Magee to observe operations.

MISSISSIPPI CHARITY HOSPITAL.

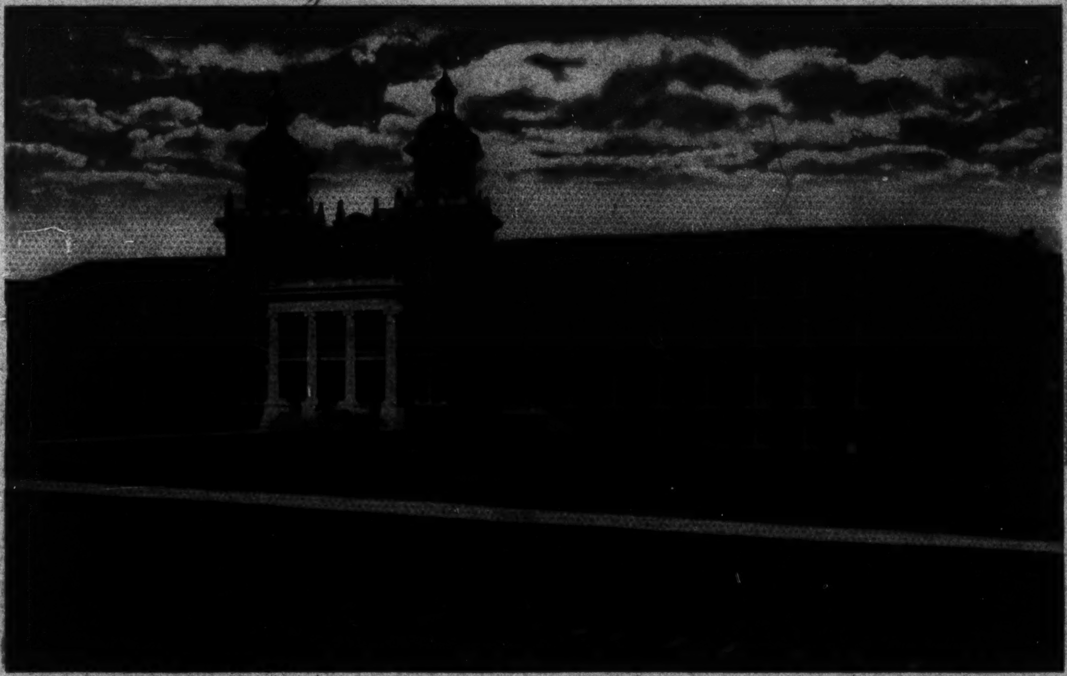
This is located at the edge of town.

BAPTIST ORPHANAGE.

MISSISSIPPI CHARITY HOSPITAL.

BAPTIST ORPHANAGE.

We pass this en route to the park for swimming.



DEAF AND DUMB ASYLUM.

Cross marks Mrs. Somerville's seat in the House.

INTERIOR, STATE CAPITOL.

DEAF AND DUMB ASYLUM.

INTERIOR, STATE CAPITOL.

The vice-president is serving as treasurer of Mrs. S.'s special fund.

MERCHANTS BANK BUILDING.

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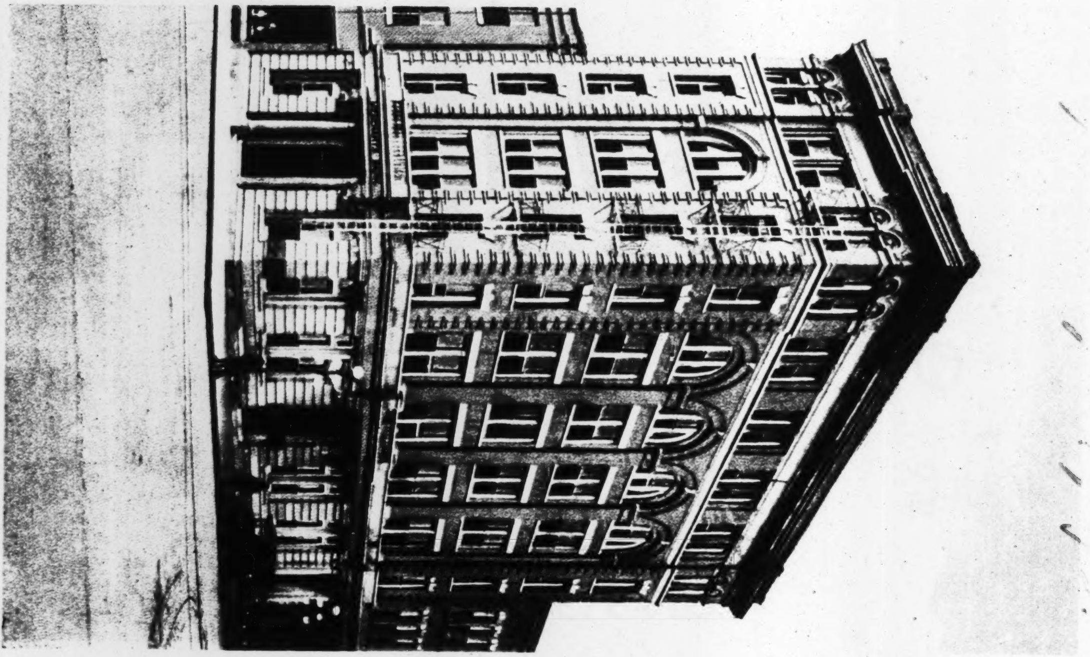

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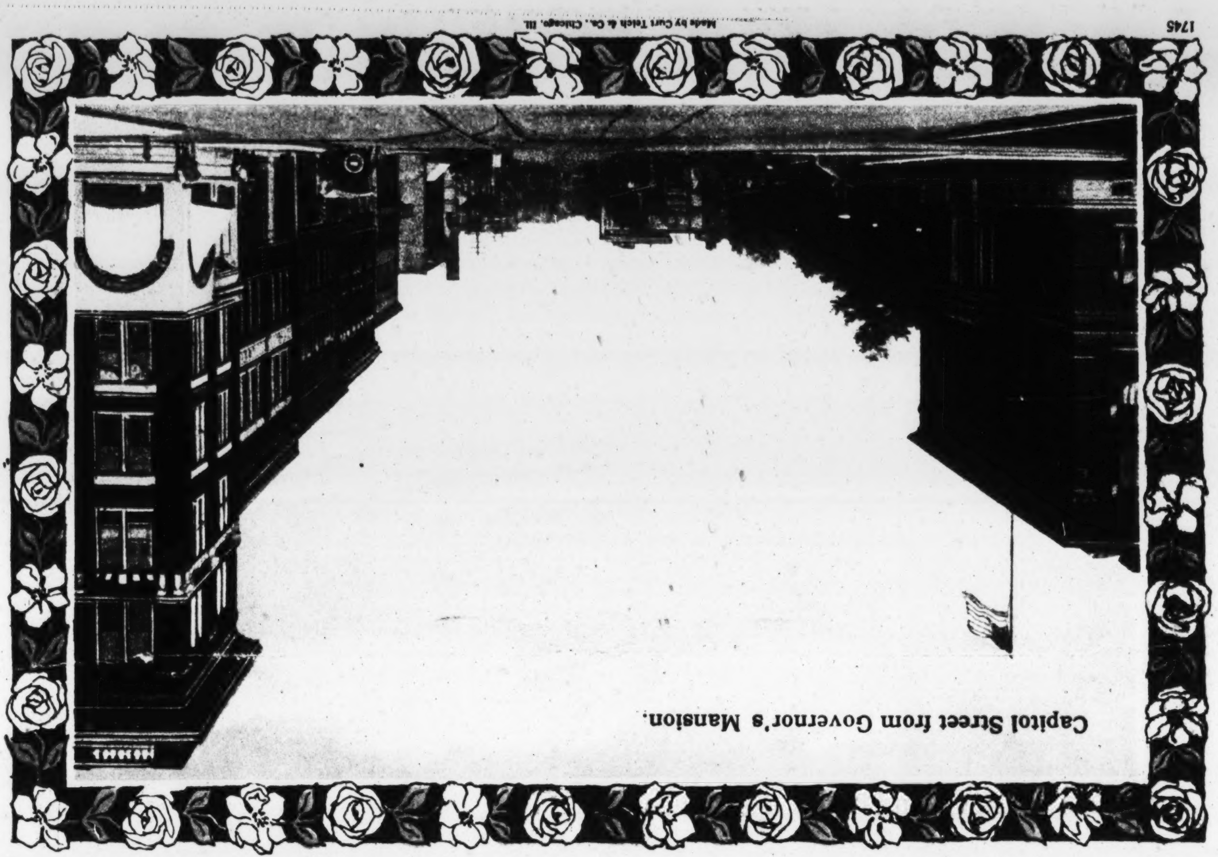
ST. ANDREWS CHURCH, Episcopal


1745
Made by Curt Teich & Co., Chicago, Ill.

Capitol Street from Governor's Mansion.

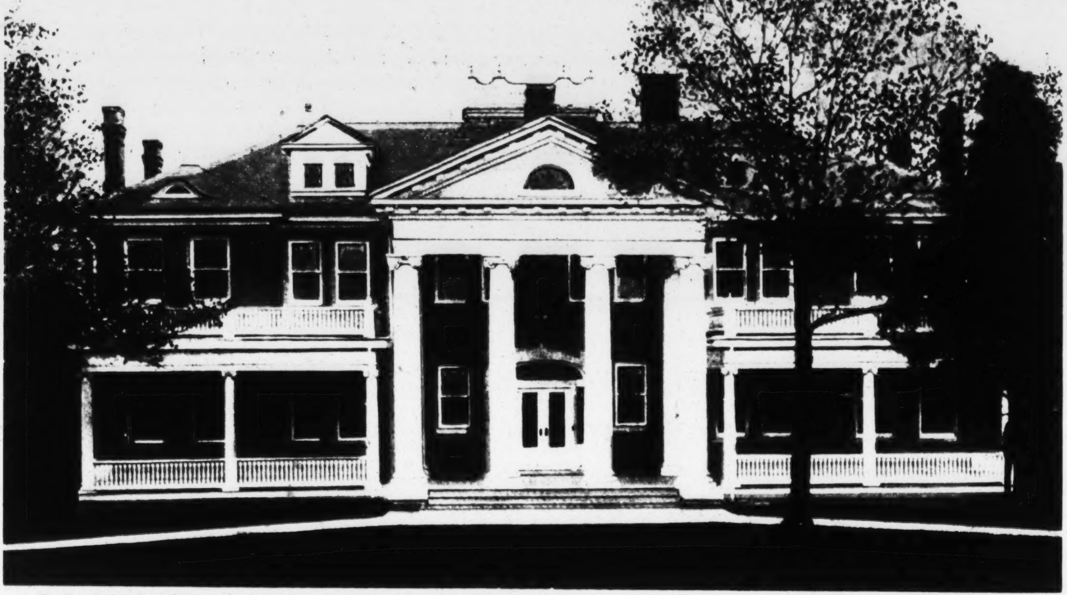
ST. ANDREWS CHURCH.

OLD LADIES HOME. BY THE OLD LADIES HOME ASSOCIATION.

Some 2000 patients are here.

STATE INSANE ASYLUM.

1745 Made by Curt Teich & Co., Chicago, Ill.



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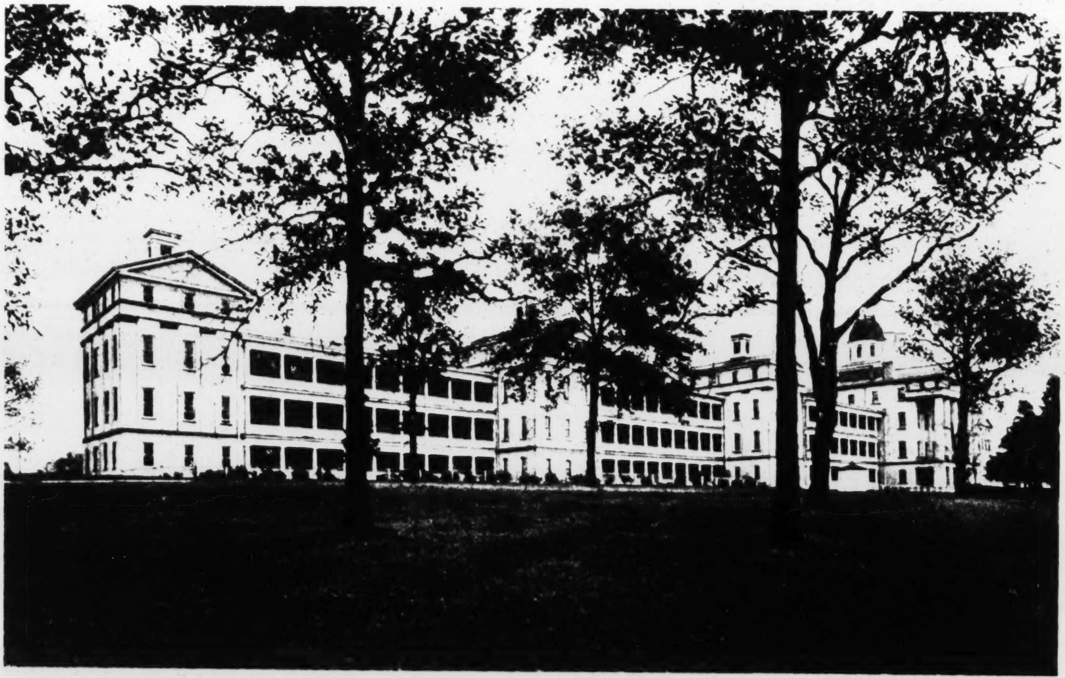
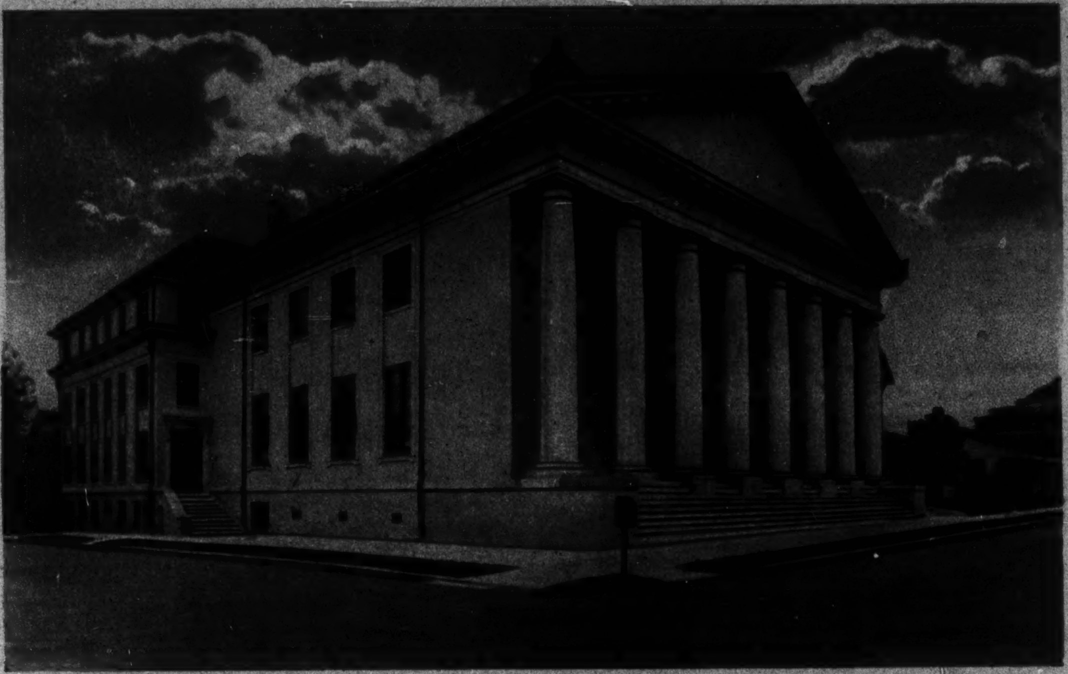


STATE INSANE ASYLUM.

Where the Mitchells attend.

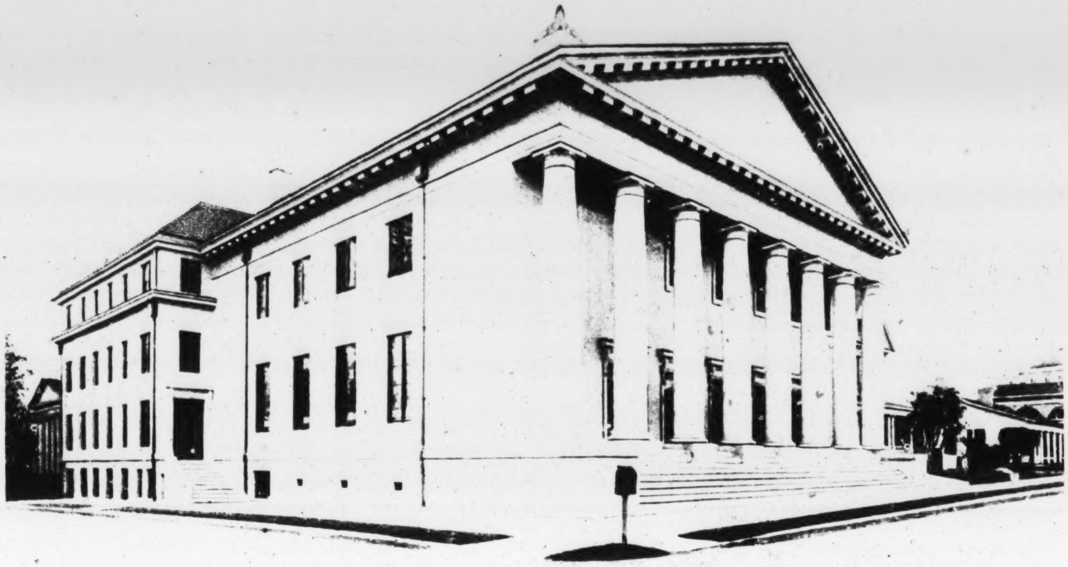


GALLOWAY MEMORIAL CHURCH.

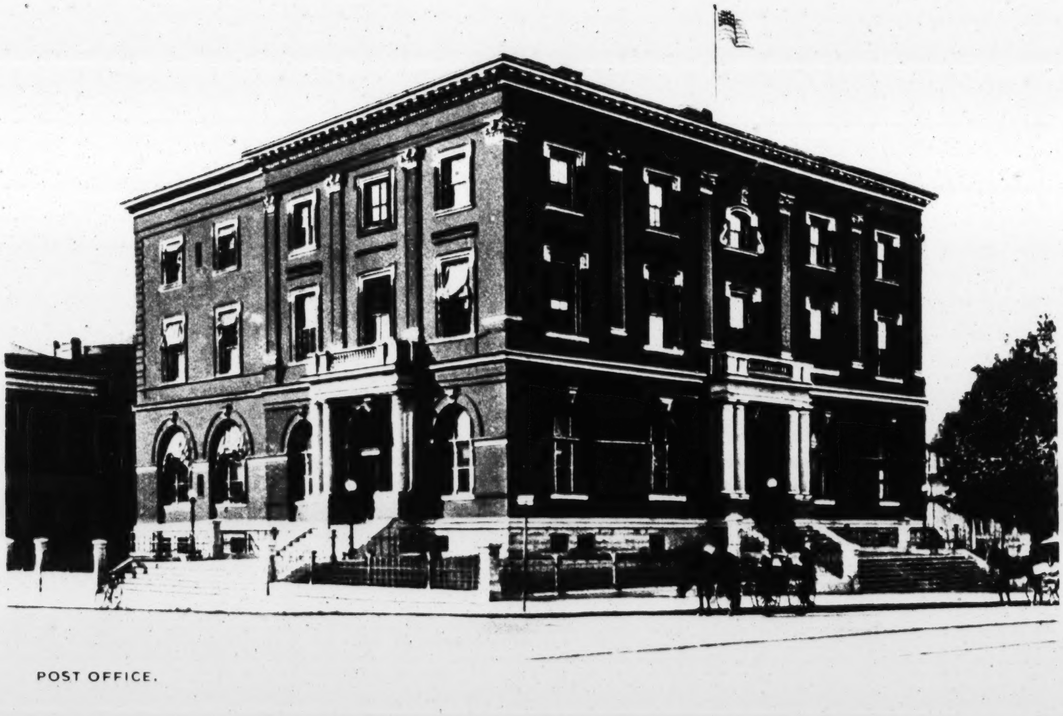
Very familiar - except the horses.

POST OFFICE.

1745 Made by Curt Teich & Co., Chicago, Ill.



GALLOWAY MEMORIAL CHURCH.



POST OFFICE.

This is near Arlington, also.

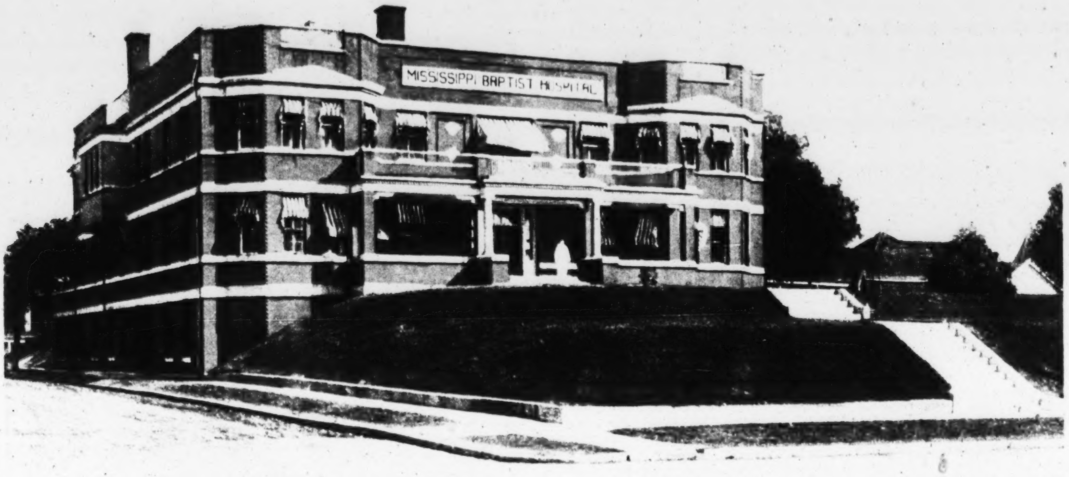
MISSISSIPPI BAPTIST HOSPITAL

MISSISSIPPI BAPTIST HOSPITAL.

This is only four blocks from Arlington.

BLIND INSTITUTE JACKSON MISS

1745 Made by Curt Teich & Co., Chicago, Ill.


MISSISSIPPI BAPTIST HOSPITAL

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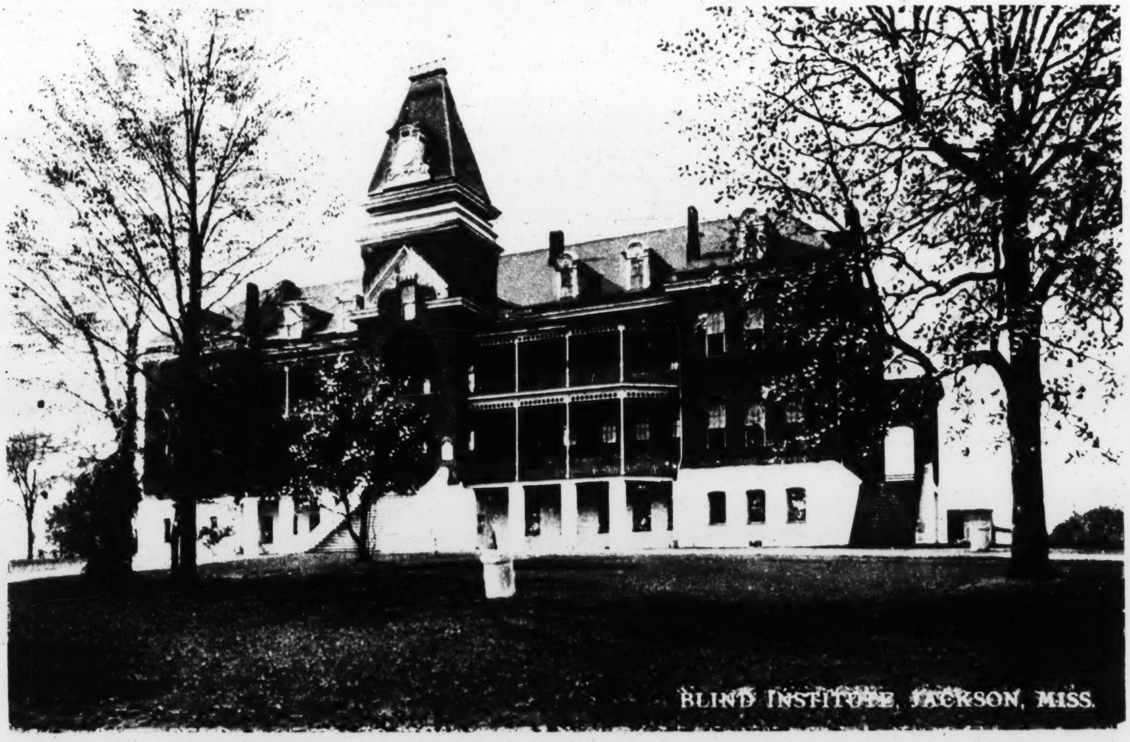


BLIND INSTITUTE, JACKSON, MISS.

Two years ago this was purchased for the Y.W.C.A. The cross on the picture below marks its position.

Sanatorium.

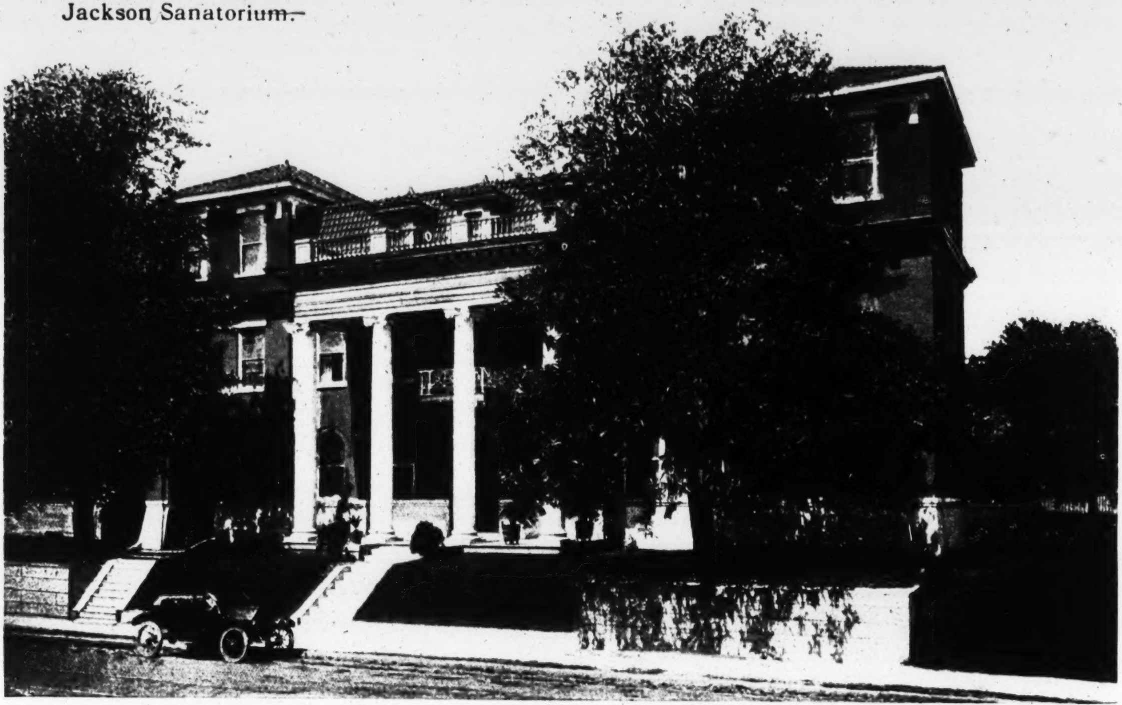
Very attractive

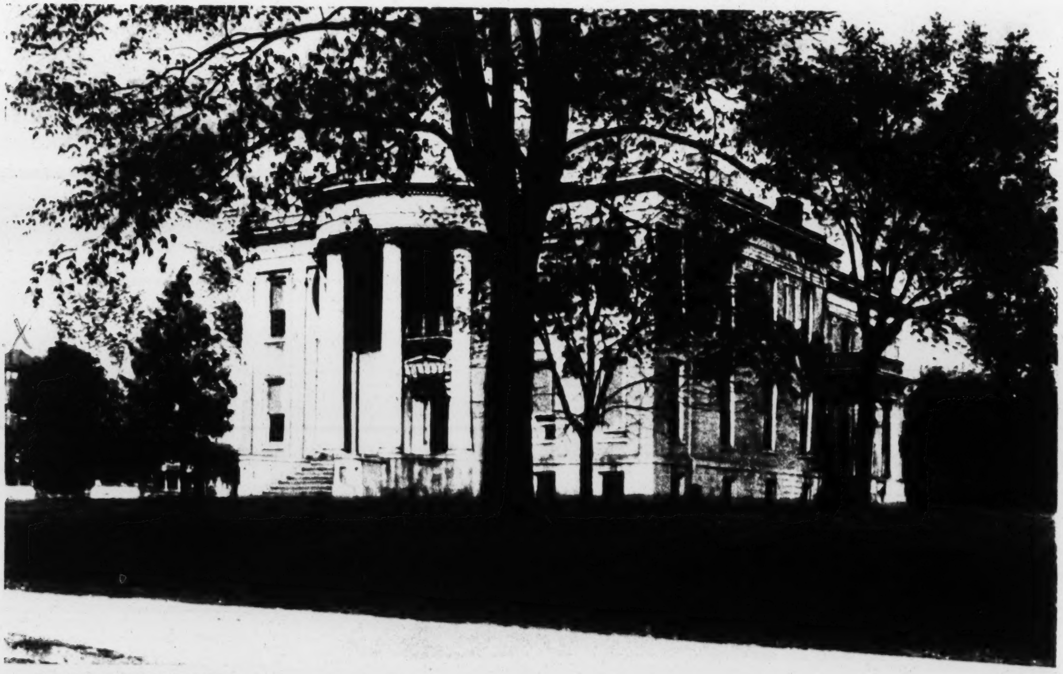
GOVERNORS MANSION.

1745 Made by Curt Teich & Co., Chicago, Ill.

J. W. C. a.

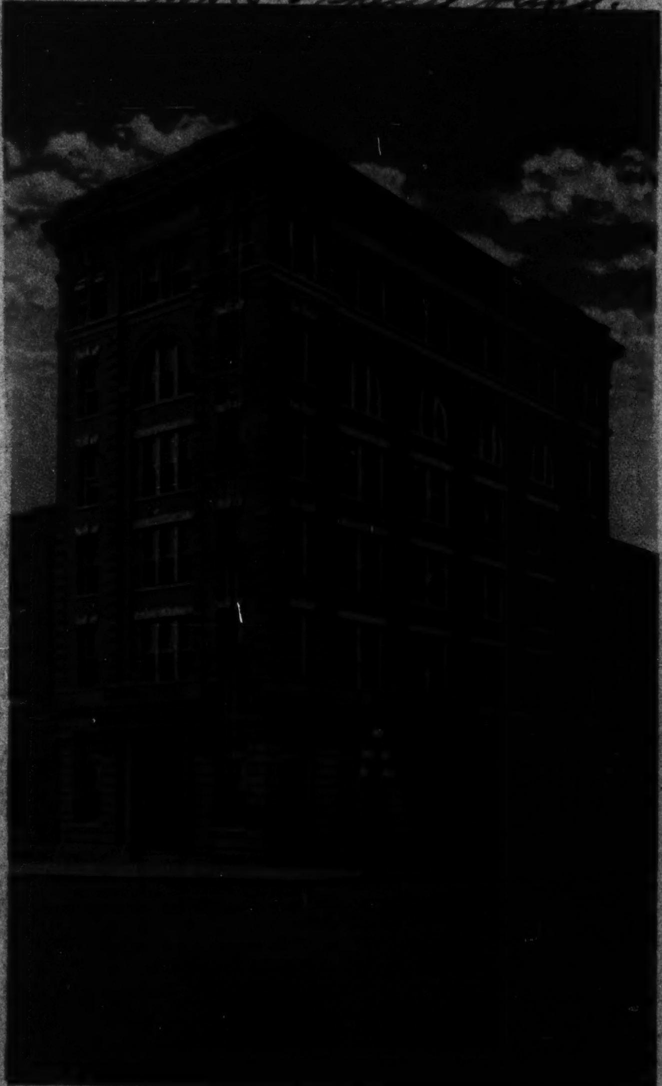
Jackson Sanatorium.



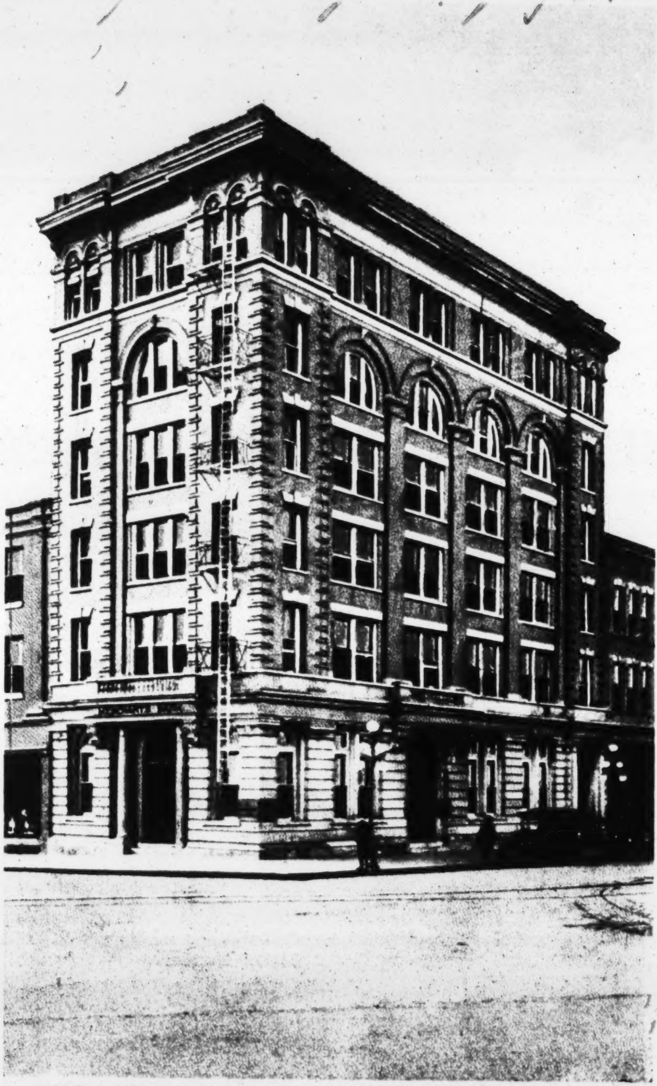


GOVERNORS MANSION.

The vice-president is serving as treasurer of Mrs. S's special fund.



MERCHANTS BANK BUILDING.



MERCHANTS BANK BUILDING.

Made by Curt Teich & Co., Chicago, Ill.

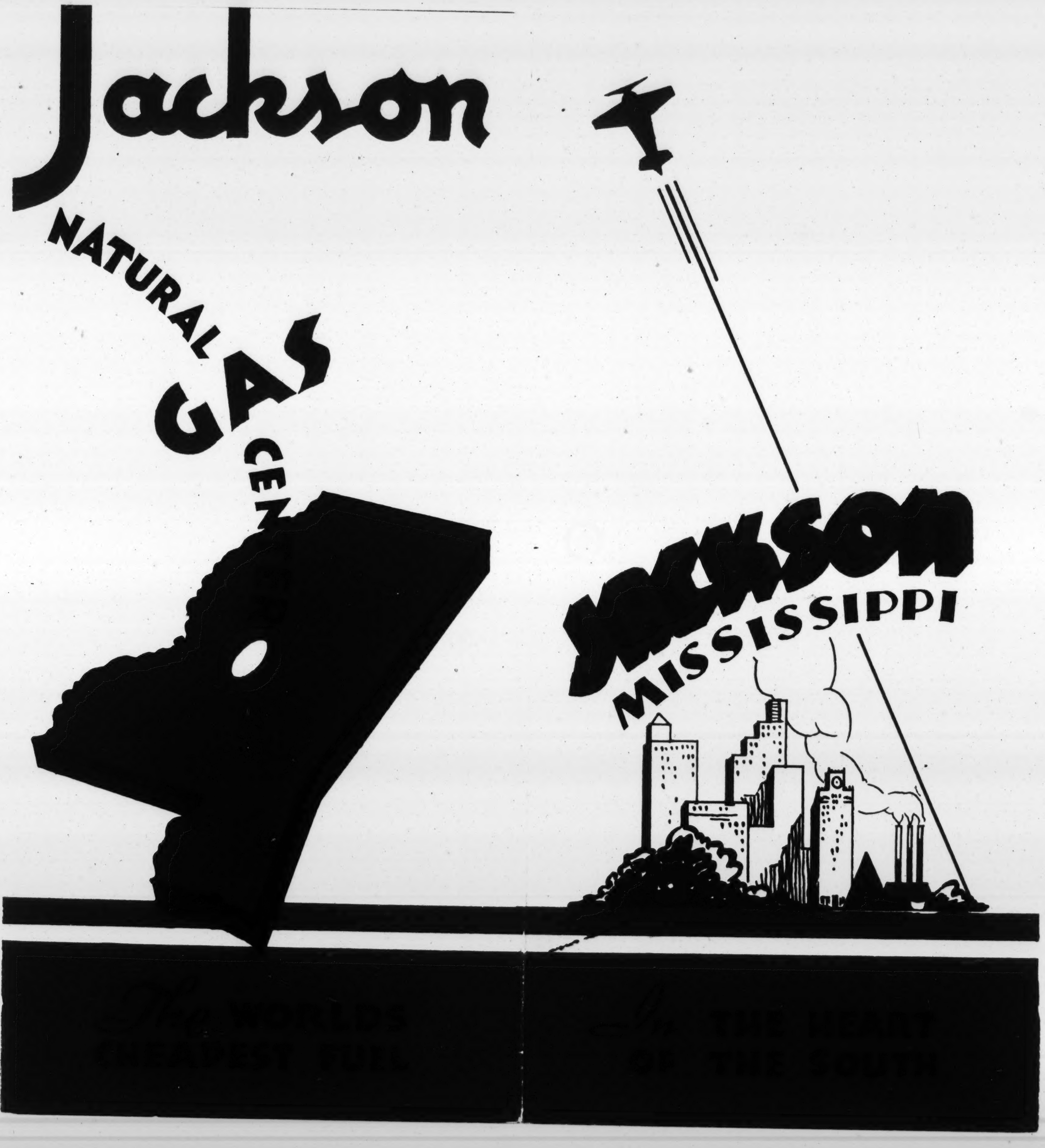
1745

From Mary E. Graham

727 Arlington Jackson, Miss.

1745

Made by Curt Teich & Co., Chicago, Ill.


Jackson
NATURAL
GAS
CEN
JACKSON
MISSISSIPPI
The WORLDS
CHEAPEST FUEL
In THE HEART
OF THE SOUTH

# *The* SOUTH'S IDEAL CONVENTION CITY

Centrally located served by two railway systems operating nine lines, six highways and four-way air transportation daily as well as modern hotel accommodations, Jackson is the ideal convention city.

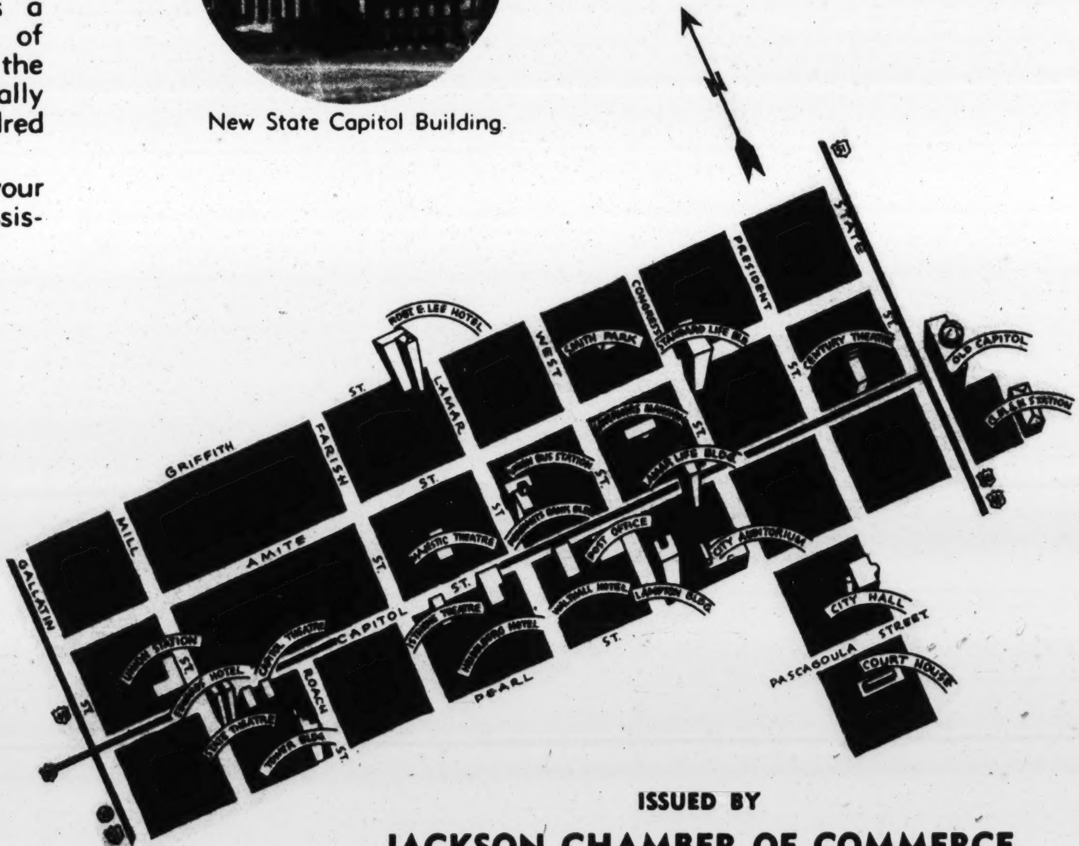
Twelve hundred hotel guest rooms, committee rooms, convention and banquet halls, a municipal auditorium seating 3,200 people and a convention bureau, operated as a division of the Chamber of Commerce, are some of the reasons why Jackson annually holds more than one hundred conventions.

You are invited to hold your next convention in Mississippi's capital city.

### A GUIDE TO

# Jackson's *BUSINESS SECTION*

New State Capitol Building.


N
STATE ST.
PRESIDENT
CONGRESS
WEST
LAMAR
FARISH
ST.
ST.
GRIFFITH
AMITE
CAPITOL
ST.
PEARL
ST.
MILL
GALLATIN
ST.
ST.
ST.
ROACH
ST.
PASCAGOULA
STREET
ROBT E. LEE HOTEL
SMITH PARK
STANDARD LIFE BLDG
CENTURY THEATRE
OLD CAPITOL
G.M.&N. STATION
GOVERNORS MANSION
UNION BUS STATION
LAMAR LIFE BLDG
MERCHANTS BANK BLDG
MAJESTIC THEATRE
POST OFFICE
CITY AUDITORIUM
WALTHALL HOTEL
LAMPTON BLDG
CITY HALL
COURT HOUSE
ISTRIONE THEATRE
HEIDELBERG HOTEL
UNION STATION
EDWARDS HOTEL
CAPITOL THEATRE
STATE THEATRE
TOWER BLDG
51
51
80
49
80
49

**ISSUED BY**

**JACKSON CHAMBER OF COMMERCE**

**JACKSON, MISSISSIPPI**

# The SOUTH'S IDEAL CONVENTION CITY

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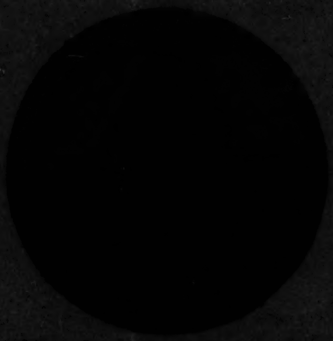

New State Capital Building

A GUIDE TO

# Jackson's BUSINESS SECTION

ISSUED BY

**JACKSON CHAMBER OF COMMERCE**

JACKSON, MISSISSIPPI

# MA

**Points of Interest**

- Old State Capitol Building
- New Capitol Building
- Governor's Mansion
- State Department of Archiv
  and History
- Millsaps College
- Belhaven College
- Livingston Park
- Winter Woods
- Natural Gas Wells
- Brown's Wells
- Allison's Wells
- Miss. Insane Hospital
- Miss. School for the Blin
- Deaf and Dumb Institute
- Ante-bellum Homes
- Crepe Myrtle Trees
- Municipal Airport
- City Hall
- City Auditorium
- Radio Station WJDX
- Hubbard's Wells

**Hinds County**

The state's most populous county, includes the city of Jackson and the capitol of the state. Rolling agricultural land in western portion, Great natural gas resources in eastern part. Vegetable area in southern section of the county. Paved highways, excellent school system. Great opportunities for the production of vegetables, cotton, corn and dairy products. The county annually produces approximately 30,000 bales of cotton. Efficiently governed by a Board of five Supervisors, elected every four years.

A

Old Capitol Building

**Historical**

Jackson has grown from a post established on Pearl River near the center of the state late in the eighteenth century by a French trader, Louis Le Fluer.

In 1821 the state legislature ratified the selection of the site as the state capital, named it Jackson in honor of Andrew Jackson, and moved the state government here in 1822.

The city played an important part during the War between the states and especially before and after the seige of Vicksburg. Most of Jackson was burned by Sherman's troops and for many years was known as Chimneyville.

No visitor to the city should leave without viewing the monuments, Old Capitol Building, New Capitol, Battle Ground and war relics.

# MAKE YOUR n

Th

**Points of Interest**

- Old State Capitol Building
- New Capitol Building
- Governor's Mansion
- State Department of Archives and History
- Millsaps College
- Belhaven College
- Livingston Park
- Winter Woods
- Natural Gas Wells
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Episcopal Church

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City and County Government Buil

Jac
city serv
a radius
Tre
son with
Sev
operate
Air
mail ser
Lab
Rev
Agr
vegetabl
Tax
about 6
Ma
furniture

father of NNS

**Educational Facilities**

The public school system comprises a completely modern group from kindergarten through high school. The city also has five colleges of which two are for negroes.

**Recreation**

Theatres, parks, playgrounds, zoo, golf courses, municipal stadium, swimming, professional baseball, tennis, Y.M.C.A., Y.W.C.A., University club, Country club, Municipal Golf Course, and interscholastic and intercollegiate athletics provide recreations for Jackson citizens and visitors. The National Military Park, Vicksburg, affords a most interesting side trip.

**The Heart of the South**

Located in the heart of the deep south, capitol of Mississippi, and made up of people who are hospitable and anxious to greet new people, Jackson affords the ideal home for new industry as well as a real home for restful living, the education of your children, and the enjoyment of its equable climate, recreational features, churches and cultural environment.

• A RAPIDLY •

# AKE YOUR HOME in JACKS

## The Lowest Natural Gas Rate in America

Episcopal Church

Livingston Lake

Belhaven College

W. L. Nugent — Home

Jackson meets every requirement of an industry seeking to locate in this area. The city serves a retail area with a populatio[illegible] over a half million. Its wholesale area embraces a radius of 250 miles with a population [illegible] over 3,200,000.

**Transportation**—Two railway syste[illegible] with their shorter connecting links, serve Jackson with favorable freight rates.

Seven highways amply serve the [illegible]ring public. Bus lines and motor freight lines operate regular schedules.

Air service is furnished by tw[illegible] operating four-way transportation as well as mail service.

**Labor**—Plentiful supply of [illegible]om strikes and labor disputes.

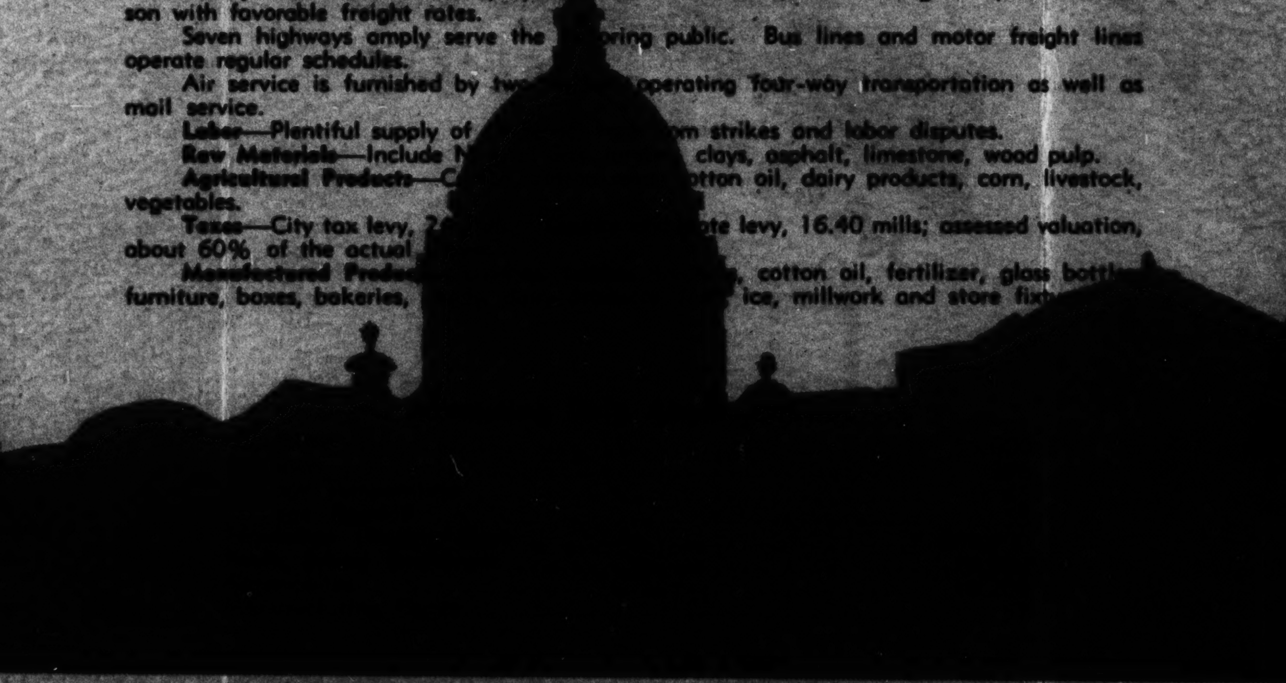
**Raw Materials**—Include N[illegible] clays, asphalt, limestone, wood pulp.

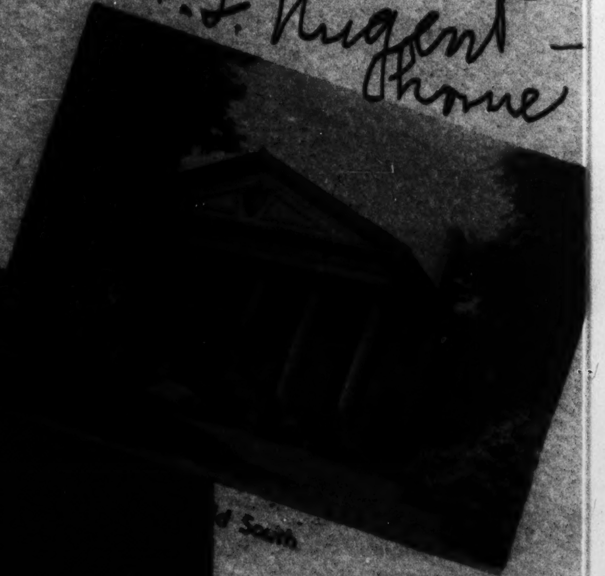
**Agricultural Products**—C[illegible]otton oil, dairy products, corn, livestock, vegetables.

**Taxes**—City tax levy, 2[illegible]ate levy, 16.40 mills; assessed valuation, about 60% of the actual [illegible]

**Manufactured Produc**[illegible], cotton oil, fertilizer, glass bottl[illegible] furniture, boxes, bakeries, [illegible] ice, millwork and store fix[illegible]

City and County Government Buil




d South

# RAPIDLY *Growing* CITY

# MA

**Points of Interest**

- Old State Capitol Building
- New Capitol Building
- Governor's Mansion
- State Department of Archiv
  and History
- Millsaps College
- Belhaven College
- Livingston Park
- Winter Woods
- Natural Gas Wells
- Brown's Wells
- Allison's Wells
- Miss. Insane Hospital
- Miss. School for the Blin
- Deaf and Dumb Institute
- Ante-bellum Homes
- Crepe Myrtle Trees
- Municipal Airport
- City Hall
- City Auditorium
- Radio Station WJDX
- Hubbard's Wells

**Hinds County**

The state's most populous county, includes the city of Jackson and the capital of the state. Rolling agricultural land in western portion, Great natural gas resources in eastern part. Vegetable area in southern section of the county. Paved highways, excellent school system. Great opportunities for the production of vegetables, cotton, corn and dairy products. The county annually produces approximately 30,000 bales of cotton. Efficiently governed by a Board of five Supervisors, elected every four years.

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Belhaven College

W. L. Nugent home — father of NNS

d South

CITY •

**Educational Facilities**

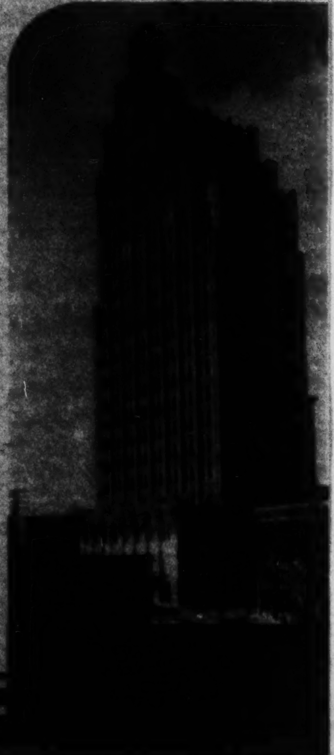
The public school system comprises a completely modern group from kindergarten through high school. The city also has five colleges of which two are for negroes.

**Recreation**

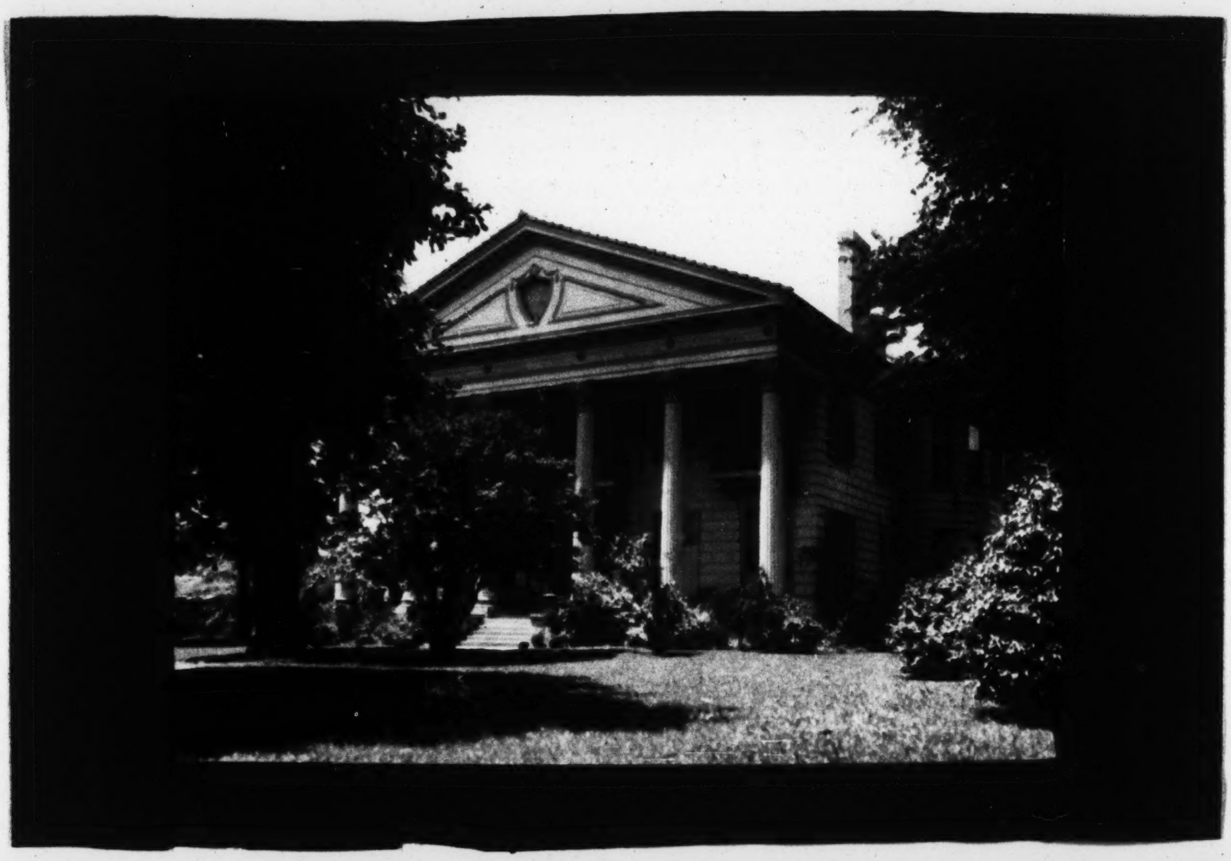
Theatres, parks, playgrounds, zoo, golf courses, municipal stadium, swimming, professional baseball, tennis, Y.M.C.A., Y.W.C.A., University club, Country club, Municipal Golf Course, and interscholastic and intercollegiate athletics provide recreations for Jackson citizens and visitors. The National Military Park, Vicksburg, affords a most interesting side trip.

**The Heart of the South**

Located in the heart of the deep south, capital of Mississippi, and made up of people who are hospitable and anxious to greet new people, Jackson affords the ideal home for new industry as well as a real home for restful living, the education of your children, and the enjoyment of its equable climate, recreational features, churches and cultural environment.



The Nugent Residence in Jackson,Mississippi



The residence pictured above, which is designated as 607 North State Street, was occupied by Col.and Mrs. W.L.Nugent and their desendants from early in 1873 until it was sold about 1948 to the Jackson Y.M.C.A. It was built in 1832 on the corner of North State and High Streets and is one of two residences in Jackson which survived the War,(excluding of course the Governor's Mansion,which I consider a public,not a private residence).

Col.Nugent rented the house first as there was some defect in the title. After the defect was cleared, Col.Nugent purchased the property, at that time it extended north through the lots on which the Green home is presently located and west through to North West Street. Eventually President Street was cut through parallel to State and West and the land between President and North West was sold. While it was owned by the Nugent's this part of the property was used as an orchard. My Mother said that when her Grandmother Nugent came for a visit, she (my Mother) ran to the farthest corner of the orchard to hide. She added that her Grandmother Nugent was the only person she ever feared in her life. Since her Grandmother Nugent died at White Sulphur Springs in August, 1873, there were not many such incidents, but evidently they made a deep impression.

The house was located nearly in the center of the lot between North State and President, facing east to State. It was built of red brick and the walls are very thick. When acquired by Col. Nugent, it had the wing on the south but not the bow window on the north. The roof of the front porch was only one story in height and was supported by small upright posts. Mr. Alfred Stone, a distinquished Mississippian about ten years younger than my Mother and a great admirer of hers, said the young men in Jackson used to joke about such pretty girls coming out of such an ugly house.

About 1880 Col. Nugent told his wife she might have the house remodeled. An architect from New Orleans was employed. The north bow window was added, the whole house was covered by wood, cut and sanded to represent stone, the little decorative second floor balcony added, the gallery widened, its roof raised and six large columns extending the full height of the house were placed along the gallery.

The house was always painted grey to simulate stone. After the death of Bessie Nugent Shands (Mrs. H. R.) in the autumn of 1934 control of the property passed to her husband, ( the title was in their children) and a few years later, to the horror of my Mother and others, he had the house painted white, thus destroying the illusion of it's being built of stone. The house was more resplendent, but my Mother felt it also became less dignified.

The entrance doorway was what is called an "Adams" door, I believe, i.e., double doors with leaded glass on both sides of the door frame and a semi-circular glass fan light above the doors. There was then a tiled vestibule about three feet deep, then a similar doorway which led into a very wide hall. To the north was a sitting room and double sliding doors led to the dining room in which 30 people could be seated. On the south were double parlors, always kept open, but used only for formal entertainments. Beyond, in the wing was the library, later converted into a guest suite.

Mrs. Nugent and those who succeeded her in ownership, until the present, kept the grounds beautifully and I am not the only person who considered it the most elegant and beautiful of the old Mississippi homes. This is not to say that it was as large, elaborate or expensive as many of the Natchez homes. Neither did its furnishings compare with theirs in rarity and richness. It's sale was like the death of a beloved member of the family. Continued private ownership had become impractical, however.

I really became acquainted with the house and attached to it in 1917, when I spent several months with Grandma. She was alone and it was felt someone should be there with her and I drew the assignment. We developed an affection for each other. After I began to practise law, I frequently went to

Jackson ~~frequently~~ on business and always called Grandma, if time permitted I would have a meal with her and others of the family, if any were there. After I married, I stopped by every day or so for a few minutes until she died in 1930. In the fall of 1932, Dr. Shands had to go again to Colorado for his health and Bessie asked us to move in to keep the house open so Aimee, her daughter could live in Jackson and not go to Colorado and so the older boys, then at college, could come home for the holidays. Mr. Howorth and I rented our home and moved in, making "607" our home until I came to Washington in 1934 and he in 1935.

It was in this house that Nellie Nugent and Robert Somerville were married in 1885. This house was the scene of much entertaining and lavish hospitality. It was a unifying force for all the Nugent clan. John Pratt Nugent and Anne Lewis Nugent were buried from it, so that it may be said that memories of four generations cluster about it.

My Mother had mixed emotions about the house. She was nine when the family moved in. She went to Whitworth, Brookhaven, Mississippi when she was twelve and she visited her grandmother in Greenville whenever possible. She was there on many sad and festive family occasions. These memories seemed rather too much for her. I think she was never in the house that she did not ~~think~~ contrast it's elegance with the postwar poverty of her Grandmother Smith. She took pride in its beauty and in the fact that her father was able to afford such an establishment, but regarded it as the creation and possession of her stepmother, whose taste it did reflect, quite naturally.

1958

SOMERVILLE-HOWORTH FAMILY

Amelia Thomson to Nellie Nugent Somerville, February 12, 1898
ALS

Folder 6

Feb 12th 1898

Dear Nelly

I have thought of you many times since I received your letter telling me that little Lucy was sitting on the floor and trying to crawl if you can spare the time I should be very glad to have a few lines from you letting me know if the dear child is still improving did Dr Buck perscribe for her I had a letter from your uncle Clarance yested he is pleased with his appointment they have had good meetings and some conversions Clarence as an excuse for not writing to me before said he did not even to Perry - but he loved us all as much as ever I think it is a shameful habit he has fallen into and if I write to him shall say so my health is very good I sleep well have a fair appetite and enjoy seeing friends who call on me wonderful is it not two days more and a third of my 89th year will be pased give my love to your husband and your uncle Perry affectionately your aunt

Amelia Thomson

SOMERVILLE-HOWORTH FAMILY

S. Myra Cox Smith (1822-1887). Autobiographical sketch, n.d.

Folder 7

Autobiographical sketch written by S. Myra Smith

From the handwriting I would say it was written before 1865

LSH

I was born 31 of August 1822 My mother was a methodist my father was not a member of any church At the age of 18 months I was Left without father or mother, and together with one sister and six brothers were Left entirely dependent upon our relations I was raised up to 7 years of age by my mothers sister to whom I was so deeply attached that when called upon to leave her to go to school it seemed to me more than I could bear. she had many noble qualities but as far as I ever knew was not a professing christian or a member of any church. and indeed I cannot bring to mind any Relation nearer than a cousins exce[illegible] my mother and grand mother of whom I have no reco[illegible]ections that were professing christians. Being naturally of a quick excitable temperament I had many a hard struggle with my passions and indeed I may say that I tried to control myself comparitively very little until the time of my awakening on the subject of religion And when I look back and see what a life of sinful indulgence I have led I am brought to feel what goodness and mercy the Lord hath shown to me and I fancy that my mother in dying gave me into the keeping of the Lord asked his especial blessings upon her babe that she was about to leave without an earthly parent and I can trace the protecting hand of God through all my life in preserving me in early youth from disease and death and in another hand by shielding me from the temptations thrown around the young innocent heart by the world and in giving me a husband that who has comforted me in affliction and cheered me in sorrow and who although not a professing christian ~~yet~~ has never done or said aught to deter me in the prosecution of my religious feelings and has always seemed to love me more as he has seen my struggles with the carnal mind——

When about 9 years of age I was sent many hundreds of miles from all my friends and put to school. For the first six months the new home that I had was a very unpleasant one but at the expiration of that time and it seems to me when I reflect upon it now that it was a direct interposition of Providence, I met with a friend in the person of a Mrs Harris a widow and she was no ordinary friend. Deeply [illegible] herself she sought in every way to impress the great [illegible]undamental truths of religion (Love to God and Man) firmly upon my heart and oh how often have I thanked Almighty God for raising me up such a friend she was one who taught by precept and example she had that outward adorning of a meek and quiet spirit so lovely in the christian and many a time have I said to her with all the warmth of an affectionate heart oh Ma) for she was the only person that I ever called by that sacred name if I could only be such a christian as you are I would be perfectly happy. And I can remember so well my feelings when bowed with her around the family altar as her humble prayer would ascend to the father of the fatherless in behalf of the lonely orphan under her care. and I sincerely believe that if in the providence of God I could have had the privilege of remaining under her care. I should have been now a useful christian. In one thing only I differed from her she was a Baptist and even at that early day I had a strong preference for the Methodists. I was in childhood as at the present passionately fond of singing and I think it was probably that together with having been told that my mother was a methodist which so attracted me. It was my habit whilst living with my good friend, to go with her in the fore noon to her church and in the after noon I would go alone to the Methodist church.

My education was completed among the Catholics and although compelled to go through every day with certain forms of religion yet there was nothing that ever touched my heart and I lost all the good impressions I had received. but how good is G[illegible] he withdrew from me for a season yet he preserv[illegible] me not and I thank and adore his excellent name for what he has done for me and it is with shame that I acknowledge that for the space of ten years God was not in all my thoughts though his care was extended over me day by day yet I thanked him not lay down at night and rose up in the morning with an unthankfull heart

When I had little passed my twentieth year at a camp meeting the first ever held in the county it pleased Almighty God to make me the subject of the deep convictions for my sins and showed to me what a misspent life I had led. At the solicitations of my husband I deferred joining the church at that meeting fearing that it was only excitement and would wear off but not so my convictions deepened and it seemed to me that I would die before I had another opportunity of joining the church openly for in heart I was joined to my Saviour and had resolved that let others do as they would as for me I would serve the Lord. Early in the spring of 1843 I ~~attached~~ attatched myself to the M E Church and have ever since been a joiner although I fear an unfaithful follower of my blessed Redeemer

Written by Mrs S. Myra Smith

COPY

[Written by Mrs. S. Myra Smith of Greenville, Miss.
Grandmother of Nellie Nugent Somerville.]

I was born 31 of August 1822. My mother was a methodist, my father never was a member of any church. At the age of 18 months I was left without father or mother, and , together with one sister and six brothers were left entirely dependent upon our relations.

I was raised up to 7 years of age my my mother's sister to whom I was so deeply attached that when called upon to leave her to go to school it seemed to me more than I could bear. She had many noble qualities, but, so far as I ever knew, was not a professing Christian or a member of any church, and indeed I cannot bring to mind any relation nearer than a cousin, except my Mother and Grand Mother, of whom I have no recollection, that were professing Christians. Being naturally of a quick excitable temperament I had many a hard struggle with my professions, and indeed I may say that I tried to control myself comparatively very little until the time of my awakening on the subject of religion. And when I look back and see what a life of sinful indulgence I have led I am brought to feel what goodness and mercy the Lord hath shown to me and I fancy that my Mother in dying gave me into the keeping of the Lord, asked his especial blessings upon her babe that she was about to leave without an earthly parent, and I can trace the protecting hand of God through all my life, in preserving me in early youth from disease and death, and in maidenhood in shielding me from the temptations thrown around the young innocent heart by the world, and in giving me a husband who has comforted me in affliction and cheered me in sorrow, and who, although not a professing Christian, yet has never done or said aught to deter me in the prosecution of my religious feelings, and has always seemed to love me more as he has seen my struggles with the carnal mind.

When about 9 years of age I was sent many hundreds of miles from all of my friends and put to school. For the first six months the new home that I had was a very unpleasant one, but at the expiration of that time, an d, it seems to me when I reflect, upon it now, that it was a direct interposition of Providence, I met with a friend in the person of a Mrs. Harris, a widow, and she was no ordinary friend. Deeply (       ) herself she wroght in every way to impress the great fundamental truths of religion ( Love to God and Man) firmly upon my heart, and oh how often have I thanked Almighty God for raising me up such a friend. She was one who taught by precept and example. She had that outward addoring ( indistinct) of a meek and quiet spirit so lovely in the christian, and many a time have I said to her, with all of the warmth of an affectionate heart "Oh Ma", for she was the only person that I ever called by that sacred name, " If I could only be such a christian as you are I would be perfectly happy". And I can remember so well my feelings when bowed with her around the family altar as her humble prayers would ascend to the father of the fatherless in behalf of the lonely orphan under her care. And I sincerely believe that if in the providence of God I could have had the privilege of remaining under her care I should have been now a useful Christian. In one thing only I differed from her. She was a Baptist and even at that early day I had a strong preference for the Methodist. I was in childhood as at the present passionately fond of singing and I think it was probably that, together with having been told that my Mother was a Methodist which so attracted me. It was my habit whilst living with my good friend to go with her in the forenoon to her church, and in the afternoon I would go alone to the Methodist Church.

My education was completed among the Catholics, and, although compelled to go through every day with certain forms of religion, yet there was nothing that ever touched my heart and I lost all the good impressions that I had received; but how good is God ( indistinct) he withdrew from me for a season yet he forsook me not and I thank and adore his excellent name for what he has done for me, and it is with shame that I acknowledge that for the space of ten years God was not in all my thoughts though his care was extended over me day by day; yet I thanked him (not) but lay down at night and rose up in the morning with an unthankful heart.

When I had little passed my twentieth year, at a camp mm meeting, the first ever held in the county, it pleased Almighty God to make me the subject of deep convictions for my sins and showed to me what a misspent life I had led. At the solicitation of my husband I deferred joining the church at that meeting, fearing that it was only excitement and would wear off; but not so, my convictions deepened and it seemed to me that I would die before I had another opportunity of joining the church openly, for in heart I was joined to my Saviour and had resolved that let others do as they would, as for me I would serve the Lord. Early in the Spring of 1843 I attached myself to the M. E. Church and have ever since been a firm, although I fear an unfaithful, follower of my blessed Redeemer.

( Written by Mrs. S. Myra Smith, of Greenville, Miss.)

Grandmother of N.N.S

SOMERVILLE-HOWORTH FAMILY

Sr. Myra Cox Smith. Notations, November 24, 1850 - March 14, 1852

Folder 8

These notations made by S.Myra Cox Smith (Mrs. Abram Fulkerson Smith) dated from Nov.24th,1850 through March 14, 1852 apparently led her to procure the book which she entitled "S.M.Smith's Private Memorandum Book" and entered notations similar to those on these pages from April 6, 1852 intermittently through 1861. Later entries were made in another book which I believe has been sent to the Archives, previously. A copy of the whole Diary in my Mother's handwriting has also been sent.

LSH

Sunday evening Nov 24th 1850 I have this day in the providence of God been permitted to hear a sermon which I trust will not be without its fruit upon my heart I have been led into a deep self examination from reading Mrs Latham's views on antinomianism and my prayer is Oh Lord deliver thy servant from a form of Godliness without the power. Have this day heard through a friend that three persons had made up their mind to join our church at the close of the last quarterly meeting and were disappointed by the doors of the church not having been opened. Two things have been strongly impressed on my mind first the awfull risk persons run in putting off until the eleventh hour and second the responsibility incurred by the church in slacking in her dilligence for the gathering in of precious immortal souls. Two of these persons just mentioned were a gentleman and his wife he in the last stage of consumption and probably it is the last opportunity he will ever have to come out and acknowledge his Saviour before the world by uniting himself with a branch of his church —

Nov 28th I have this day been made thankfull that my husband had been successfull in getting us a home and I would pray that our heart may not be set too much upon any earthly home but may we remember that we are travelers to a better world where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest

Dec the 15 1850 My way of Life has been hedged up and my mind has seemed sunken into a state of apathy from which I can with difficulty to rouse myself I feel sure that my present state is owing to my own neglect of duty and fearful transgression of Gods holy Law. And although the desire of my heart is to love and serve him yet I am conscious that the world and its cares have to Large a share of my time and affections And oh my God when I think of the past it seems that it is presumption in me to think that I have ~~ever~~ or ever can find favor of ~~thee~~ Thee Yet when I look to ~~M~~ Mt Calvary and behold the Atonement of my Saviour I am encouraged to beleive. And grant me Oh My Saviour, faith to lay hold of the hope set before me and fail not of the port of everlasting rest

Jan 18th 1851 Another year is gone and with it many golden moments unimproved and another one has commenced yet who can say that they will see this one close none Alas not one To God alone is the future known

In looking back upon the past year how am I made to weep and mourn over time misspent over follies and sins of omission and commission yet still I look to my Saviour for forgiveness and I trust that the year has not been altogether unimproved for I feel that I have been humbled deeply humbled I am willing now to lie at the foot of the cross and say thy will Oh Lord and not mine be done

April 17th. I feel this day heavy and sad and I would ask myself why and the answer is I feel cold in religious matters oh why am I thus! I Know that nothing affords half the happiness that close communion with God does and yet I live dead indeed the interest of the body are attended to ~~by~~ but my immortal soul is left uncared for day after day heavenly father forgive me and enable me to be more devious and heavenly minded in the future

January 13th 1852 Another year with all its cares with all its joys, with all its sins of omission and commission is gone like a tale that is told and Oh my God where do I stand, still on mercies side of the grave still surrounded with blessings innumerable and for all these mercies what do I render to thee oh thou merciful father, nothing nothing, I feel that I am worthless and through the merits of Christ's all atoneing blood alone can I ever be save I would look up to thee my heavenly father and ask thy protection and guidance through this year and grant me thy Spirit to watch over me that I may make some progress in holiness this year

February 7 I ~~feel~~ am thankfule that I feel encouraged to press onward; that I feel more spiritual comfort of late than in some time past I feel that God for Christs sake can will and does forgive me unworthy as I am I have to day seen our minister and heard that his wife is fast declining with consumption and my prayer is that as she nears the eternal world her evening may grow brighter that she may feel that when the earthly house of her tabernacle is dissolved she has a building of God a house not made with hands eternal in the Heavens—

February 8th I trust that this holy sabbath has been spent in a acceptable manner, that it has not been passed without some degree of spiritual improvement I have finished reading to day the Memoirs of Carvosso and feel that it has been much advantage as well as enjoyment to me It has given me clearer views of the atonement and the necessity of exercising the proper faith in that Atonement – Many of our neighbours are afflicted with disease in their families disturbances among servants and from all these we have been in a great measure spared and for what merit of ours none Oh my God to thy goodness and mercy alone we owe it Help me oh my Saviour to fulfil my every duty and may I ever be on the watch tower looking to Jesus for guidance and protection against the besetments of the evil one

March 14th Blessed be the God of all mercies another poor sinner has been set at liberty one of our servants has felt the anointing oil poured in to her sin sick soul and there seems to be a general shaking among the dry bones Oh that God would continue to pour his spirit more abundantly upon us

SOMERVILLE-HOWORTH FAMILY

S. Myra Cox Smith. Diary, April 6, 1852-December 2, 1861.

Volume 2

J M Smith's

Private memorandum

Book

J M Smith's
Private memorandum
Book

July 20th 1876

Away down the journey of life a widow and almost alone in the world I here dedicate myself anew to God I purpose from to-day God being my helper to live only for His glory not to please the world or gratify the flesh and to this end I consecrate all my ransomed powers to His service to be used only as He wills or permits and do pray God so to enlighten my understanding as that I shall not mistake the way He would have me go

S Myra Smith

April 6th . 1852

I have felt of late much ~~change~~ variableness in my religious feeling some time my prayers seem to rise like grateful incense even to the throne of mercy and bring the blessing down to my waiting soul. Some days since I was peculiarly blessed while praying for my husband. I felt my soul much drawn out and that God did deign to hear me, and I had strong assurance that the spirit would continue to strive with him, and with that I felt much comforted for most to be dreaded of all states tis that, where the tear of repentance no longer starts at the sound of alarm when the whole soul seems wrapt in a profound sleep, Oh that awful sleep of sin into which man sinks when the Spirit has ceased to strive - My God deliver me from this

wretched state - rather let thy Holy
Spirit thunder at the door of my
hard heart untill I shall be forced
to arise and let the Heavenly
messenger in —

April 14 Through the mercy of God I
have again been blessed with the
privilage of attending another quarterly
meeting - And I thank the Lord that
I feel that I have been profited by it
I feel more sensibly than ever the
goodness of our Saviour in instituting the
sacrament of the Lords supper as a
means of grace to the humble Christian
Oh how - [illegible] feast it is indeed to the
poor tempested tossed soul - Dear
Saviour grant me that I may ever
receive through faith in Thee

My heart feels more fixed and stayed
on the Saviour of late - I feel more
engagedness of in time of prayer and

oft in singing although employed about the common business of my family my soul is bourne up on the wings of love and my whole heart is drawn out in praise to God - Father may this blessed state continue but oh may it not exalt me in my own estimation or for one moment cause me to loose sight of my own unworthiness and the perfections of Jesus as my only salvation

April 20 - have been much engaged this day in work for the family - but I feel thankful that I am enabled to look up and continually lean upon the strong arm of Jesus I have found from sad experience that without his strong arm of support I can do nothing - and thanks to his holy name - with it I can do all things dear Saviour ever keep me humble - and may I stand in my proper place ever watching unto prayer

1852

May 13th “The praying spirit breathe the watching power impart from all entanglements beneath call off my anxious heart” Oh God May this be my daily prayer oh may the fire of divine love burn brighter and steadier within my heart I was privilaged Last sabbath in a degree that was more than ordinary for christian here I was permitted to attend preaching once and classmeeting twice and tho it warmed up my frozen feelings and cheered my desponding heart to commune with the Children of God. Father of all mercies revive thy work oh revive it in this neighbourhood oh God let not the wicked man always prevail and those that lift their arms and bend their bows to send forth arrows to slay thy people oh Father let their darts fall to the ground harmless and

may the wicked devices that they form
in their hearts recoil upon their own
heads oh may they be made to feel
and know that God is the Lord and
that he will slay the wicked and
preserve the righteous

August 24 = 1852 For many weeks
past I have not committed any
of my thoughts to writing yet I
humbly trust whilst sinners are being
awakened and converted to God
I who have long professed his name
have not been standing altogether
idle = In reading Mr Wesley's
sermon on the wilderness state
I was brought to see my own
position I feel now that through
sin and unbelief I have been
driven back and made to wander
in the wilderness for many months
but praise the God for his long
suffering and forbearance I have

not been cut off whilst in that state
but have been preserved through
the darkness = and by prayer and
hard wrestling God for the sake
of his son Jesus has again smiled
upon my poor soul - And after
duly considering the past I can
say that now I willing to forsake
all to follow Jesus - I have learned
not to trust altogether in feeling
as being religious - but that the
christian must live and be saved
by simple faith in the son of
God - I am willing to lie at
the foot of the cross to have no
will of my own and whether
he sends blessings or cursings =
joy or sorrow to receive all as
from the hand of a merciful
God who will not the death of
any but rather that all should
be saved - Lord hear me and
save me eternally for Jesus's sake

Aug 31 I this day enter upon my 30th year - For 30 years I have been the object of God's amazing Love and mercy and wherefore for any good that is in me? Oh no! Alas! I can do nought but fall at his feet and cry guilty - guilty! And now let me look back a little and commune awhile with my conscience where do I stand what advance have I made in holiness in the last 12 months - bless the Lord I can say that I feel I have made some advance though not what was my privilege to have made -

I feel ~~a~~ calmer and more peaceful more firmly rooted and grounded in faith and love - a greater willingness to lie at the foot of the cross and to give up my own will at all times to the will of God. Yet how far short do I come of being a perfect christian

God alone can tell — I have had some sore conflicts very lately — it has appeared to me that Satan had a thousand darts pointed at me and to my own shame and confusion many of them did not fail their mark — but still thanks to my Redeemer I was enabled to look up and after a momentary reflection fly to the rock that is higher than I. My daily prayer now is Lord [illegible] me Lord sanctify me through thy rich grace — enable me to bind all my Isaacs to the altar of thy Love — to be not like Martha of old busy and careful of too many things which pertain only to the creature but rather like Mary content to sit at the Saviour's feet forever. I have a strong faith that my husband is becoming truly awakened on the all important subject of his souls salvation — I have strong faith

whilst praying for him of late some
times almost seem to have an answer
to prayer that he will very soon
come out and take a bold stand
on the Lord's side God Almighty
hear my prayer oh blessed Jesus
look in mercy and compassion

June 6 1853 For nearly a years my
pen has been idle no good
thought committed to paper
the world enjoyed my body
cared for in every way but
had not thought of God as I could
how unworthy how ungrateful
to God for all his mercies —
day after day that I live I
feel my own unworthiness
and utter inability to do any
good thing without thy holy
spirit moving me

October 5th 1853 —

For more than four months the disease and death have been all around us sinners have been hurried unprepared to the grave Christians have been called to join the Souls above to swell the songs of the redeemed of the Lord That awful pestilence the yellow fever has been moving steadily through the Land slaying its hundreds and even thousands and whilst many hearts have been made to bleed for the loss of all that was dear to them our Little family circle has been preserved and why and wherefore for the sake of Jesus alone and not for any good that is in us.- And amidst all this awful judgement of God I would ask my own soul where do I stand to Day what is our

own feeling to day - I feel thankfu
to God this day that I can say I
know that my Redeemer Liveth
I feel this day that I have a home
in heaven and that if I hold out
faithful I shall inherit a crown
of righteousness - I do feel my heart
so full some time of Love to God
and all mankind that alone where
no eye but the eye of God can see
me I am enable to shout aloud
the praises of my God - I am sure my
feeling are not the effect of religious
excitement - for with the exception
of two sermons one preached by
father Laine and one by Mr Camp
I have been denied and religious
privilages of a public nature for near
about 4 months our preacher having
left the circuit - I have been
trying to serve God and through
the blood of Jesus with many

way to heaven for many years
I have been very unfaithful I have
followed Jesus at a great distance
a great deal of the time satan has tried
my own sinful nature has caused me
falter yet through all I have never
once thought of turning back - I have
had doubts and difficulties of every
kind and darkness has at one time
enveloped my whole soul and I
felt as if Gods irrevocable curse
was pronounced upon me yet
still I tried to press onward
I knew that certain destruction was
behind therefore I dared not give
up nor look back therefore I
still tried to press onward and
I feel today that God for Christ
-sake has forgiven me and blessed
and that he will still bless me
and lead me - and at this time
I can freely enter into the work

feelings when in the fullness of his heart he breaks out in that beautiful strain
Jesus the name to sinners dear the name to sinners given
It scatters all their guilty fears it turns their hell to heaven

April 8th 1854 For more than a year my pen has lain idle not one thought committed to paper The good resolution I had made of committing my religious thoughts and feelings to paper at least once a month all neglected And during the time what changes have taken place in our earthly circumstances we have moved to our new home and new scenes and new friends and associations have sprung up around us and how thankful we ought to be to God for all these temporal blessings and how much blest with the best for our unworthiness ourselves

and great want of holiness of
heart. I feel that I am unworthy
of the least of all these blessings and
mercies from thy bountiful hand
Oh my father

May 25 I feel this day a firm
trust and reliance in the promises
of the gospel and that I can
claim those promises as a right
purchased for me by my dear
Savior Oh! precious Saviour
thou art to me surely none
has ever been so unworthy as
I am and yet how am I blest
a few days ago I felt the
power of the holy Ghost come
upon me; the Lord blest
my soul with such an outpouring
of his holy spirit that
I was made to shout and
praise the God that loved
me and gave himself for me

I thank God that I can say
he has given me clearer and
more scriptural views of the
plan of Salvation by faith
in the merits of a crucified
Redeemer. without any merit
on ~~our~~ my part

I feel that of myself I can
do nothing but sin, and my
daily prayer is that God
would lead me by
his holy Spirit that he woul
keep me from being a stumbling
block in the way of any
creature on earth – God gran
that I may ~~never~~ bring a reproa
upon the cause of my blessed
Redeemer but rather that
I may let my light so shine tha
I may be the instrument in the
hands of God of bringing some poor
sinful souls to Christ

May 27th "Bless the Lord oh! my soul and all that is within me bless his holy name" yes do I bless the Lord and call all within me to bless his holy name for his goodness and abundant mercies to me. Oh how my full heart swells with gratitude to my God this holy Sabbath morning for the gift of his dear son.

Oh what amazing love to send in the world his only begotten son, a part of his own divine nature to die the death of the cross for fallen sinful man oh precious Saviour thou art to me; the chief of sinners:

What a glorious meeting we had last night and what a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord his spirit came down and made the hearts of his children to rejoice

I thank Thee oh my father for what I felt and for what I do feel at this pres moment I thank Thee for the witness of thy holy spirit at this hour witnessing as it does to my spirit that I am born of God that my name is written in the Lambs book of Life that I have an intercessor at the throne of God a Saviour in Heaven and a full assurance that if I hold out to the end God for the sake of my Saviour will give me a crown of life that fadeth not away eternal in the Heavens Oh my father keep me ever humbled at the foot of the cross oh let not my proud heart be lifted up to think more highly of myself than I ought to think Lord help me that I place not too high an estimate on my own works of righteousness help me to do all I can and when I have done all let the feeling of my heart still be guilty guilty! none is good but one and that is God

July 8th 1854

Again do I put my pen to paper in testimony of my gratitude to my God who notwithstanding my great unworthiness still spares me still preserves and still I trust keep my feet from falling The feeling that I would be found trying to be a christian all my life and then at last fail of Heaven has ever been to me a source of great heaviness of heart and when the feeling comes over me as it often does like a flood I find there is no safety but at the foot of the cross and there do I go and when I go humbly to the foot of the cross forgetting all human means and throw myself unreservedly upon the atonement made upon that cross for me and all mankind, I never go away

empty Jesus rarely ever fails to
meet me at the foot of his dear
cross th wondrous love to bleed and die
to bear the cross and shame
6 That guilty sinners such as I
might plead his gracious name

June 19th 1859

In the fear of God with a deep sense of my own entire unworthiness - I now put my pen to paper to declare what God for Christ's sake has done for my soul - For many months - my mind has been deeply concerned on the subject of entire sanctification yet not all the time for I have at intervals during those months slackened in my dilligence in seeking the blessing of a pure heart but thanks be to God his

Spirit would still ever and anon come and urge upon me the necessity of being entirely consecrated to God in order to be able successfully meet and resist the many temptations to which I was continually exposed whilst I felt and knew that the roots and bitterness of sin to some extent remained in my heart.

This I felt daily and that this in dwelling sin was continually bringing me in to condemnation before God and dimming my light as a Christian before my fellow beings All these I felt and more — The Spirit

plainly discovered to my mind
and heart that I had come
to that point where I must
make a full surrender of
all Life, time, talents, friends
home, happiness and every
earthly considerations or go
back and wander in the
wilderness again. This I had
once done and my poor
soul shrunk back with
horror at the thought Then
says the Spirit of God you
have come to the promised
inheritance go over [illegible] the
strength of Jesus and
possess the goodly land

I tried to obey the heavenly mandate - I thought that time must be given in order to purify myself so I set to work fasting and praying & examining the scriptures, and reading every book I could get on the subject of entire sanctification - And whilst I know and feel that all these are good and great helps to the soul that is thus exercised yet I know further more I know that the scriptures teach that without faith it is impossible to please God

And after I felt a full assurance that I had laid all upon the altar and that the consecration was entire

My faith staggered at the promise
and here I remained trying
to believe but ever failing

But at length the victory was
mine - I arose about quarter
past four on Sunday morning
June 19th and retired for prayer
whilst all was quiet and I
felt that I had time and opportunity
to hold communion with God
with my bible open upon my
knees I read - "Therefore I say
unto you what things soever ye
desire when ye pray believe
that ye receive them and ye
shall have them And now believe
continued the Spirit to

urge I felt drawn out I strove
I wrestled and tried again
and again to take God at
his word and believe
I felt the spirit & influence
on my heart I felt my Saviour
drawing nearer and nearer
atlength by faith I saw my Saviour
and his blood flowing like a
stream to cleanse me from
all sin but Jesus was
on the other side of the
stream I was brought to the
verge of the stream but my
soul drew back - I could
pray no longer I arose from
my knees but I still kept
all upon the altar after
a few household duties
were performed I again

found time to go to God
on my knees and my prayer
this time was Oh Jesus let me
see thee again standing beside
that stream and my soul will
not draw back And again
I saw him stand beside that
stream and with one mighty
effort of faith I did plunge
into the stream and felt that
the blood of Jesus did
cleanse me from all sin
Oh the bliss of that moment
when my soul was enabled
to cast all her care upon
Jesus and feel that her will
was lost in the will of God
I praised God for this great
deliverance I went to church
brother Harrington read the
19th Psalm I felt an answer

in my in most soul — every
word — he then gave out
that beautiful Hymn beginning
Let him to whom ~~we~~ now belong
whilst I sang I felt that my
heart and soul had said all
that is contained in that
hymn before I came to church
and was still saying it and
it appeared to me that God
him self must have directed
brother Harrington in all his
selections that morning
But here let me relate one
thing just as brother Harrington
took his text which was
"I beseech you therefore brethren
by the mercies of God that ye
present your bodies a living
sacrifice holy and accepta

31

unto God — It was suggested
to my Mind if the Spirit shall
help brother Harrington to day
you will surely shout aloud
I did not feel that I would
be ashamed to shout but thoug
I would prefer to sit quietly
and drink into the refreshing
of my soul the Heaven inspired
words — Here I quenched
the Spirit — During the day
I was kept by the power of
faith — on monday at an
early hour I arose and I
was met by Satan on every
hand wandering and idle
thoughts were continually bein
presented and then he would
say if you were sanctified
you would not so soon
have felt such temptations

I had nothing but faith to to use against him and was enabled to be firm to my purpose to keep all upon the altar towards evening satan left me and my mind was calmly staid upon Jesus but I did not feel the witness after dark my husband Mr Nugent and myself sat on the galery conversing on the subject of the duty of christians coming out from the world I said but little but listened and whilst I listened the witness came my soul bounded aloft and yearned over my dear husband

my very body seemed to be
lightened whilst I sat there
silently communing with
God twas a late hour
before I slept for I felt
that Christ was all I wanted
and blessed be God I
awoke this morning with
a sweet conciousness that
I was God's and he was
mine - And now at this
moment I feel that the
blood Jesus does cleanse
me from all sin

June 29th 1859 To day is the eleventh day since God set his seal upon me giving me to know for myself and not another that the blood of Jesus did cleanse me from all sin and glory be to his holy name I feel that I can in sincerity lay my hand upon my heart and say I know in whom I have trusted

Jesus is my all sufficiency in him I live and move and have my being I cannot stand one moment out of Christ I feel the evidence of my entire sanctification grows brighter and to use the language of a sainted sister I feel to day that my anchor has dropt deeper within the veil and now I do pray God that if

he shall see me about to fall
that he would cut short the work
in righteousness and take me
home to himself rather than & let
me live to bring reproach upon the
cause of Jesus— My constant
prayer is Oh Lord deepen the work
of grace in my heart and make
of some use in thy vineyard —

Aug 19th 1859

This day two months ago
God seal me entirely his
I thank him I praise Him I adore
him for his goodness to me
My evidence of my entire
sanctification grows brighter
During the past two months Satan
has thrust sore at me and I have
been tempted and sorely tried but
thanks be to God I feel to-day
that I have been brought off more
than conqueror through Jesus
I have been made to realize
that the just shall live by
faith-- and I desire nothing more
for I feel that God is ever
faithful to the trust reposed
in him. I have had deep and
sweet communings in Spirit with
God this morning and I can say

with confidence that not a cloud
intervenes between my soul and
Christ I feel that every want and
desire of my soul is met in Jesus
and my poor heart has no language
to express to express its gratitude
to God for all his goodness and
mercy I meet with much opposition
from every member of my family
in living a life of entire devotion
to God and for this my soul is
often made to mourn for them as
for myself my prayer is Oh Lord let
patience have her perfect work
that I may be perfect and entire
wanting nothing. Had a refreshing
season two days ago talking to
brother Andrews he has been enabled
by faith to drink of the purifying
stream God alone knows how
pure and elevated the communing
of two spirits who have alike

felt that the blood of Jesus does cleanse from all sin there is no communing of ~~spirit~~ like it in *this* world

Oh how differently I look at the things of this world now from what I ever did before. Passing away seems written on all things here below and from all created nature I draw lessons of wisdom

Oh God ever keep me by thy rich grace in this narrow way of holiness

Nov 17th 1859

I have to day determined to let nothing but unavoidable necessity keep me from making some note at the close of each day of my spiritual progress and condition. I feel to thank and praise my heavenly father for what He has done for me in the ~~previous~~ past and for what I feel at the present moment No cloud obscures my spiritual sky and my Joy is full in Jesus Oh: blessed name to sinners dear - I have felt to day that all my righteousness is nothing but filthy rags my best efforts prove to be but vanity in Jesus alone is perfection Oh what a blessed thought that we are to be saved through the righteousness that is in Christ - I feel that nothing but entire devotion can ever satisfy the cravings of my soul I long to be more and more conformed to the likeness and image of Jesus I feel an impression on my mind that God is about to bring me by a way that I have not hitherto known and the Language of my heart is thy will oh God not mine, be done I feel that it is sweet to be permitted to suffer for Christ One thing I would record that is an increasing love for the holy scriptures I feel that I have no language to express my gratitude to God for revealing his will to us through so blessed a medium I feel such a sense of the

divine presence whilst reading
His sacred word that I have to
stop reading to give vent to the
overflowings of my full soul

Nov 18th

I feel that I am to some
extent in heaviness through
manifold temptations but yet
I hold fast my confidence
I feel that Christ saves me
now from all sin
I have felt the correcting hand of
my Father several times lately
and I thank Him that He has
given me His Holy Spirit to
show to me that correction for
my errors is not condemnation
I desire to know the will of God
concerning me and to do it
perfectly —

Nov 19 1859

I feel to day that all my trust is in Jesus and his all cleansing blood I have many temptations to doubt but I have given myself in a perpetual covenant to God and I know he is faithful to the trust reposed in Him My sky is clear though my joy is not outbursting I [illegible] Joy is not sanctification but Jesus and in him I put my trust

Nov 21th 1859

I feel to-night that in Jesus
I have redemption
all my trust is in his
atonement Oh bleſsed Saviour
I long to love thee more
and more.

Nov 22nd 1859

I feel to-night that sustaining
grace has been given to me during
the day and though I have many
and various temptations yet.
I feel that the grace of God
is sufficient for me I can see
many instances of late wherein
I have not walk as near the croſs
as I should have done and
I have now promise God that
if He will help me that I will

be more selfdenying and cross bearing Oh Father I pray thee to send thy Holy Spirit and make me to see wherein I come short

I consecrate myself afresh to-night to Jesus and Glory be to His holy name I feel that His blood cleanseth my soul from all sin Oh blessed realization of a blessed state that Jesus's blood saves us from all sin - Our ministers have gone to Conference and we have no meetings of any kind at our church and oh how I do miss our sweet prayer and class meeting Two weeks ago was our last class with our beloved brother Harrington - Language fails to express what my poor heart felt that morning as friend after friend

gave in their testimony of the dealing
of God with their souls and when
I reflected that in all probability
all of us would never meet in class
meeting in this world again
But oh that blessed class meeting
above where all the finally faithful
shall meet to part no more
Our dear brother Harrington
has gone May Gods richest
blessings go with him and his
dear family was hard to give him
up but no doubt it was all
for the best - Oh my father
grant that I may never forget the
sweet lessons of piety that I
have learned from his preaching
May they yet spring forth and produce
a more abundant harvest to thy
honor and glory

Nov 23rd 1859

I feel to night that my faith is firm and steadfast I have some precious moments to day and my joy has been fuller and more constant to day than for some days past but oh Father I pray thee that I may not make an idol of my joys but may I ever remember that Jesus is my sanctifications and redemptation. I have felt deeply humbled to day in reflecting of all the goodness of God to me - I have seen to day what deep sorrow and affliction was a poor mother and her sisters bowed down in grief for a son and brother who is to be tried for his life - they seem to be devoted Christians and yet God in his wisdom permits them to be thus afflicted

We cannot understand why it is thus
but this much we are sure of that
God does not willingly afflict any

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Nov 24th Though sorely tried
and tempted I feel my soul
calmly staid upon Jesus this
night My faith is firm and
unwavering I feel the abiding
evidence of my sanctification
and my constant prayer is
Oh Lord keep me from falling
and deepen the work of grace
in my poor heart and never
let me live to bring dishonor
upon the cause of Christ
I have had many conflicts
with the adversary in the last
two weeks and I feel that I have
not at all times been as

watchful as I should have
been and have there by suffered
Loss but by the grace of God
I Keep all upon the altar
and to night I feel a fresh
application of the all cleansing
blood of Jesus Oh the goodness
and mercy of God! How long
suffering and forbearing

Nov 26th

This night I dedicate
Myself afresh to God to be more
entirely devoted than ever and
thank and praise God for his
goodness to me oh how unworthy
I feel for all His blessings and
mercies - To day ~~my heart~~ my eyes
have witnessed a sad scene
indeed - A Mothers heart torn

and crushed by having to see
her son tried for his life Oh
God what a scene May to-
day's transactions be sanctified
to the good of this entire village
and Oh Father may I profit
from it give me to feel anothers woe
more than I ever have and oh God
may my poor heart be more and
more impressed with the vanity
of all earthly things

Dec 9th 1859

I feel to night to adopt the
Language of the sacred writer
"The just shall live by faith"
and praise my Heavenly Father
that such is my privalage
I feel the abiding witness
of a pure heart and that

Jesus is my perfect Saviour oh blessed Jesus had I a thousand hearts they should all be thine -

I have been much tempted and tried of late and have felt sometimes that the tempta came so near that I have been made to tremble lest I have given way but amid all I feel that God will not suffer me to be tempted above that I am able to bear -

I have given myself entirely to God and my purpose by his grace assisting me is never to take the offering from off the altar and I know that God is ever faithful to the trust reposed in Him

Dec 10th I feel that by faith I have been enabled to day to take a firmer hold on Jesus as a Saviour from all sin. I believe I have grown in grace more to day than in many days past

I have made a full consecration of all my redeemed powers to God and feel no disposition to resume any portion of the offering. I feel that nothing short of holiness of heart and life can ever satisfy the necessities of my immortal soul oh the fullness of a Saviours love. How amazing to think that Christians will ever stop short of their duty and privilage Father I commit me and mine to thy kind care and keeping

Dec 12th All is still upon the altar and glory be to God I feel no desire to resume any part of the offering. I have been freed from temptations to day in a great measure and feel that I have been kept by the power of Gods amazing goodness

"Oh what a glorious hope is ours
Whilst here on earth we stay"

I feel a calm resting in Jesus and that all my burdens are gone I have no care for I feel that help has been laid upon One that is Mighty - Oh Lord ever keep me in this narrow way of holiness

Dec 13th

Had a few precious moments conversation to day with brother Camp and whilst I talked with him of holineſs I felt the sweet communings of the Spirit God filling my poor heart and making it swell with Love and gratitude to my heavenly father

Oh bleſsed Jesus I long to be more and more conformed to thy image

Dec 15th

I find various and many hindrances in my christian ~~life~~ course Life spreads out its many attractions around me all seems to smile and look gay and I feel that sometimes tis hard keep my mind steady fixed on the prize which is before me But I do thank my God that I feel no desire to turn back no blessed Jesus I feel that I can truly say "you may have all the world Give me Jesus"

Dec 20th 1859
I feel to night my faith firmer and
more steadfast than for many days
past my Joy in Jesus is full
My peace is deep and abiding
I feel that I love God supremely
and my neighbour as myself
I have had many hard conflicts
with the adversary of late but
thank God to night I feel that
all things shall work together
for good to those who love and
serve the Lord Oh blessed
Saviour I here give myself
again to thee Oh may I never
never leave thee or remove the
sacrifice from off the altar

Dec 21st 1859

Another day gone praise God from whom all blessings flow oh May my heart ever be filled to overflowing with praise and thanksgiving to God for all his mercies to me all unworthy as I am - I have not Language to express what my heart feels oh my trust is in Jesus I do feel that God is about to bring by a new and hitherto hidden way to me At the foot of the Cross I lie Leaving all the future in the hands of my heavenly Father

Have to day received the first letter from dear brother Horrington oh my father smile upon our correspondence and make it a means of grace to each of us

Dec 29th 1859

Another day draws to a close and still Gods mercy extends to me a poor sinner saved by grace I believe I grow daily in grace my faith is more steadfast and constant I feel that all a poor sinner needs is met in Jesus I have not language fully to express my feelings, all my trust is in the atoning merits of Christ I have give myself afresh to God and oh may I never falter in my steadfastness —

Jan 5th 1860

Another year gone and oh how full of mercies and blessings to my poor heart. The year 1859 I can truly say has been the best year of my life on account of the manifestations of Gods love to me I hear now give myself afresh to God to live more devoted and I pray that for the sake of Jesus God would make this year better than the one just gone My soul rests to night believingly in Jesus as a perfect Saviour

Jan 7th 1840

I feel many temptations to Leave off the daily recordings of Gods dealings with my soul
I am all unworthiness by faith I stand and every moment I need the atoning merits of a Saviours blood
I desire to live each day near the cross and to be less and less conformed to the world

Jan 13th I feel that my trials and temptation are great but thank God He has said my grace is sufficient for you and daily I prove the blessedness of this promise I have many temptation to omit secret prayer and always when the temptation is strongest to stay away tis at that special time [illegible] I am most blessed Often on such occasions my soul is filled with peace and joy and my prayer begins with praise and thanksgiving to God for all his mercies to me My souls longs to filled with all the fulness of God more and more Oh blessed Saviour keep me in this narrow pathway of holiness May I never become entangled again in the yoke of bondage

I feel to bless God that we are
saved by faith and my faith is
more steadfast and unwavering
I feel daily that nothing short of
entire devotion can ever satisfy
the desires of my soul perfect
salvation through the blood
of a perfect Saviour

Jan 25 I feel that still by
Faith I Live My trust in my
blessed Saviour is perfect I know
that He ever careth for me
I feel truly sometimes of Late that
I am a wonder to myself
Oh how good the Lord is to
me and how unworthy I feel
I feel to-night that the blood
of Jesus cleanseth me from all
sin oh blessed Saviour I long
to love thee more & more

Feb 20th 1860

For many days I have made no record of my religious state— but I trust that I have not declined in my spiritual life I feel that if in the last two weeks my variable feelings were the only test of my religion I might with truth say that I was not always in the enjoyment of full salvation but thanks be to God that such is not the case and I feel that by grace through faith I have been kept and the wicked one touched me not— I know I have grown in grace lately ~~in~~ notwithstanding all the assaults of the enemy and to night I praise God for the gift of Jesus as my saviour Oh how unworthy I feel that I am of all the mercies of God and how far short

I come I long to be more and more given up and devoted I want to live daily in a state of entire consecration to God oh blessed Saviour keep me through thy love into the perfect day of redemption

March 28 = 1860

I feel to night like starting anew to serve God like consecrating myself afresh and here on the altar I lay my all glory be to God that I realize ~~that~~ the offering is accepted for the sake of Jesus I have the evidence of a pure heart oh how sweet it is to love Jesus I feel that in this world I am not understood even by those. who are nearest and dearest to me and when my heart feels pained

and grieved at this there comes up
the thought that the servant shall
not be above his master but that
if I hold out faithfull I shall
reach a place where I will
never be misjudged

April 16th 1860
This day has been a record of
grace to my soul My heart is
filled with love every desire is
met in Christ — oh may I never
remove the offering from off the
altar

April 16th I thank God
that I am enabled still to keep
the offering upon the altar and
realize fully that it is accepted
oh blessed Saviour how can
I ever praise thee sufficiently

April 20th

I have been called lately to walk by faith - for several days but yet my confidence in God is firm and unshaken I have given myself entirely to God through Christ and have and do now realize that tho unworthy as the offering is yet for His sake it is accepted - while I have this blessed assurance and witness - I rest calmly willing to do or be or feel just as God wills I thank God that I have learned the encouraging lesson that we are saved by faith -

May 8th 1860

I think I have never in all my Christian experience had such fiery trials as of late - and I feel that nothing but the sustaining grace of God could have kept me and thanks be to His name that I have been kept though I have often had to adapt the Language of the poet as mine - "I hold thee with a trembling hand but will not let thee go" - I feel to night a quiet resting in my Saviour

Oh Lord for the sake of Jesus deepen the work in my poor heart

June 12th

for two weeks every physical power has been exerted preparing to go with my husband and children on a summers tour for their health

God knows my heart and how much I would prefer the

quiet of home but I feel that I
am obeying the voice of duty
oh my father keep me amid
all the turmoil of earth—
and may I be steadfast in
my purpose to serve thee with
my whole heart — oh may I
prove this summer that thy
grace is sufficient for me

August 16th 1860

It is two months to
day since I left home I have
been for the most part surrounded
by the votaries of fashion who have
learned to play their part well in
the school of folly I feel to thank
my heavenly father that I have been
sustained amid it all and enabled
to keep all upon the altar oh how
unworthy do I feel of all these mercies
and blessings — I feel to-day that nothing

but the religion of Jesus can ever
satisfy the desires of my heart
I feel now the witness of the Spirit
of God with mine that my name
is written in the Lambs book of
life

Sept 24 1860

Again in the
providence of God I am at
home after an absence of near
three months all in safty and
a reasonable degree of health
preserved through all the
dangers of traveling and have
been kept by His power from
falling away Oh My father how
can I ever love thee enough
for all thy mercies And here
this evening this holy sabbath evening
I would lay myself afresh upon
the altar to do and be just what

God requires of me Oh my Father use me to honor and glorify Thee in any way that may seem to thee just and right —

Oct 2nd 1860

The closing hours of another day brings me under renewed obligations to my heavenly Father — I have had some strange feelings for several days as if something unusual was about to happen I know not why I have these feelings but feel no disposition to get away from them until my Father see fit to remove them let me learn to let patience have her perfect work and oh may I learn well the lesson to walk by faith and not by sight

Oct 26th 186

I feel to day an improvement in my spiritual state — I have felt to day more of the ~~[illegible]~~ gushing love of God in my heart than for some time more longing after greater conformity to His holy will in all things and to be entirely consecrated to his service

Nov 15th 186

Since last I committed my thoughts to paper a solemn act has transpired I have seen the marriage of my first daughter - and consequent upon it I have had some seasons of depression and I can say with the sacred writer that I have been in heaviness through manifold temptations but these things only give me another proof of the goodness of God for when I went to Him for help it was given. Oh how our human feelings come up dampen our spiritual joy and clip the wings of our faith - but how I do thank my God that I can come to Him through Christ and claim through faith in His atonement a full victory over the flesh Oh my father help me to hide behind the cross and to live in a state of entire consecration to thee

Dec 2nd 1860

I feel that this holy sabbath has been a day of sacred rest to my soul. Jesus is precious to my believing heart - I feel that all is upon the altar and that I have perfect peace through the atonement of Christ I feel that I have grown in grace and that my heart has been more fixed on the one object that of holiness of heart and life

Dec 8 1860 I feel to night that my heart is fixed but yet I am often in heaviness on account of my husband and children - I have of late heard of tales of scandal that have been circulated about me and I been thus far enabled to give it into the hands of God - Oh my Father keep me I pray

then from entertaining any feeling but love
for the ones who have been guilty in
this matter -

Dec 27 = 1860

Since last I wrote
I have passed through various
scenes of sickness and death - friends
have dropt on the right hand
and the left - I have been called
to the death-bed of a poor sinner
trembling on the verge of
eternity - yet shrinking back
with horror at the thought of going
unprepared into the presence of his
God. I endeavored in my feeble
way to point him to the lamb of God who
taketh away the sin of the world
and have a hope that he embraced
Jesus as his Savior. Oh what a
solemn warning yet who
will lay it to heart I fear

not many - My husband is very much embarressed with debt which seems to make him very sad almost miserable these things I regret but feel that I can give all up into the hands of a kind and merciful Father who I feel will never forsake me unless I first forsake him

I feel to night like renewing my covenant vows to be more entirely given up to the will of my Heavenly father - My experience of late has been such as to try my faith - and blessed be God I can to night say that the trial of my faith - has been precious in as much as I feel I have gained the victory over the tempter and could even rejoice when my faith - was most severely tried

tried many ways our father has to prepare us for our final home above oh that I may be made perfect through whatever refining process is necessary for me

Jan 6 1861

Another gone and oh the failures of duty who can number but thanks be to God that we are saved through the righteous of Christ oh blessed assurance for weeks I have had to walk by faith - but I have found it precious so to do feeling that the trial of my faith - would if I was firm bring a blessing yesterday I was pained by the judging of a friend who misconstrued my word into unkindness and a want of Christian charity - my soul was humbled and I was sent in the dust of humility - to the foot of the cross

Oh what a blessed retreat is the mercy
seat where Jesus meets his children
I always feel that it is good to be afflicted
To day the trials and temptations which
have beset me seem hushed and gone
My soul is filled every want of my
nature is met in Christ I feel such
a perfect resting in my Saviour that
this worlds cares seem removed far
away from me I feel that I am
lifted above the turmoil of earth
that I am planted more firmly on the
rock of my salvation

Jan 24th 1861

This has been a day
of precious experience to my poor heart
I feel I have begun with renewed zeal
to run the Christian race oh may
I be permitted to walk truly in the
narrowest part of the narrow way I
bless thee oh God for such a

thought and such aspirations Oh Lord revive thy work here in our midst "Oh Lord in the midst of the years make known in wrath remember mercy" — I feel to night that I have the victory through my Savior over sin and oh I do sweetly realize that my will yields in perfect obedience to God

Feb 14th - 1861

I feel to night that my faith rest firmly in my Savior I have had many refreshing seasons of late and I can say I know I have grown in grace and now realize that the blood of Jesus cleanseth me from all sin — I feel a swelling in spirit that God would revive his work in our midst — and I do not pray without faith — for I feel in my heart that I am confidently looking to see the rustling of the branches before the mighty shower oh that God would send it down in great power

Feb 22nd 1861

Sitting alone to night my thoughts have gone back over the past weeks and month and in the review I truly see that mercy has covered all the way and I am left with the Psalmist to say surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life — I feel to night a calm resting in Jesus every cloud is gone my way is clear and I feel that I have an assurance that I will be led by the Holy Spirit even in the least things if my will is at all times willing and obedient — Oh my Saviour I pray thee keep me and may my will always yield in obedience to the slightest movings of the Spirit

I feel thankful that to night I can

lay myself as an offering upon the alter and be willing to be used as an instrument of good - Oh my father let me see the path of duty - plainly in all things and if in any way I can assist thy ministering servants oh let thy Holy Spirit show it to me that I may do that which thou requirest at my hands -

Feb 28 1861

I feel to night a firm trust in the promises of God which brings a quiet resting in my Saviour and praise is the language of my heart - I feel that I am going through a refining process but I know that a fathers hand will stay the fire when the metal is purified I have tried to day to live right in the sight of God and feel no condemnation but the approving smile of my savior resting upon me I felt much drawn out in private prayer this evening knowing that brother Andrews had gone to visit a

young man who is thought to be going
into consumption I prayed that God
would so fill him with the Holy Ghost
that some word from his lips might
reach and find lodgement in the
heart of the young man and felt encourag
to believe that it would be so — I feel
that onward and upward is the watch
word of my soul forgetting those
things that are behind I press to the
mark for the prize

March 4th 1861

I feel to night as
have since yesterday after noon that
my soul had cast anchor deeper
within the vail of God's love the
impassible mountains which seemed
in my path have disappeared I
felt my heart strangely quickened
by the relation of a dream of my

daughter which seemed to have reference to my death not that I believe in dreams yet still as it was a little remarkable it led me to look into my heart and ask if the message to depart should come just then was I ready and willing to go - I went with this feeling to the mercy seat and Oh can I ever forget how near how precious my Saviour seemed to me I do not remember ever to have had such a realizing sense of the presence of my Saviour as then every tie that bound me to earth seemed rent asunder and my soul longed for the hour to come when it should be said "it is enough come up higher - I feel renewed strength to meet and go through the various duties and trials that lie in my path-way and my will yields in obedience to my Heavenly Father

March 19 1861 I feel to night a deep peace and an abiding trust in the word of God feel a longing for the salvation of the souls of these dear people here oh that a revival may begin

March 25=1861 Many days have passed since I last committed my thoughts to paper and during these days I have gone through experiences which have tried my soul but thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ I have been kept from a murmuring spirit and feel it a privilege to suffer for Christ — I feel that all I have comes from God and to live a life of entire devotion to His service has become the habit of my soul Oh that my soul may become more and more absorbed with this holy service so that every thought and imagination of the heart may be brought into captivity — to Gods holy will

April 4th 1861 Spent this day at sister
Hunt and felt my soul was kept in
perfect peace with no disposition to
engage in trifling conversation — My
mind was led to reflect how much
useless conversation was held by
even those who profess to love God
supremely and how many precious moments
thus pass by unimproved and how little
christians recommend religion in their
daily walk and conversation just to
think of hour after hour being spent
by christians in discussing all the various
topicks of life and not one word said
calculated to help each other on in
the way to heaven Oh shall it ever
be so My God help me to lay
aside every restriction of society and
live to glorify thee thanks be to God
I feel the evidence now that the blood
of Jesus cleanseth me from all sin

April 16th 1861 My experiences for several
days past have been somewhat marked
on last friday during a season of fasting
and prayer I earnestly laid the subject of
the female class had in contemplation by bro
Andrews before God and asked to be directed
The first feeling I had was a solemn convic
tion that it was God's cause then the value
of the souls composing the class seemed to
press ~~[illegible]~~ upon me with a fearful mag
nitude and my mind seemed to pause to
contemplate the picture before me during
the pause this question came in view of
all this responsibility can you dare to
take the directions of these souls for whom
such a price was paid you who are so
incapable of teaching others and whose wrong
teaching might cause the loss of a soul
while I felt the full force of the responsibility
My soul seemed to lie passive in the hand
of God not wishing to get away from any duty
that was made plain to me and not by any

means desiring to assume any without the clear guiding of the spirit but that if God had need of my poor services He could and would fully prepare the vessel for His own use — I feel that I am called to do many things that others seem not to be I know not where the spirit would lead me nor will I ask but only try to yield myself up to be led by so sure a guide My faith grows stronger and more steadfast and I find sweet comfort in doing the will of God instead of my own

May 9th 1841 Since last I committed my feelings to paper I have enjoyed many seasons of sweet communings with the Holy Spirit and christian friends have been privilaged to hear once more dear brother Warrington preach and the sweet inter-change of christian experience Oh how precious to my soul seemed the gospel of Jesus while I listened to him discourse from the text the Kingdom of Heaven is not meat and drink but righteousness

and peace and Joy in the Holy Ghost My
poor heart was filled with rejoicing - I would
here record some of the gracious dealings
of the Spirit with my soul tuesday night
I determined to spend the next day in fasting
and prayer or as far as I well could I rose
very early to secure the first hours of the
day in prayer which I always find a
source of spiritual benefit - As it is my
habit always to pray much for my pastor
I commenced praying for bro Andrews and
was importunate in my appeals because I
thought he had looked sad for some
days - I continued to urge my petition at the
throne of grace and was led to ask that at
the prayer meeting that morning I might
hear him say that he had been specially
blest that morning - He did not lead
the prayer meeting but was so sweetly
filled that he was constrained to get up
from his seat to tell how much his soul
had been blest in an instant I thought

of my wrestlings for him at the mercy seat and could but feel that my prayer was answered Oh God increase my faith

May 10th 1861

I feel to night my whole soul sweetly filled - and now oh God would I give myself up to thee I desire nothing but to feel thy smile resting upon I have been led to look more seriously in to my life and am determined by the help of God to walk nearer the cross Spent to day with Sister Theobald and feel to bless and thank God for christian friendship and association Oh I do realize now at this moment that my soul is sanctified that the blood of Jesus cleanseth me from all sin glory be to God for such a salvation Oh Lord deepen the work in my poor heart and let thy Holy Spirit lead me in all things

June 1861

Spent to-day with sister Theobald and enjoyed a season of communion with br Andrews Oh how grateful to my poor heart are such privileges as these.

I feel that my experience has deepened of late a spirit of searching and examination has been upon me and I have been blest under its influence I feel a desire to have my heart laid bare before God at all times - I long to be more like my Saviour and that my life maybe a living sacrifice indeed and in truth - Oh God deepen the work of grace in my heart

June 15 1861

I feel that this days experience has been beneficial to me. This morning as our class meeting was near closing there came up a feeling that as it was to be a day of public exhibition and as the beating of the drum and the sound of the music gave token that the days performance was about commencing there came a thought that our class had better close as we would not be able to attend without distraction. I looked narrowly into my own heart to see if this feeling came from within or without. I saw the suggestion came from without because I could lift my heart in prayer and realize that I would be glad to remain and just at this point came the whisperings of the sweet spirit of God that I had better go home after church and spend the day in solemn

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brother Andrews and I have no doubt the
same moving of the Spirit was with
him for he too went home from church
Oh my Father let me draw nearer to thee
and may thy Spirit ever guide me in
the way of all truth -

June 23, 1861 I feel to night a longing
of soul after a greater conformity to Gods
holy will in all things I feel that nothing
short of entire devotion can ever meet
the necessities of my soul and I earnestly
pray that I may be led into a nearer
and more intimate communion with my
Saviour I praise God for what I now
feel and enjoy - All is upon the altar
and is graciously accepted for the sake
of Jesus oh how easily my will yields
in obedience to Gods - The constant
language of my heart of late is oh Lord
enlarge the vessel and then sweetly fill
it - I feel encouraged to pray for the
church to be revived and thanks be to God

that some are already much revived Oh Lord take thy cause into thine own hands

July 3rd 1861

My soul to-night is calmly stayed upon Jesus as a perfect Saviour Last night just after going to bed my soul was filled with rejoicing and this morning my hour of early prayer was sweet and precious on account of the presence of my Saviour My faith grows stronger and the prayer of my heart is Oh! Lord deepen the work

July 21st 1861 I have not for many days recorded the dealings of God with my poor heart and feel that I maybe am somewhat remiss God has been very good to me and I have had many refreshings in that time for which I would here record very grateful thanks I have been permitted to come nearer to my

Saviour and feel sensibly that I am growing in grace - This has been a sweet day of rest to my soul and in my evening prayer my soul was filled sweetly filled - I know of my entire acceptance with God I have the witness in my heart that all is upon the altar and that the blood of Jesus cleanseth me now from all sin glory be to God for such a salvation oh that I may be enabled to show forth by my daily walk and conversation that there is truth in the profession I make Glory to be more and more like my Saviour in all things and to glorify God more oh that I feel continually for me to live is Christ to die is gain

July 22 1861 I have been kept this day and felt this evening that was sweet to retire to thank God for all His mercy to me My soul was blest and I feel thanks be to God that the vessel is being enlarged being without any religious association in my family I am often obliged to sit and converse or listen to them much longer than I desire or feel profitable but unless I withdraw from their society entirely I know not how I can avoid it and can only look to God to keep me even in the midst of all

July 28 1861 This holy sabbath evening I would here record the gracious dealings of God with my soul I feel that I have grown in grace more than usual of late God has formed

a gracious stream of divine love into
my soul and I feel strengthened my
faith glory be to God grows firm
regardless of surrounding circumstances
This evening while at prayer in giving
myself in a perpetual covenant to God
I felt the evidence in my heart that
it was ratified in Heaven and that
the bond between my soul and my
Saviour was sealed anew —

July 31 1861 This has been a day of sweet
rest to my soul all is upon the altar
and glory be to God I have the evidence
in my heart that it is accepted for
the sake of Jesus I have tried to act
this evening upon bro Andrews advice
to visit and encourage the members of
the church I made a visit to sister
Lawson and felt it did me good to
encourage her and believe it did her
good — I felt my soul lifted up
and that it was a blessed privilege

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to be permitted to labour for God
I urged her to come to our social meeting
and obtained her promise that she
would and her earnest argues & that
I would cale again soon as she
followed me to the gate made me
feel that my visit had not been
altogether in vain oh Lord here
I am use me as thou wilt
August 8, 1861 I feel to night that not
a cloud ariseth to obscure my spiritual
horizen my way is ale bright and clear
this has been a day of sweet experience
to my soul because of the evidence
in my heart that God was the entire
source of ale my joy and happiness
Had the delightful privilage of having
bro Andrews stay with us oh how my
soul is refreshed by such associations
and enabled to press onward more earnestly
oh how I thank God for a pastor whose
whole life is a continued living sacrifice
oh
Lord raise up more just like him

August 9th 1861 I continually realize more and more that this life is only a state of probation in which we are to prepare for eternity and oh that I may so pass my time of sojourning here that death may be robbed of its sting — All my trust is in Christ every want of my nature is met in Him — I realize daily that I grow in grace and wisdom that cometh from God — and I feel thankful that through every opposition God enables me to press forward — My soul was refreshed this evening during my evening prayer in an unusual degree Jesus seemed so precious to my believing My faith rose triumphant and my heart was drawn out in earnest supplications for the Church that God would continue to revive us until not one shall be left out

August 13th 1861 Though my way is all bright and clear yet my soul is bowed down within me on account the unkind remarks of those at home from whom I deserve better things yet why should I murmur when trials appear oh what did Jesus suffer for my sake and can I not bear all for Him yes oh my Saviour I can all, all, be still my poor heart and trust all to Him "for He careth for you"

Aug 20th 1861 For ten days my physical energy has been exerted to the utmost in sewing for the soldiers and now to night my poor heart is oppressed with the pain of parting with friends who perhaps we may never see again oh the sadness of war what desolation it brings and in the midst of all this were it not for the sweet consolations of religion I for one would sink in despair but thank God through all I can trust Him and go on my way rejoicing that

rejoicing in the calamities of war but in
doing and suffering all of God's will —
My way is all clear no cloud obscures my
horizon and my heart is filled with love
and thanksgiving — And to night I lay my
whole being anew upon the altar not to
do my will or please myself but to labor
for God in any way His Holy Spirit may
direct me] Have had a sweet season of
communion lately with Bro Andrews and
other Mission friends — I sometimes think
that God sees the tendency of my nature to
love my friends too much and for
this reason hedges up my way and I
have His promise that my steps shall
be ordered by the Lord

Aug 21st 1861 Still all upon the altar
and thank God I have the witness in my
heart that it is accepted I realize that
I grow in grace and spiritual knowledge
and I feel that the vessel is being enlarged
and I pray that it may continue so to be
until I can fully commune hand with-

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and I feel that the vessel is being enlarged
and I pray that it may continue so to be
until I can fully comprehend with —

all saints what is the length and breadth and depth and height of Gods redeeming love I feel a burning love for the salvation of souls and that it increases I praise God for what He is doing for me

Aug 29, 1841 I feel to night like laying myself more unreservedly upon the altar of sacrifice to spend and be spent for Christ and him oh my God I covenant anew to live nearer the cross to walk more humbly more in the spirit of perfect self denial to deny the flesh more and to wait upon God with an humble trusting faith - My soul now and then catches glimpses of richer fields which lie just ahead and I long to be admitted fully into their abundance and do believe that I shall be when my father sees that this poor heart is prepared for it oh that the joyous day may hasten on which shall usher my soul into a more sacred and intimate

union with my Saviour While I write
my soul expands and reaches out
after a more divine conformity to
God's holy law for more of the mind that
~~was~~ was Christ — It seems strange to
me that God should have been so
good to me and when I think of how
He has led me and the various instrumentalities
he has used in guiding me thus
far along the journey to Heaven I am
lost in wonder at the wisdom of God
and overwhelmed with gratitude at
~~the~~ His condescending mercy to poor fallen
sinful worms of the dust and if in
return I should render Him the praise
of my heart and the labor of my life
what a poor return it is and how
utterly insufficient to atone for one sin except
for the rich perfume of a Saviour's
sacrifice —

Sept 3rd 1861 Since last I wrote I have
entered my ~~[illegible]~~ 40th year and oh
how merciful God has been to me and
to night I give myself in a perpetual
covenant to Him oh my Father let it
be sealed in Heaven — God alone knows
how narrow is the path in which I have to
walk — My trials are peculiar but God
knows them all and I receive all as
from His hands without a murmur

Sept 7th 1861 For the past four days I
feel that God has made to know more of
His condescending love to me and of His power
to save in the most trying circumstances
I have had deeper and sweeter experiences
and to night my whole soul is filled
inexpressibly full of love oh the burning
flame that fills my soul God grant
that it may increase until the wicked-
ness that is around me shall be consumed
in the sacred fire oh that my husband
and children may be made to feel the
power of my religion and openly acknowledge

as I know they now do in their hearts that the Holy Ghost is poured upon me, and the power of God displayed in my life I feel that God calls me to labor for him in a more special manner than he usually does females and that he lays the burden of souls heavy on my heart and oh how I do thank and praise Him for it that such an unworthy worm of the dust as I am should be so highly honored of God. It seems now so far as I can see with human vision that my usefulness is about to be hindered and that I am about being stopped in my labors but faith says not so no human instrumentality can stop or overthrow God's plans and if the opposition is permitted to be carried out I shall cheerfully submit believing that God who has promised to order my steps has permitted this for some wise purpose nor will I with impatience seek to find out the divine mind but restless resigned wait in earnest prayers and watchings the leading of the Holy Spirit —

Sept 10th 18[illegible]1 My faith may grow brighter and My father blesses me and filles my poor heart with his love. My soul is perfectly filled to-night my desire is met in Christ oh blessed Jesus how I love thee oh magnify the Lord with me Language fails to utter what my heart feels —

Sept 21, 1841 My whole soul is to night and has been for some time filled with love a holy stillness pervades my whole being and I rest confidently and peacefully in Jesus as my perfect Saviour God knows all my peculiar trials and I will not murmur but leave all to Him in humble trust

Sept 27, 1861 In many things of late I have seen plainly that God was with me blessing me guiding my foot steps and answering my prayers one answer to prayer I would here record — For several months I had not heard from bro Harrington until I became very anxious not knowing precisely where he was my only help was in prayer and I ordered my petitions thus I asked that just then wherever bro Harrington might be or however surrounded he might be blest and feel the melting subduing power of the Holy Spirit upon his heart and that God would put it into his heart to write to me I had faith to believe and continued to ask and soon began to look for the letter and in about [illegible] week it came with this assurance that whilst at prayer and trying to pray for me such a feeling of reproach for not having answered my last letter came over him that he rose and the letter was the fruit of his repentance I am humbled when I think of all God's goodness and mercy to me all the return I can make is to render Him the praise of my whole heart and life

Oct 4th 1861 Have spent this day as a day of fasting and prayer and feel to thank God for the victory I have over the flesh — I am not understood by my husband and children but I don't murmur or blame them for it — I know they can't see why I seem at times lost to every thing around me I feel that my soul has expanded of late and I love God more and more I can realize the presence of my Saviour with me continually and often a sense of sweet closeness pervades my whole being and I feel as if it would almost be a sin to speak so near as I seem to my Saviour At the close of this day now while I write I have the witness in my heart that the blood of Jesus cleanseth me from all sin and I know that my path shineth brighter and brighter and if I am faithful continue so to do unto the perfect day

Oct 16th 1861 I feel to night peace in my heart coming from the assurance that the blood of Jesus cleanseth me from all sin I am all unworthy but God is good to me Oh I long to be more and more conformed to the likeness and image of my Saviour and I purpose from this night to hide more entirely behind the cross and live more entirely in the spirit of entire consecration

Oct 21st 1861 Since last I committed my thoughts to paper I have in the providence of God been called upon

to watch by the dying bed of suffering
infancy and in all these things I see
the hand of God taking away from these
parents their clay idols that their
hearts may be turned to the living
God and I have been made to
know more of my own self and to
mourn over my short comings oh
how merciful is God to me I feel
that the road is very narrow but
thank God I have the assurance that
I will be sustained all the way if I
only keep all upon the altar and look
away from self to Jesus every moment
I feel to night that by faith I stand

Oct 25, 1861 I feel to night feeble
in body on account of severe headache
but within all is calm and peaceful
feel a quiet resting in Jesus as my
perfect Saviour all the trials I
have had lately are hushed and
gone and a holy calm has taken the
place

Oct 24 1861 Have had some unusual privileges of late some precious christian association for which I feel thankful but above all am thankful for the sweet peace I have in believing to day my Saviour has been very near me

Last night when a trial of patience and forbearance came up in regard to the carelessness of a servant I so perfectly proved the mercy of God in saving me that I was made to rejoice and almost be glad that the accident had happened — oh how faithful is our covenant keeping God Yesterday while riding through the woods and seeing the yellow leaves slowly falling to the ground a melancholy sweetness stole into my heart the tears dropt from my eyes and my soul was filled with gratitude to God that the fear of death was all taken away from me and that I could look forward with pleasing anticipations to the time when this frail tenement of clay should like the autumn leaves

fall

return to its mother earth and my
weary spirit clasp her glad wings
and soar away to be forever with God

Nov 14th 1861 Had company to dine with me to day and although I love to be kind and friendly with every body yet I think I can plainly see from this day's experience that there is no use for those invited company to dine on special occasions not that any thing unpleasant occured nor was I betray into any anxious care about the dinner yet the useless preparation over taxing of the servants seemed useless and superfluous and I think for the future I will visit differently Oh for a perfect and entire consecration of my whole being unceasingly to God I feel humbly thankful that notwithstanding the hurry of the day I have had an abiding peace and a sense of my fathers approbation

Nov 21st 1841

I feel to night like doubling my dilligence I have been sorely tried and tempted in the last two weeks yet I thank God I still am enabled to be firm to my purpose to be entirely the Lords - The enemy of my soul is trying hard to make me cast away my confidence but by God's assisting grace I never: never will I have bound the sacrifice upon the altar and though ~~[illegible]~~ all the powers of darkness combined should come against me while I trust in Jesus I cannot be moved - I have had some strange experiences of late different from any thing I have ever felt before but I can truly say God is leading me by a way I have not hitherto known and I feel humbly thankful for these things and do desire with all my heart to glorify God in all I do or think or say I spent a night this week with Sister Gregory and in the morning just before prayer she came in the parlor where I was sitting alone and remarked how she thanked God for what she felt then that her whole soul was filled with love - turning round I threw my arms around her and oh how sweetly did Jesus fill my heart as she went on praising God for what He had done for her

Nov 24 1861 I feel it a pleasing duty to record here this sabbath night the deliverance I have from the trials that have so sorely beset me of late and I do thank God that during the season of trial my faith did not fail me - and I feel that I am strengthened by the trials I feel a spirit of persistency in prayer which surpasses anything I have ever felt before and oh my anchoring to night seems so secure my Saviour seems so near to me how good is God to me and what abundant cause of gratitude I have I am truly say that I long to be filled with all the fullness of God and I believe I shall attain it even in this life my soul is drawn out to agonize for the salvation of my darling son Alfred who is now in the army

Nov 30 1861 The last day of another month gone forever one month nearer my home above Thank God that I feel I am in the path that leads to Heaven. I have been sorely tried during this month and had experiences differing from those I usually have yet through all I have never wavered My purpose is fixed to serve God and make my way to Heaven How slowly I move in the divine life Oh for more of the spirit prayer I want every breath to be prayer or praise yet how often my soul is taken up with the things of time and sense I covenant to begin anew to serve my God from to night oh my Father give me thy Holy Spirit to help my infirmities I have spent most of this week away from home with an afflicted friend Mrs Wilson) and believe God will bless my humble labours there Whilst there I attended and Led the first female prayer meeting I ever attended and I can truly say My Saviour was present with me even abundantly more than I had expected our souls were all made happy and I received a favourable impression of a female prayer meeting and would love to attend one regularly Our Ministers are all gone to conference but our prayer and class meetings are kept up and we are blest when we meet oh for a greater conformity to God's will oh for more power to deny the flesh and take up my cross daily

Dec 1st 1891. I feel that God has been very good to me during this day I feel I have made a days journey toward my home above I thank God for all things my faith grows stronger and to night I feel that I rest calmly in Christ as my perfect Saviour I know the experiences through which I have passed of late have been good for me I am stronger Self has been put farther away I depend me upon God by faith - without regard to my feeling and I am determined by God's assisting grace not to stop short of any thing that has been purchased for me by the atonement of Christ I feel to night that I love God with my whole heart and my soul is lost in wonder and amazement at His condescending love to me — I have covenanted to pray this year in a very special manner for my own family particularly my husband God alone knows how desolate my heart feels sometimes when I think that here in this world we are so divided on the most important of all subjects and with the sad but too true reflection that unless he turns we must be seperated forever after death I have loved my husband deeply and sincerly and would willingly Lay down my life to save his soul

Our nation is involved in a civil war and desolation and destruction stalk abroad over our land My first born son has joined the army for the term of the war oh how often does my heart bleed for him My trust is alone in God I have committed my boy to his care and keeping oh how supremely valuable is religion to

me in such times as these — How I
thank God that I have never felt
any bitter feelings against our enemies
in this contest but have only felt
a desire that their hearts might be
changed toward us — I am pained
when I hear Christians speak with
a vindictive spirit and the thought comes
up how can the love of God dwell in
a heart with such feelings as these

Dec 2nd I am still trying to live near
the cross and believe I am daily drawing
nearer my God oh for more of the
spirit and mind that was in
Christ — Thank God I have learned
to live by faith — this I know is an
important lesson to the Christian
I have to day heard of cruel and
unjust accusations being brought
against me by one whom I once
thought a friend and all because
I will not make a compromise

with the world Oh my Father give me the faith and courage of a Martyr if need be Let me never never never or for one moment take the offering from off the hallowed altar Unto thy hands I commit my cause knowing that all things shall work together for my good so long as I am faithful And now I have filled up the last Leaf of this little book I trust the Spirit of God has prompted the words and that even in coming years some soul may be blest by reading them—

I am a weary of straying Oh fain would I rest
In that far distant land the home of the blest

My rest is in Heaven My home is not here
Then why should I murmur when trials appear

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"I have always believed that the christian may arrive to that perfected state when it can be no longer permitted to remain on earth— By constant prayer acts of benevolence love to all mankind and living a life ~~of entire~~ devoted to God the soul becomes purified and the casket of clay which holds it to earth bursts asunder and the sanctified spirit soars to the blest regions above"

Dr Adam Clark

SOMERVILLE-HOWORTH FAMILY

S. Myra Cox Smith. Diary, December 3, 1861 - July 25, 1868.

Volume 3

S Myra Smiths
Containing a Journal of my
Christian experiences day by day
beginning Dec 3rd 1861

第二

Dec 3rd 1861 I feel to night that onward and upward is the watch word of my soul – The witness of entire sanctification is given to night clear and without the shadow of a doubt My soul rest in confident assurance on the promises of God – and in the all sufficiency of Jesus blood to cleanse from all sin I feel my faith – of late sensibly increased and I am conscious of divine aid more manifestly when trying to exercise before others in any way either in prayer conversation or reading The most barren times seemingly now are when alone This is a new feature in my experience and at first it caused me some pain and much prayer and self examination My faith – now says Come in my way oh my God! I desire to be as clay in the hands of the potter

Dec 5) 1861 On reading over to night my experience on entire sanctification which I wrote out two years ago my soul was made happy and the witness that God had kept what was then committed to Him and would still keep it was given again oh now I long to be more like my Saviour in all things My soul pants to know more

Dec 3rd 1861 I feel to night that onward and upward is the watch word of my soul – The witness of entire sanctification is given to night clear and without the shadow of a doubt My soul rest in confidant assurance on the promises of God – and in the all sufficiency of Jesus blood to cleanse from all sin I feel my faith – of late sensibly increased and I am conscious of divine aid more manifestly when trying to exercise before others in any way either in prayer conversation or reading The most barren times seemingly now are when alone This is a new feature in my experience and at first it caused me some pain and much prayer and self examination My faith – now says come in any way oh my God! I desire to be as clay in the hands of the potter

Dec 5th 1861 On reading over to night my experience on entire sanctification which I wrote out two years ago my soul was made happy and the witness that God had kept what I then committed to Him and would still keep it was given again oh how I long to be more like my Saviour in all things My soul pants to know more of the plan of salvation to look deeper into the mysteries of our holy religion My soul breaths out in longing desire to see the work of God revived in our midst

Dec 8th 1861 My soul is happy to night and filled with love to God for two days past I have exerted every physical power to its utmost putting our little church in perfect order Just as we were about done a storm of rain came up just then a brother came in and as our work was done and we could not get home on account of the rain I sat down feeling very weary in body the brother I mentioned began talking about his experience during the week and while he talked I looked around and felt so glad that I persevered through many discouragements in having the church put in such nice order and then came the feeling that it was Gods house and how blessed to be permitted to come there and work and just then as though God would reward me for it a flood of love and joy was poured into my soul My Saviour drew very near to me and glory be to God involuntarily escaped from my lips The brother proposed to have prayer we knelt at the altar and he prayed I could do nothing but praise God oh how full was my poor soul and the Language of my heart now is praise and thanks giving to God than truly can I say I would rather be a door keeper in the house of my God than to dwell in the tents of wickedness

Dec 11th 1861 Have spent the past two days from home and feel glad to be alone again I am convinced that the Christians best days are those spent mostly alone tis then our Saviour comes nearest to us tis then Heaven seems most inviting and the world least attractive retirement is to the soul ~~is~~ what food is to the body and most happy is that one who has learned well the art of walking alone with Jesus oh blessed Saviour give me the power so to do oh Let me seek *thee* more and more I feel to night happy my soul is filled sweetly filled oh I long to be more like my Saviour in all things I want to feel every moment that I am growing in grace and in the knowledge of God —

Dec 12th 1861 I don't know why but I feel more like writing lately than ~~for~~ usual I have been visiting more of late than is generally my custom I felt it to be my duty to do so therefore have done it The year draws to a close and I feel thankful for the determinations I find in my heart I am convinced that it will require a martyrs spirit to carry me unpoluted through the world oh that I may be endued with it fully

Dec 23, 1861 This has been a day of sweet peace and sacred rest to my soul not a cloud intervenes between my soul and God all is calm and peace within - I feel that new light has broken in upon my soul I realize more fully what is required of those who desire to live a life of entire consecration what is comprised in the term entire sanctification oh how my soul pants after God I feel that God has been in the last few weeks teaching me many useful Lessons and I praise Him for it though they were greivous to the flesh indeed yet I feel now they are yielding the peacible fruits of righteousness I desire to be shut up to God so entirely that nothing may be wanting I feel that in the past I have suffered my heart to run out after my Christian friends too much - tis a precious privilage to be with them and hear them talk but oh give me the power to walk alone with Jesus - and desire nothing more then when I meet them I shall enjoy their society without rebuke I spent a few precious moments this evening with brother Andrews and felt the Holy Spirit's presence sanctifying our intercourse oh that God would enable us to build each other up this year in a very special way

January 1st 1862 The first day of a new year and through God's grace I am still in the land of the living oh that I may not be a mere cumberer of the ground this year - I would consecrate myself anew to God this night and pray that His Holy Spirit may seal me anew [redacted] and give me to know more fully what is an acceptable offering to God - I look away from self and from past attainments from all my own works of righteousness and feel that my very best acts without the cleansing blood of Christ would sink me down to despair oh how I do realize to night that I can do nothing without Christ I want to be simple as a little child before its young heart has felt the rising of a vain ~~thought~~ or feeling, I want the power to realize that God is every moment looking at my heart I want to know that my Saviour is with me every moment leading and guiding me and that all my acts are pleasing in His sight I pray myself a living sacrifice upon the altar and covenant by God's assistance to be more abundant in labours for the salvations of precious souls to please not myself but God to deny the flesh and take up my cross daily and follow Christ I seek only God's approbation — I feel thankful that I can say I have grown much in grace the past year and learned more of the hidden life and that to night the witness of entire sanctification is brighter and more abiding and faith more steadfast

Jan 2nd 1862 The closing of this day finds me calm and peaceful but I have not been every moment as watchful as I should have been oh how much prayerful watchfulness is necessary to keep the heart right — It is my sincere desire to know my own heart and that the Holy Spirit would search me continually —

Jan 17 1862 I feel thankful that I can say I know the work of grace deepens in my heart and I long for more of the mind that was in Christ — This was my regular fast day but being more than usually engaged I have not been as much in secret prayer yet feel to night an abiding evidence of my acceptance with God oh how my soul pants to attain the heights and depths of religion I have had some sore trials of my faith this week and I cant yet see the end but feel no impatience but rest until God shall see fit to make it all plain and teach me just the lesson He intends

Jan 20th 1862 In many respects this has been a day of trial to me satan assaulted sorely in the morning and at noon but thank God I was enabled to flee to Christ and found relief to night I feel calm and peaceful all my trust is in Jesus and I feel I am growing in grace and being prepared for my final home Last saturday I was unusually blest by these words of St Paul "for the weapons of our warfare are not carnal but mighty through God to the pulling down &c" I felt them applied to my heart as an assurance that though I was tempted and tried yet I had not gone a warfare at my own charges or with carnal weapons but with those of God's own furnishing and that therefore I must prevail

Feb 5 1862 I feel I have been somewhat remiss in not committing my thoughts to paper oftener for I believe the christian ought to take this way to acknowledge God's goodness to him or her In the days that have intervened God has been very good to me & and has answered some of my

prayers most signally and for these things
I am humbled in the dust and my soul
filled with gratitude — last sunday evening
being very rainy and dull looking I
retired about 4 oclock for private prayer
I had felt for days as if there was a blessing
just ahead of me and I longed to obtain it
Just as I kneeled a spirit of persistency in
prayer took hold of me and I resolved
to get the blessing and it did not long
tarry on the way a window in Heaven
was opened and the Spirit descended into
to soul and seemed to say ask what you
will and it shall be done unto you
Another experience I would record For
two years or more and particularly last
year and up to this time in this year
I have been the subject of the most
unjust persecutions from saint and sinner
at home and abroad all last year it seemed
as if it could not be removed and do as
I would it seemed to make no difference
I studied how to act so as to give no
occasion for these persecutions to arise
and all had not power to prevent them
the storm raged with unabated fury
and I felt that the lesson I had to learn
from them was patience and perfect submission
until I at length began to feel that I could
rejoice in them and thank God for all

Turn over to page 12 —

I feel to the praise of God it is due that in the closing of the year I should make some record of His dealings with my soul during this year 1861 which have been tempered with great mercy to me Just in the closing week of the old year 1860 in the absence of all our Ministers it became my solemn duty to attend the death-bed of a young Man who after several weeks of painful illness seemed to have just wakened up to the consciousness of the awful fact that he was about being ushered by death in to the presence of his God without a preparation - In trying to minister to him my own soul was admonished anew of the great necessity of being ready whenever the summons should come for me to depart Until again I consecrated myself to God more fully and determined by His grace to live the coming year nearer the cross to come out more entirely from the world and dare to be singular for Christ's sake - Need I say that satan and his advisaries disputed every inch of the way The fires of persecution have burned around me from friends and foes opposition has come and at one time an impassible mountain seemed to lie just before me my path way which had for days seemed to be more and more hedged up seemed now about to be blocked up by this seemingly impassible mountain - calling to mind that "he that hath put his hand to the gospel plough and looketh back is not fit for the kingdom of Heaven" I resolved again in the strength of Jesus to press forward and lo when I came up to it the rough places were made smooth and I was reminded of Bunyan's pilgrim who found the lions chained when he came up to them - Our Minister for the year (dear brother Andrews is a man wholly consecrated sanctified and set apart for God's work and I expected to be greatly benefited and encouraged by his teachings and example and praise be to God my most sanguine expectations were realized I bless God that He ever sent brother Andrews here for I feel that the work of grace begun by the Holy Spirit in my heart ~~through~~ the teachings of dear brother Harrington has been greatly enlarged and deepened by the ministrations of brother Andrews - The first meeting of note was our watch night meeting oh precious meeting never never can I forget it - Several of our young lady members who had in all except name gone back to the world came to the watch meeting After

being seated the thought came to sing something
and then what shall I sing just then my
attention was attracted by some one changing
their seat and my eyes fell upon Miss
Mary Dunn in whom I had always felt a deep
interest even above all the other young members
of the church but who seemed almost lost
to the church As my eyes fell upon her
the words "And can I yet delay my little
all to give" were presented to me ~~and at~~
~~at the [illegible]~~ I began to sing them praying
all the time earnestly for her because the
impression was made upon my mind at
the time the words of the hymn were presen
ted that she was just on the very verge
of destruction — The preaching of the word
by bro Andrews was attended with power and all the
while this same dear girl was kept before
me and my soul wrestled in prayer for
her deliverance before the meeting had
closed she had solemnly resolved in her
heart to change her life and be a christian
and God in mercy heard and gave her
strength to keep the resolution and she is now
a joyful witness that the blood of Jesus cleanseth
from all sin —

things about six weeks ago while praying these words came forcibly to me "Father the hour is come glorify thy son" a voice seemed to say would you be so presumptious as to wish God to glorify you my soul saw the cloven foot instantly and replied no but I would have Him glorify himself through me and I felt as if God said for this time it was enough and would rebuke the wind and the waves then within the space of ten days without my turning a wheel the persecutions ceased and the hearts of those that were before set against me turned to me and I am made astonished continually and the waves seem to be parting for me to go forward I praise God for this exhibition of His favor and love and pray that I may be kept humble

Feb 7th 1862 Has rained all day in consequence of which some expectations of meeting Christians in a prayer meeting were disappointed but I felt no murmuring in my heart this was my day of fasting I fasted from breakfast and having a headache at dinner I ate to see if it would cure it but it did not and I feel sorrow that I did not fast the whole day out All my hope is in Christ and His atonement for me and I can say I feel His blood applied to night to cleanse from all sin

Feb 10 1862 Monday night This has been a day long to be remembered by me as a day of great good to my soul on saturday morning I rose a good while before day and kneeled to pray and was led to ask that I might have a greater realization of God's presence than usual and immediately I felt that God was drawing near to me and suddenly I saw with an eye of faith my Saviour standing beside me He seemed to lay His hand on my head and these words came forcibly to me just as if Jesus had spoken them to me "receive ye the Holy Ghost" I can never fully express my feelings I felt that power from on high was communicated to me My faith rose triumphant and my soul was filled with love since that hour it seems as if waves of glory have been rolling over my soul Yesterday after we came from church My husband myself and several other persons were sitting around the fire My husband remarked that he had heard the state of the sinner beautifully described once by a Minister in the pulpit thus he compared the sinner to a man in a skiff fishing out in the Niagra river with his oars in the bottom of the skiff

and the boat floating down the current
while he was so intent on his fishing
suddenly he was aroused by the roar of
the kataract startling up for a moment
he paused and Listend oh that is far
off and I am safe no danger it is too
far off he resumed his fishing when
again the roar broke more loudly
upon his ear starting up again he
paused and Listend the water followed
camly and smoothly on beneath the boat
tis too far off I am in no danger yet
so bending over the side of the boat he
became more than ever absorbed in
his fishing until the dashing of the
boat discovered to him that he was
at the head of the rapids seazing his
oars he began to row for life close
by he sees a tree whose branches dipped
in the water I can reach it and get
hold of the limbs and save myself but
to his horror when he reached it the
branches which seemed to dip in the
water were twenty feet high the boat
dashed past and he exclaimed oh God
I am lost — One of the young men present
shuddered and exclaimed you scare me
my own bosom heaved with the power
of the spirit present my husband shuddered
all over the tears burst from his eyes
and he said I believe I have scared
myself and I feel assured that God

sent His Spirit down then and there and then
my husband was powerfully convicted all
who were present felt it glory be to God
for this manifestation of His power

~~to through~~ two weeks ago it was deeply
impressed on my heart while praying
that if the young girl (Catherine McCauley
who had come to sew for me a month
did not get more religion while
she remained with me that her blood
would be required at my hands and
since that time I have thought and
prayed over it. This morning we
were sitting alone each busy sewing
the hymn "And can I yet delay"
came up to me and at once I began to
sing it and pray that God would send
the words with the power of His Spirit to
her heart and convict her for sanctification
My own soul was blest but not a word
was said in a half hour after I
retired for prayer and never never
can I forget that hour and I feel
I owe it to God that I make some
record of it my soul was bathed in
the ocean of Gods love joy rapture
visions of glory swept over my soul
and I felt I would start anew and
labour for God — When I came back
to my great joy the dear girl I just
mentioned was rejoicing in the conscious
possession of entire sanctification

to God be all the glory but oh can I ever praise him enough

Feb 15th 1862 Saturday — In looking over this week I can truly say it has been one of great mercy and blessing to me and I feel I have made some considerable advance in the divine life I have received light in reference to fasting for which I am thankful

Feb 18th 1862 Our country is in the midst of a bloody war and at the present the tide seems to turn in favor of our enemies and on account of these things I am in heaviness yet I feel thankful that to night I have the witness that the blood of Jesus cleanseth me from all sin and that I have a building not made with hands eternal in the Heavens My darling son is in the army [redacted] and only God and myself know my feelings when I think of him I have and do daily commit him to God's keeping — I believe it will go well with him — My soul melts in gratitude to God for signs of a revival in our little which I begin to see

March 1st 1862 My soul still leans upon God in humble trusting faith and I feel that all my times are in his hands I have perfect peace and know the work of grace is deepening in my soul

April 13th 1862 Tis the holy sabbath evening our second quarterly meeting and although I felt the comforting presence of the Holy Spirit at the communion this morning yet the vacant seats at church told of departures of bereavements of distresses and my soul turns away sickened and saddened from all these sorrows of earth and feels that it will be a joyful day when she shall be safely housed in Heaven where there will be no more parting nor tears

It has been some weeks since I wrote I have been from home in the time. Have met while absent Bro. bro Camp and had a delightful talk with him on the subject of entire consecration to God Bro Camp is a holy devoted man and is doing a great work May the Lord be with him

Since I returned home I have had many sweet experiences and deep communion with God I love to be alone because I feel then that I can commune with my God I can realize His presence and I do

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Feb 18th 1862 Our country is in the midst of a bloody war and at the present the tide seems to turn in favor of our enemies and on account of these things I am in heaviness yet I feel thankful that to night I have the witness that the blood of Jesus cleanseth me from all sin and that I have a building not made with hands eternal in the Heavens My darling son is in the army [redacted] to the [redacted] and only God and myself know my feelings when I think of him I have and do daily commit him to God's keeping — I believe it will go well with him — My soul melts in gratitude to God for signs of a revival in our little which I begin to see

March 1st 1862 My soul still leans upon God in humble trusting faith and I feel that all my times are in his hands I have perfect peace and know the work of grace is deepening in my soul

April 13th 1862 Tis the holy sabbath evening our second quarterly meeting and although I felt the comforting presence of the Holy Spirit at the communion this morning yet the vacant seats at church told of departures of bereavements of distresses and my soul turns away sickened and saddened from all these sorrows of earth and feels that it will be a joyful day when she shall be safely housed in Heaven where there will be no more parting nor tears It has been some weeks since I wrote I have been from home in the time. Have met while absent Bro Camp and had a delightful talk with him on the subject of entire consecration to God Bro Camp is a holy devoted man and is doing a great work May the Lord be with him Since I returned home I have had many sweet experiences and deep communion with God I love to be alone because I feel then that I can commune with my God I can realize His presence and I do not feel lonely one experience I have had I would record — this day week ago was the battle fought at Shiloh our troops were concentrated there and the enemy were advancing and to me it was apparent that a battle was inevitable very soon I felt that let others do and feel as they might it was my duty to be much in prayer for our army and especially for my dear son Alfred — On Thursday morning about 6 oclock while praying for his safety in the battle a sense of my own unworthiness came over me with such an overwhelming power that my soul seemed almost crushed with the feeling as I was sinking down I cried Lord not for any merit in me not for any in him but in the name and for the sake of Jesus Just as if I was electrified my soul leaped within me God the Father seemed to come near very near to me and to say no plea presented in that name could fail I rested in that assurance on saturday morning which was the day before the battle at the same hour I had an assurance given me that my Son would be saved in that battle and I never doubted after that my faith was unwavering and I praised God aloud and I praise him now for what he has done my son passed through that battle of three days fighting without a scratch on him oh the goodness and mercy of God —

April 25th 1862 My usual course of life has been very much interrupted in the past two weeks — I have been in busy scenes for me yet thanks be to God I feel to night that the fire still burns brightly on the altar of my poor heart — I have been permitted in the past week to receive into my house and nurse a poor sick and dying soldier and the Holy Spirit helped me to point his faith to Christ in that way that he was enabled to lay hold upon Him as his Saviour he died and left us a testimony behind that he had gone to rest in the bosom of Jesus

Our pastor dear brother Andrews has been selected and appointed Chaplain of a regiment of cavalry and we are left without an earthly chaplain for the present oh that the great head of the church would draw nearer to this little flock Here I would record a tribute of respect and friendship to our beloved pastor brother Andrews — For deep devotion not feel lonely one experience I have had I would record — this day week ago was the battle fought at Shiloh our troops were concentrated there and the enemy were advancing and to all it was apparent that a battle was inevitable very soon I felt that let others do and feel as they might it was my duty to be much in prayer for our army and especially for my dear son Alfred — On Thursday morning about 6 oclock while praying for his safety in the battle a sense of my own unworthiness came over me with such an overwhelming power that my soul seemed almost crushed with the feeling as I was sinking down I cried Lord not for any merit in me not for any in him but in the name and for the sake of Jesus Just as if I was electrified my soul leaped within me God the Father seemed to come near very near to me and to say the plea presented in that name could fail I rested in that assurance on saturday morning which was the day before the battle at the same hour I had an assurance given me that my son would be saved in that battle and I never doubted after that my faith was unwavering and I praised God aloud and I praise him now for what he has done my son passed through that battle of three days fighting without a scratch on him Oh the goodness and mercy of God —

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Nov 14 1862 For seven long months my pen has been silent I feel that I have been very remiss many times yet much of the time I have been so occupied that I had no moment of time left to my self — I have passed through many trying scenes in these last months my whole course of life is changed have moved to the plantation in the time and am thereby cut off from the blessed privilege of meeting in class and prayer meeting and I humbly confess before God that these things have been hurtful to my religion I have gone back in some degree I have often oh how often grieved the Holy Spirit but thank God He has not withdrawn His Spirit from me but has continued to woo me to come to Him And here to night I would consecrate myself anew to Him and now oh Father I do ask thee in the name of Jesus never to leave me to myself never to withdraw thy Spirit's influence from around me

Dec 31st 1862 the last day of the old year oh how solemnly does it remind me of neglected duties and broken vows how many have been the changes in my life during this year our whole land is rent and torn with the disasters of a civil war and there is no home but which is made sad these outward troubles make more or less impress on my own soul and my life flows in a different channel outwardly but thank God within it is the same the same love for religion the same longing after all the mind of Christ the same earnest desire to glorify God in all things and I feel at the closing of this year a stronger determination to live nearer the cross than ever

Jan 1st 1863 Finds me isolated and cut off from all church privileges no christian communion yet thank God I can truthfully say I never felt a firmer determination to leave all and follow Christ I would here consecrate my self anew to God and do resolve He being my helper to get nearer to Him this year I thank the Lord for the faith I have to night I thank Him for the longing I feel in my heart after perfect holiness of heart and life oh I do want to be more like my blessed Saviour in all things

Jan 2nd I feel to night peace but not all that I desire have felt the spirits presence with me to day yet feel that I have not every moment been as watchful as I should have been

Dec 23 1863 As this year draws to a close I feel that duty calls upon me to bear testimony to the sustaining grace which has been given me all the waves and the billows have gone over me yet I have not been forsaken I have suffered the loss of the dearest of to which the heart clings. when the year 1863 entered I was a happy wife with an abundant home. Its close finds me a penniless homeless widow with an afflicted ~~[illegible]~~ family and yet amid all I have been calmly peacefully sustained. I know not how we are to be provided with necessary food and clothing for the coming year yet I am not troubled for God knows what we have need of and though we have been greatly straitened yet we have not suffered. ~~[illegible]~~ I never felt my trust in God firmer and religion entire consecration was never more precious to my soul. And I purpose God being my helper to get nearer to Him this coming year and if I live to see its close that it may find me far on in advance of my present attainments.

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March 16th 1866 I purpose to begin anew the record of my religious experience by God's assistance — Over two years have elapsed since the husband of my youth and the cherished companion of [illegible] taken from me and although left desolate and destitute yet I have not been forsaken of God. I have

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unremitting labours I have none seen his
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to each others good Often has my
faith - taken fresh hold by a single
remark from him and as often
in turn have I heard from his
lips the same experience - These
hallowed seasons are past maybe
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March 18th 1866 I purpose to begin anew the record of my religious experiences by God's assistance —

Over two years have elapsed since the husband of my youth and the cherished companion of my riper years was taken from me and although left desolate and destitute yet I have not been forsaken of God — I have

fully proved that the God whom
I trusted in the sunshine did
not leave me in the storm but
came to me walking on the waters
of affliction and I have heard His
voice It is I be not afraid.
My sufferings have been great
but my consolations in Christ
have been greater I have felt
that an arm stronger than
mine enemies was underneath
me and though my frail bark
has been rocked in the tempest
yet her anchorage was not
loosened - My trust in Christ to
day is firm and abiding and the
sure prospect of a home in Heaven
is cheering to my soul oh how
delightful the thought after so many
tossings to and fro to meet at last in
Heaven to make one of the vast multitude
that John saw and to join in the
song of the redeemed. May God help
me this year to be more faithful more
prayerfull more instant in season and out
of season

April 18th 1865 I still feel like pressing
forward and more earnestly after all the mind
of Christ After about 22 years spent in
the service of my God I can say I am
not tired of His service but feel

that His yoke is easy and His burden
light Yet I have to lament that I am
not what I should be - too often oh
how often I have proved unfaithfull
to the grace given and brought leanness
and darkness into my soul I Still my
purpose is fixed to follow my Saviour
whithersoever He goeth - The best
part of my life is gone I have entered
my declining years and slowly and steadily
I am [illegible] tending to the tomb - oh!
that I may be ready when the Master
calls

May 28th I bless and praise God
that I feel to day I have renewed
my covenant with Him and
that I have now the witness of
His dear Spirit with mine that
the union between my spirit and
and His has been made sure
oh blessed blessed beyond descrip
tion this holy religion that calms
the troubled soul that gives
perfect resignation under all trials
and discouraging circumstances
that enables us to look poverty
and dependance in the face and
say with triumphant joy thy will
oh God not mine be done - The
war that has desolated our land
for 4 years has suddenly come to

a close bringing with it defeat
and bankruptcy to very many one among
the number Our home is burned
up our property gone scattered to
the winds but My trust and
consolation in Christ no Man
can take away from me

June 17th 1865

Still my purpose
is fixed to live near the cross
I have had some comforting
experiences of late and some severe
trials —

Sept 17th 1865 Still all my desire
is Nearer my God to thee nearer
to thee Severe trials have pressed
upon me in the past two months
yet [illegible] all within me longs for
a more perfect union of heart
and life with Christ — I feel
assured that all is on the altar
and is graciously accepted
through the merits of Jesus
outward things sometimes fret
me more than they ought and
I am betrayed into a hastiness
of speaking that causes me to feel
depressed after and I know injures
my influence over others from

this oh Lord I cry to be delivered
I do not spend enough time in prayer
in this I purpose to amend oh
Lord help thou my infirmaties

July 2 1864

After a lapse of many
months [illegible] without com mitting my
experiences to paper or feeling
much desire so to do I feel to
day drawn out to resume my
former habit ~~of writing~~
~~[illegible]~~ and to begin
to day to hold a sort of class meeting
with my own heart and endeavor
by close self examination to gain
large advantage over my own
nature I feel to day a hungering
and thirsting after tale the mind
of Christ I know that nothing short
of this can enable me [illegible] successfully
to meet and properly bear all the
trials and temptations incident to
a follower of Jesus

Dec 29th 1867 As this year draws to a close I am led to exclaim oh! the goodness and mercy of God through what conflicts have I passed: all the waves and billows have gone over my head in the past two years yet my anchorage in Christ is sure my trust is steadfast my peace deep and abiding although all around me in regard to temporal things is sad sad oh so sad

Jan 13th 1868 A new year has been ushered in and to all human appearances nothing but hardships and privations await me and yet with these in near prospect my soul rest peacefully and trustfully in Jesus. I am brought very low in regard to this worlds goods my wants are known only to God from whom cometh all my help I feel that I am wholly the Lords by a solemn covenant all my desire is to do His will

Jan 20th I praise God to night for the faith I have oh this blessed peace it does indeed pass all understanding I have been enabled to lay my all upon the altar and realize that it is accepted through Christ and that the blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin Oh this blessed rest of faith how precious

July 25th 1845

By God's assisting grace I purpose to begin anew to record my religious experiences and truly begin anew to live a more regular Christian life — I have been sorely tried of late God alone knows it all and I fear I have not fled to Christ for refuge and strength as I know I have done I can say with truth that the work of grace is revived in my soul and this has been a comforting days experience to me notwithstanding I had some severe trials

[illegible] Smith

SS

S L S S

I am the life

SOMERVILLE-HOWORTH FAMILY

S. Myra Cox Smith. Diary, April 6, 1852 - December 2, 1861.
Transcribed by Nellie Nugent Somerville.

Volume 4

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Volume 4

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April 6th 1852.
I have felt of late much variableness in my religious feeling. Sometimes my prayers seem to rise like grateful incense to the throne of mercy and bring the blessing down to my waiting soul.
Some days since I was peculiarly blessed while praying for my husband. I felt my soul much drawn out and that God did deign to hear me and I had strong assurance that the Spirit would continue to strive with him. And with that I felt much comforted for most to be dreaded of all estates 'tis that where the tear of

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repentance no longer starts at the sound of alarm, where the whole soul seems wrapt in a profound sleep. Oh, that awful sleep of sin, into which man sinks when the Spirit ceases to strive! My God, deliver me from this wretched state. Rather let Thy Holy Spirit thunder at the door of my heart until I shall be forced to rise and let the heavenly messenger in.

April 14.

Through the mercy of God I have again been blessed with the privilege of attending another quarterly meeting. And I thank the Lord that I feel I have been profited by it.

I feel more sensibly than ever the goodness of our Saviour in instituting the sacrament of the Lord's Supper as a means of grace to the humble christian. O. heavenly feast it is indeed to the poor tempest tossed soul! Dear Saviour grant me that I may ever receive it thro faith in Thee.

My heart feels more fixed and stayed on the Saviour of late. I feel more engagedness in time of prayer. And oft in singing, altho employed about the common business of my family, my soul is borne up on the wings of love and my whole heart is drawn out

in praise to God.
Father, may this blessed state continue, but oh, may it not exalt me in my own estimation or for one moment cause me to lose sight of my own unworthiness and the perfection of Jesus is my only salvation.

April 28.

Have been much engaged this day in work for the family but I feel thankful that I am enabled to look up and continually lean upon the strong arm of Jesus. I have found, from sad experience, that without His strong arm of support I can do nothing, and, thanks be to His holy name, with it I can do all things. Dear Saviour, ever keep me humble, and may I stand in my proper place, watching unto prayer.

May 13.

"The praying spirit breathe,
the watching power impart;
from all entanglements beneath
call off my anxious heart".

Oh, God, may this be my daily prayer, oh, may the fire of divine love burn brighter and steadier within my heart!

I was privileged last Sabbath in a degree that was more than ordinary for Christians here. I was permitted to attend preaching once and class-meeting twice and oh, how it warmed up my frozen feelings and cheered my desponding heart to commune with the children of God.

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Father of all mercies, revive thy work, oh, revive it in this neighborhood. Oh, God, let not the wicked man always prevail. And those that lift their arms and bend their bows to send forth arrows to slay thy people, oh Father, let their darts fall to the ground harmless and may the wicked devices that they form in their hearts recoil upon their own heads. Oh, may they be made to feel and know that God is the Lord and that He will slay the wicked and preserve the righteous.

August 24.

I humbly trust that whilst sinners are being awakened and converted to God, I, who have long professed His name, have not been standing altogether idle.

In reading Mr Wesley's sermon on the wilderness state I was brought to see my own position. I feel that through sin and unbelief I have been driven back and made to wander in the wilderness for many months. But praise to God for His long suffering and forbearance, I have not been cut off whilst in that state but have been preserved through the darkness And by prayer and hard wrestling God, for the sake of His Son, Jesus, has again smiled upon my poor soul. And after duly considering the past I can say that now I am willing to forsake all to follow Jesus.

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I have learned not to trust altogether in feeling as being religion, but that the Christian must live and be saved by simple faith in the son of God. I am willing to lie at the foot of the cross, to have no will of my own and whether He sends joy or sorrow, to receive all as from the hand of a merciful God who wills not the death of any but that all should be save.

Lord, hear me and save me eternally for Jesus' sake.

Aug. 31.

I this day enter upon my 30th year. For thirty years I have been the object of God's amazing love and mercy. And wherefore? For any good that is in me? Oh, no - Alas, I can do nough but fall at His feet and cry "guilty, guilty"!

And now let me look back a little, and commune awhile with my conscience. Where do I stand, what advance have I made in holiness in the last twelve months?

Bless the Lord; I can say that I feel I have made some advance. Tho not what was my privilege to have made. I feel calmer and more peaceful, more firmly rooted and grounded in faith and love, a greater willingness to lie at the foot of the cross and to give up my own will at all times to the will of God. Yet how far short do I come of being a perfect christian God alone can tell.

I have had some sore conflicts lately. It has appeared to me that Satan had a thousand darts pointed at me, and to my own shame and confusion, many of them did not fail their mark. But still, thanks to my Redeemer, I was enabled to look up, and after a momentary reflection fly to the rock that is higher than I. My daily prayer now is, Lord, save me, Lord, sanctify me through the rich grace, enable me to bind all my Isaacs to the altar of thy love, to be not like Martha of old, busy and careful of too many things which pertain only to the creature but rather, like Mary, content to sit at the Saviour's feet forever.

I have a strong faith that my husband is becoming truly awakened on the all important subject of his soul's salvation. I have strong faith while praying for him of late

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Sometimes almost seem to have an answer to prayer that he will very soon come out and take a bold stand on the Lord's side.

God almighty hear my prayer.

Oh, blessed Jesus, look in mercy and compassion

June 5, 1853.

For nearly a year my pen has been idle, no good thought committed to paper. The world enjoyed, my body cared for in every way but [illegible] no though of God recorded.

How unworthy, how ungrateful to God for all his mercies.

Day after day that I live I feel my own unworthiness and utter inability to do one good thing without the Holy Spirit moving me.

October 5 - 1853 -

For more than four months disease

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and death have been all around me. Sinners have been hurried, unprepared, to the grave, christians have been called to join the souls above, to swell the songs of the redeemed of the Lord. That awful pestilence the yellow fever, has been moving steadily through the land, slaying its hundreds and even thousands. And whilst many hearts have been made to bleed for the loss of all that was dear to them on earth, our little family circle has been preserved. And why and wherefore? For the sake of Jesus alone and not for any good that is in us. And amidst all this awful judgment of God, I would ask my own soul, where do I stand today and what is my own feeling today? I feel thankful to God this day that I can say, "I know that my Redeemer liveth. I feel this day that I have a home in heaven and that, if I hold out faithful, I shall inherit a crown of righteousness. I do feel my heart so full sometimes of love to God and all mankind that alone, where no eye but the eye of God can see me, I am enabled to shout aloud the praises of my God. I am sure my feelings are not the effect of religious excitement, for, with the exception of two sermons, one by Father Laine and one by Mr Camp, I have been denied religious privileges of a public nature for near about four months, our preacher having left the circuit.

I have been trying to serve God and through the blood of Jesus make my way to heaven for many years. I have been very unfaithful, I have followed Jesus at a great distance a great deal of the time. Satan has tried me, my own sinful nature has caused me to falter, and yet, through all, I have never once thought of turning back. I have had doubts and difficulties of every kind and darkness has at one time eveloped my whole soul and I felt as if God's irrevocable curse was pronounced upon me, yet still I tried to press onward. I knew that certain destruction was behind therefore I dared not give up nor look back, therefore I still tried to press onward. And I feel today that God for Christ's sake has forgiven me and blessed me and that He will still bless and lead me. And at this hour I can fully enter into the poet's feelings when, in the fulness of his heart, he breaks out into that beautiful strain,

"Jesus, the name to sinners dear, the
name to sinners given,
It scatters all their guilty fears,
it turns their hell to heaven".

April 8. 1854.

What changes have taken place in our earthly circumstances. We have moved to our new home and new scenes, new friends and associations have sprung up around us. How thankful we ought to be to God for all these temporal blessings and how humbled into the dust for our unworthiness, our coldness and great want of holiness of heart. I feel that I am unworthy of the least of all these blessings and mercies from thy bountiful hand. oh, my Father.

May 25th

I feel this day a firm trust and reliance in the promises of the gospel and that I can claim those promises as a right purchased for me by my dear Saviour. Oh, precious Saviour, thou art to me. Surely none has ever been so unworthy as I am and yet how am I blessed.

A few days ago I felt the power of the Holy Ghost come upon me, the Lord blest my soul with such an outpouring of his Holy Spirit that I was made to shout and praise the God that loved me and gave himself for me.

I thank God that I can say he has given me clearer and more scriptural views of the plan of salvation by faith in the merits of a crucified Redeemer, without any merit on my part.

I feel that of myself I can do nothing but sin, and my daily prayer is that God would lead me by his Holy Spirit, that he would keep me from being a stumbling block in the way of any creature on earth. God grant that I may never bring a reproach upon the cause of my blessed Redeemer, but rather that I may let my life so shine before men that I may be the instrument in the hands of God of bringing some poor sin sick soul to Christ

May 27

"Bless the Lord, oh my soul and all that is within me bless his holy name". Yes, I do bless the Lord and call on all within me to bless his holy name for his goodness and abundant mercies to me. Oh, how my full heart swells with gratitude to my God this holy Sabbath morning for the gift of his dear Son. Oh, what amazing love.

to sinners to send into the world his only begotten son, a part of his own divine nature to die the death of the cross for fallen, sinful man.

Oh, precious Saviour thou art to me, the chief of sinners.

What a glorious meeting we had last night and what a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. His Spirit came down and made the hearts of his children rejoice.

I thank thee, oh, my Father, for what I felt and for what I do feel at this present moment. I thank thee for the witness of the Holy Spirit at this hour, witnessing as it does to my spirit that I am born of God, that my name is written in the Lamb's book of life, that I have an intercessor at the throne of God, a Saviour in heaven and a full assurance that if I hold out to the end, God, for the sake of my Saviour, will give me a crown of life that fadeth not away, eternal in the heavens. Oh my Father, keep me ever humbled at the foot of the cross, oh, let not my proud heart be lifted up to think more highly of myself than I ought to think. Lord, help me, that I place not too high an estimate on my own works of righteousness. Help me to do all I can, and when I have done all, let the feeling of my heart still be, "guilty, guilty, none is good but one and that [redacted] is God".

July 8. 1854.

Again do I put my pen to paper in testimony of my gratitude to my God, who, notwithstanding my great unworthiness, still spares me, still preserves, and still, I trust, keeps my feet from falling. The feeling that I would be found trying to be a christian all my life and then at last fail of heaven has been to me a source of great heaviness of heart, and when the feeling comes over me, as it often does, like a flood, I find there is no safety but at the foot of the cross and there do I go. And when I go humbly to the foot of the cross, forgetting all human means, and throw myself unreservedly upon the atonement made upon that cross for me and all mankind, I never go away empty. Jesus rarely ever fails to meet me at the foot of his dear cross. Oh, wondrous love! To bleed and

die, to bear the cross and shame,
that guilty sinners, such as I, might
plead his gracious name.

June 19, 1859.

In the fear of God, with a deep sense of my own entire unworthiness, I now put my pen to paper to declare what God, for Christ's sake has done for my soul.

For many months my mind has been deeply concerned on the subject of entire sanctification. Yet, not all the time, for I have, at intervals during those months, slacked in my diligence in seeking the blessing of a pure heart. But thanks be to God, his Spirit would still, ever and anon, come and urge upon me the necessity of being entirely consecrated to God in order to be able successfully to meet and resist the many temptations to which I was continually exposed whilst I felt that the roots and bitterness of sin to some extent remained in my heart.

This I felt daily, and that this indwelling sin was continually bringing me into condemnation before God and dimming my light as a christian before my fellow beings.

All these I felt, and more.

The Spirit plainly discovered to my mind and heart that I had come to that point where I must make a full surrender of all life, time, talents, friends, home, happiness, and every earthly consideration, or go back and wander in the wilderness again.

This I had once done and my poor soul shrunk back with horror at the thought

Then says the Spirit of God, you have come to the promised inheritance, go over in the strength of Jesus and possess the goodly land.

I tried to obey the heavenly mandate. I thought that time must be given in order to purify myself. So I set to work. Fasting and praying, examining the scriptures and reading every book I could get on the subject of entire sanctification. And whilst I know that all these are good and are great helps to the soul that is thus exercised, yet, furthermore, I know that the scriptures teach that without faith it is impossible to please God. And after I felt a full assurance that I had laid all upon the altar and that the consecration was entire, my faith staggered at the promises and here I remained, trying to believe but ever failing

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But at length the victory was mine. I arose about quarter past four on Sunday morning, June 19, and retired for prayer whilst all was quiet and I felt that I had time and opportunity to hold communion with God.

With my bible open upon my knees, I read, "Therefore I say unto you, what things soever you desire, when you pray, believe that you receive them and ye shall have them.

And now believe, continued the Spirit to urge. I felt drawn out. I strove, I wrestled, I tried again and again, to take God at his word and believe. I felt the Spirit's influence on my heart. I felt my Saviour drawing nearer and nearer. At length, by faith, I saw my Saviour and his blood flowing like a stream to cleanse me from all sin, but Jesus was

on the other side of the stream.
I was brought to the verge of the stream, but my soul drew back.
I could pray no longer. I arose from my knees but I still kept all upon the altar.
After a few household duties were performed I again found time to go to God on my knees and my prayer this time was, "Oh, Jesus, let me see thee again standing beside that stream and my soul will not draw back.
And again I saw him stand beside that stream, and with one mighty effort of faith, I did plunge into the stream and felt that the blood of Jesus did cleanse me from all sin.
Oh, the bliss of that moment, when my soul was enabled to cast all for-

care upon Jesus and feel that her
will was lost in the will of God.
I praised God for this great deliverance.
I went to church. Bro. Harrington
read the 18th Psalm. I felt an answer,
in my inmost soul, to every word.
He then gave out that beautiful hymn
beginning, "Let him to whom I now
belong". Whilst I sang, I felt that my
heart and soul had said all that
is contained in that hymn before I
came to church, and was still saying
it. It appeared to me that God himself
must have directed Bro. Harrington
in all his selections that morning.
But here let me record one thing.
Just as Bro Harrington took his text,
which was, "I beseech you therefore
brethren, ~~that~~ by the mercies of God,
that ye present your bodies a living
sacrifice, holy and acceptable unto God,"

I was suggested to my mind, if the Spirit shall help Bro. Harrington today, I would surely shout aloud. I did not feel that I would be ashamed to shout but thought I would prefer to sit quietly and drink in, to the refreshing of my soul, the heaven inspired words.

Here I quenched the Spirit.

During the day I was kept by the power of faith.

On Monday at an early hour I arose and I was met by Satan on every hand. Wandering and idle thoughts were continually being presented, and then he would say, if you were sanctified you would not so soon have felt such temptations.

I had nothing but faith to use against him and was enabled to be firm in my purpose to keep all upon the altar

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Towards evening satan left me and my mind was calmly staid upon Jesus but I did not feel the witness. After dark my husband, Mr N and myself, sat on the gallery conversing on the subject of the duty of christians coming out from the world. I said but little but listened. And whilst I listened, the witness came, my soul bounded aloft and yearned over my dear husband. My very body seemed to be lightened whilst I sat there silently comming with God.

Twas a late hour before I slept, for I felt that Christ was all I wanted Blessed be God, I awoke this morning with I sweet consciousness that I was God's and he was mine. And now, at this moment, I feel that the blood of Jesus does cleanse me from all sin.

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I was a late hour before I slept, for I felt that Christ was all I wanted. Blessed be God, I awoke this morning with the sweet consciousness that I was God's and he was mine. And now at this moment, I feel that the blood of Jesus does cleanse me from all sin.

June 29. 1859 -

To day is the eleventh day since God set his seal upon me, giving me to know for myself and not another, that the blood of Jesus did cleanse me from all sin, and glory be to his holy name, I feel that I can, in sincerity, lay my hand upon my heart and say, "I know in whom I have trusted.

Jesus is my all sufficiency, in him I live and move and have my being.- I can not stand one moment out of Christ.- I feel the evidence of my entire sanctification grows brighter, and, to use the language of a sainted sister, "I feel today that my anchor has dropt deeper within the veil.

And now I do pray God, that if he shall see me about to fall, [illegible] he would cut short the work in righteousness and take me home to himself rather than let me live to bring reproach upon the cause of Jesus.

My constant prayer is: Oh Lord, deepen the work of grace in my heart and make me of some use in thy vineyard.

Aug. 19. 1859.

This day two months ago God made me entirely his. I thank him, I praise him, I adore him, for his goodness to me.

The evidence of my entire sanctification grows brighter.

During the past two months satan has thrust sore at me and I have been tempted and sorely tried, but thanks be to God, I feel today that I

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The evidence of my entire sanctification grows brighter.

During the past two months satan has thrust sore at me and I have been tempted and sorely tried, but thanks be to God, I feel today that I have been brought off more than conqueror through Jesus.

I have been made to realize that the just shall live by faith - and I desire nothing more for I feel that God is ever faithful to the trust reposed in him.

I have had deep and sweet communings in spirit with God this morning and I can say with confidence that not a cloud intervenes between my soul and Christ. I feel that every want and desire of my soul are met in Jesus. My poor heart has no language to express its gratitude to God for all his goodness and mercy.

I meet with much opposition from every member of my family in living a life of entire devotion to God and for this my soul is often made to mourn for them as for myself. My prayer is "Oh. Lord, let patience

have her perfect work, that I may
be perfect and entire, wanting nothing.
Had a refreshing season two days ago
talking to Brother Andrews. He has
been enabled by faith to drink of
the purifying stream. God alone
knows how pure and elevating
are the communings of two spirits
who have alike felt that the blood of
Jesus does cleanse from all sin.
There is no communing of spirit like
it in this world.
Oh, how differently I look at the things
of this world now from what I ever did
before. Passing away seems written
on all things here below and from
all created nature I draw lessons of
this doom.
Oh God, ever keep me, by thy rich
grace, in this narrow way of holiness.

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Nov. 17, 1859 -

I have today determined to let nothing but unavoidable necessity keep me from making some note at the close of each day, of my spiritual progress and condition.

I wish to thank and praise my heavenly Father for what he has done for me in the past and for what I feel at the present moment.

No cloud obscures my spiritual sky and my joy is full in Jesus.

Oh. blessed name, to sinners dear!

I have felt today that all my righteousness is nothing but filthy rags. My best efforts prove to be but vanity.

For Jesus alone is perfection. Oh, what a blessed thought, that we are to be saved through the righteousness that is in Christ.

I feel that nothing but entire devotion

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can ever satisfy the cravings of my soul. I long to be more and more conformed to the likeness and image of Jesus.

I feel an impression on my mind that God is about to bring me by a way that I have not hitherto known and the language of my heart is, "thy will, oh God, not mine, be done. I feel that it is sweet to be permitted to suffer for Christ.

One thing I would record. That is an increasing love for the holy scriptures. I feel that I have no language to express my gratitude to God for revealing his will to us through so blessed a medium.

I feel such a sense of the divine presence whilst reading his sacred word that I have to stop reading to give vent to the overflowings of my full soul.

Nov. 18.
I feel that I am to some extent in heaviness through manifold temptations but yet I hold fast my confidence. I feel that Christ saves me now from all sin.
I have felt the correcting hand of my Father several times lately, and I thank him that he has given me the Holy Spirit to show me that correction for my errors is not condemnation.
I desire to know the will of God concerning me and to do it perfectly.
Nov. 19, 1859.
I feel today that all my trust is in Jesus and his all cleansing blood. I have many temptations to doubt but I have given myself in a perpetual covenant to God and I know he is faithful to the

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trust reposed in him.
My sky is clear though my joy is not outbursting.
Joy is not sanctification, but Jesus, and in him I put my trust.

Nov. 21. 1859.
I feel tonight that in Jesus I have redemption. All my trust is in his atonement. Oh! blessed Saviour, I long to love thee more and more!

Nov. 22. 1859.
I feel tonight that sustaining grace has been given me during the day and though I have many and various temptations, yet I feel that the grace of God is sufficient for me. I can see many instances of late wherein I have not walked as near the cross as I should have done, and I have now promised God that, if he will

help me I will be more self denying and crossbearing. Oh Father, I pray thee to send the Holy Spirit and show me wherein I come short.

I consecrate myself afresh to-night to Jesus and, glory be to his holy name, I feel that his blood cleanseth my soul from all sin. Oh blessed realization of a blessed state, that Jesus blood saves us from all sin.

Our ministers have gone to conference and we have no meetings of any kind at our church and oh, how I do miss our sweet prayer and class meetings.

Two weeks ago was our last class with our beloved Brother Harrington. Language fails to express what my poor heart felt that morning as friend after friend gave in their testimony of the dealing of God with their souls. And when I reflected that, in all probability, all of us would never meet in class meeting again in this world. But oh, that blessed class meeting above, where all the finally faithful shall meet to part no more.

Our dear Brother Harrington has gone. May God's richest blessings go with him and his dear family. Twas hard to give him up but no doubt it was all for the best. Oh, my Father, grant that I may never forget the sweet lessons of piety that I have learned from his preaching. May they yet spring forth and produce a more abundant harvest to thy honor and glory.

Nov. 23 - 1859.

I feel tonight that my faith is firm and steadfast. I have had some precious moments today and my joy has been fuller and more constant than for some days past. But oh Father, I pray that I may not make an idol of my joy, but may I ever remember that Jesus is my sanctification and redemption.

I have felt deeply humbled today in reflecting upon all the goodness of God to me.

I have seen today what deep sorrow and affliction are. A poor mother and two sisters bowed down in grief for a son and brother who is to be tried for his life. They seem to be devoted christians, yet God, in his wisdom, permits them to be thus afflicted.

We can not understand why it is thus, but this much we are sure of,

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that God does not willingly afflict any

Nov. 24, Though sorely tried and tempted, I feel my soul calmly staid upon Jesus this night. My faith is firm and unwavering. I feel the abiding evidence of my sanctification, and my constant prayer is, Oh Lord, keep me from falling and deepen the work of grace in my poor heart and never let me live to bring dishonor upon the cause of Christ. I have had many conflicts with the adversary in the last two weeks and feel that I have not at all times been as watchful as I should have been and have thereby suffered loss. But by the grace of God I keep all upon the altar and tonight I feel a fresh application of the all cleansing blood of Jesus.

Oh, the goodness and mercy of God. How long suffering and forbearing.

Nov. 26.

This night I dedicate myself afresh to God to be more entirely devoted than ever and praise God for his goodness to me. Oh, how unworthy I feel for all his blessings and mercies.

Today my eyes have witnessed a sad scene indeed - a mother's heart torn and crushed by having to see her son tried for his life. Oh God, what a scene! May today's transactions be sanctified to the good of this entire village. And, oh Father, may I profit by it. Give me to feel another's woe more than I ever have and, oh God, may my poor heart be more and more impressed with the vanity of all earthly things.

Dec. 9, 1859.

I feel tonight, to adopt the language of the sacred writer, "the just shall live by faith. And praise my Heavenly Father that such is my privilege.

I feel the abiding witness of a pure heart and that Jesus is my perfect Saviour.

Oh, blessed Jesus, had I a thousand hearts they should all be thine.

I have been much tempted and tried of late and have felt sometimes that the tempter came so near that I have been made to tremble lest I have given way, but, amid all, I feel that God will not suffer me to be tempted above that I am able to bear.

I have given myself entirely to God and my purpose, by his grace assisting me, is never to take the offering from the altar and I know that God is ever faithful to the trust reposed in him.

Dec. 17.

I feel that, by faith, I have been enabled today to take a firmer hold on Jesus as a Saviour from all sin. I believe I have grown in grace, more today than in many days past. I have made a full consecration of all my redeemed powers to God and feel no disposition to resume any portion of the offering. I feel that nothing short of holiness of heart and life can ever satisfy the necessities of my immortal soul. Oh, the fulness of a Saviour's love. How amazing to think that christians will ever stop short of their duty and privilege. O Father, I commit me and mine to thy kind care and keeping.

Dec. 12.

All is still upon the altar and, glory be to God, I feel no desire to resume any part of the offering. I have been freed from temptation today in a great measure and feel that I have been kept by the power of God's amazing goodness.

"Oh what a glorious hope is ours,
Whilst here on earth we stay."

I feel a calm resting in Jesus and that all my burdens are gone. I have no care for I feel that help will come from one that is mighty. Oh Lord, ever keep me in this narrow way of holiness.

Dec. 13.

Had a few precious moments conversation today with Brother Camp and whilst I talked with him of holiness I felt the sweet communings of the Spirit of God filling my poor heart and making it swell with love and gratitude to my Heavenly Father. Oh, blessed Jesus, I long to be more and more conformed to thy image.

Dec. 15.

I find various and many hindrances in my Christian course. Life spreads out in many attractions around me. All seems to smile and look gay and I feel that sometimes tis hard to keep my mind steadily fixed on the prize which is before me. But I do thank my God that I do feel no desire to ~~[illegible]~~ turn back. No, blessed Jesus, I feel that I can truly say, "You may have all the world, give me Jesus".

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Dec. 20th 1859.

I feel tonight my faith firmer and more steadfast than for many days past. My joy in Jesus is full. My peace is deep and abiding. I feel that I love God supremely and my neighbor as myself.

I have had many hard conflicts with the adversary of late but, thank God, tonight I feel that all things shall work together for good to those who love and serve the Lord. Oh, blessed Saviour, I here give myself again to thee. Oh, may I never, never leave thee or remove the sacrifice from off the altar.

Dec 21. 1859.

Another day gone. Praise God from whom all blessings flow.

Oh, may my heart ever be filled

is overflowing with praise and thanksgiving to God for all his mercies to me all unworthy as I am. I have not language to express what my heart feels. All my trust is in Jesus. I do feel that God is about to bring me by a new and hitherto hidden way. At the foot of the cross I lie. Leaving all the future in the hands of my heavenly Father.

Have today received the first letter from dear Bro. Harrington. Oh, my Father, smile upon our correspondence and make it a means of grace to each of us.

Dec. 29, 1859.

Another day draws to a close and still God's mercy extends to me, a poor sinner saved by grace. My faith is more steadfast and constant. I feel that all a poor sinner needs is met in Jesus. I have not language fully to express my feelings. All my trust is in the atoning merits of Christ.

I here give myself afresh to God, and oh, may I never falter in my steadfastness.

Jan. 5. 1860.

Another year gone and oh, how full of blessings and mercies to my poor heart.

The year 1859, I can truly say, has been the best year of my life, on account of the manifestations of God's love to me.

I here give myself afresh to God, to live more devoted, and I pray that, for the sake of Jesus, God would make this year better than the one just gone. My soul rests tonight. believing in Jesus as a perfect Saviour

Jan. 8. 1860.

I am all unworthiness. By faith I stand and every moment I need the atoning merits of a Saviour's blood.

I desire to live each day nearer the cross and to be less and less conformed to the world.

Jan. 13.

I feel that my trials and temptations are great but, thanks God, he has said, "my grace is sufficient for thee", and daily I prove the blessedness of this promise.

I have many temptations to omit secret prayer, and, always, when the temptation is strongest to stay away, tis at that special time I am most blessed.

Often, on such occasions, my soul is filled with peace and joy and my prayer begins with praise and thanksgiving to God for all his mercies to me. My soul longs to be filled with all the fulness of God, more and more. Oh, blessed Saviour, keep me in this narrow pathway of holiness May I never become entangled again in the yoke of bondage. I bless God that we are saved by faith and my faith is more steadfast and unwavering. I feel daily that nothing short of entire devotion can ever satisfy the desire of my soul. Perfect salvation through the blood of a perfect Saviour.

Jan. 16.

I feel that still by faith I live. My trust in my blessed Saviour is perfect. I know that he careth for

5-2

me.

I feel truly sometimes of late that I am a wonder to myself.

Oh, how good the Lord is to me and how unworthy I feel. I feel tonight that the blood of Jesus cleanseth me from all sin. Oh, blessed Saviour, I long to love thee more and more.

Feb. 20. 1861.

For many days I have made no record of my religious state but I trust that I have not declined in my spiritual life. I feel that, if in the last two weeks my variable feelings were the only test of my religion, I might with truth say I was not always in the enjoyment of full salvation.

But, thanks be to God, such is not the case. I feel that by grace, through faith, I have been kept and the wicked

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me touched me not.

I know I have grown in grace lately notwithstanding all the assaults of the enemy and tonight I praise God for the gift of Jesus as my Saviour. Oh, how unworthy I am of all the mercies of God and how far short I come. I want to be more and more given up and devoted. I want to live daily in a state of entire consecration to God.

Oh, my Saviour, keep me through thy love unto the perfect day of redemption.

March 28, 1860.

I feel tonight like starting anew to serve God, like consecrating myself afresh, & here on the altar I lay my all. Glory be to God, that I realize the offering is accepted for the sake of Jesus. I have the evidence of a pure heart. Oh, how sweet it is to love Jesus. I feel that in this world I am not understood even by those who are nearest and dearest to me. And when my heart feels pained and grieved at this there comes the thought that the servant shall not be above his master but that, if I hold out faithful, I shall reach a place where I will never be misjudged.

April 10, 1868.

This day has been a record of grace to my soul. My heart is filled with love, every desire is met in Christ. Oh, may I never remove the offering from off the altar.

April 16.

I thank God that I am enabled still to keep the offering upon the altar and realize fully that it is accepted. Oh, blessed Saviour, how can I ever praise thee sufficiently!

April 20.

I have been called truly to walk by faith for several days but my confidence in God is firm and unshaken. I have given myself entirely to God through Christ, and have and do realize that, unworthy as the offering is, yet, for his sake, it is accepted. While I have this blessed assurance and witness I rest calmly, willing to do or be or feel just as God wills.

I thank God I have learned the encouraging lesson that we are saved by faith.

May 8, 1860.

I think I have never, in all my christian experience, had such

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fiery trials as of late. I feel that nothing but the sustaining grace of God could have kept me and thanks be to his name that I have been kept, though I have often had to adopt the language of the poet; "I hold thee with a trembling hand but will not let thee go."

I feel tonight a quiet resting in my Saviour.

Oh, Lord, for the sake of Jesus, deepen the work in my poor heart.

June 12.

For two weeks every physical power has been exerted preparing to go with my husband and children on a summer tour for their health. God knows my heart and how much I would prefer the quiet of home, but I feel that I am obeying the voice of duty.

Oh, my Father, keep me amid all the turmoil of earth and may I stand fast in my purpose to serve thee with my whole heart.

Oh, may I prove this summer that thy grace is sufficient for me.

August 16, 1860.

It is two months today since I left home. I have been, for the most part, surrounded by the votaries of fashion who have learned to play their part well in the school of folly. I feel thankful to my heavenly Father that I have been sustained amid it all and enabled to keep all upon the altar. Oh, how unworthy do I feel of all these mercies and blessings. I feel today that nothing but the religion of Jesus can ever satisfy the desires of my heart.

I feel now the witness of the Spirit of God with mine, that my name is written in the Lamb's book of life.

Sept. 24, 1860.

Again, in the providence of God, I am at home, after an absence of nearly three months. All in safety and a reasonable degree of health, preserved through all the dangers of traveling and have been kept by God's power from falling. Oh, my Father, how can I ever love thee enough for all thy mercies? Here, this holy sabbath evening, I would lay myself afresh upon the altar, to do and be just what God requires of me. Oh, my Father, use me to honor and glorify thee in any way that may seem to thee just and right.

Oct. 2, 1860.

The closing hours of another day

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bring me under renewed obligations to my heavenly Father.
I have had some strange feelings for several days, as if something unusual was about to happen.
I know not why I have these feelings but feel no disposition to get away from them until my Father sees fit to remove them. Let me learn to let patience have her perfect work and oh, may I learn well the lesson the walk by faith and not by sight

Oct. 26, 1860.

I feel today an improvement in my spiritual state, I have felt today more of the warm, gushing love of God in my heart than for some time, more longing after greater conformity to his holy will in all things and to be entirely consecrated to

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his service
Nov. 15, 1860.

Since last I committed my thoughts to paper a solemn act has transpired. I have seen the marriage of my first daughter. Consequent upon it I have had some seasons of depression and I can say, with the sacred writer, I have been in heaviness through manifold temptations. But these things only give me another proof of the goodness of God, for when I went to him for help it was given.

Oh, how our human feelings come up to dampen our spiritual joy and clip the wings of our faith. But how I do thank God that I can come to him through Christ and claim, through faith in his atonement, a full victory over the flesh. Oh, my Father help me to hide behind the cross and to live in a state of entire consecration to thee.

Dec. 2, 1860.

I feel that this holy sabbath has been a day of sacred rest to my soul. Jesus is precious to my believing heart. I feel that all is upon the altar and that I have perfect peace through the atonement of Christ. I feel that I have grown in grace and that my heart has been more fixed on the one object, holiness of heart and life.

Dec. 8. 1860.

I feel tonight that my heart is fixed but I am often in heaviness on account of my husband and children. I have of late heard of unkind stories that have been circulated about me and I have been enabled, thus far, to give it into the hands of God. Oh, my father, keep me, I pray, from entertaining any feeling but love for those who have been guilty in this matter.

Dec. 27, 1868.

Since last I wrote I have passed through various scenes of sickness and death. Friends have dropt on the right hand and on the left.

I have been called to the deathbed of a poor sinner trembling on the verge of eternity yet shrinking back with terror at the thought of going unprepared into the presence of his God.

I endeavored, in my feeble way, to point him to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world, and have a hope that he embraced Jesus as his Saviour.

Oh, what a solemn warning, yet who will lay it to heart? I fear not many.

My husband is very much embarrassed

with debt which seems to make him very sad, almost miserable. These things I regret but feel that I can give all up into the hands of a kind and merciful Father, who, I feel, will never forsake me unless I first forsake him.

I feel tonight like renewing my covenant vows to be more entirely given up to the will of my heavenly Father. My experience of late has been such as to try my faith, and, blessed be God, I can say that the trial of my faith has been precious inasmuch as I feel I have gained the victory over the tempter and could even rejoice when my faith was most severely tried.

How many ways our Father has to prepare us for our final home above. Oh, that I may be made

perfect through whatever refining
process is necessary for me.

Jan. 6. 1861.

Another year gone, and oh [illegible] the
failures of duty who can number.
But, thanks be to God. we are saved
through the righteousness of Christ.
Oh, blessed assurance! For weeks
I have had to walk by faith but
I have found it precious so to do,
feeling that the trial of my faith
would, if I was firm, bring a
blessing.

Yesterday I was pained by the
judging of a friend who misconstrued
my word into unkindness
and a want of christian charity.
My soul was humbled and I was
sent in the dust of humility to the
foot of the cross.

Oh, what a blessed retreat is the mercy

seat where Jesus meets his children. I always feel that it is good to be afflicted

Today the trials and temptations that have beset me seem hushed and gone. My soul is filled. Every want of my nature is met in Christ. I feel such a perfect resting in my Saviour that this world's cares seem removed far away from me. I feel that I am lifted above the turmoil of earth, that I am planted more firmly on the rock of my salvation

Jan. 24, 1861.

This has been a day of precious experiences to my poor heart. I feel that I have begun with renewed zeal to run the christian race. Oh, may I be permitted to walk in the narrowest part of the narrow way. I bless thee, oh God, for such a thought and such aspirations. Oh Lord, revive thy work here in our midst. "Oh Lord, in the midst of the years make known, in wrath remember mercy". I feel tonight that I have the victory through my Saviour over sin and oh I do sweetly realize that my will yields in perfect obedience to God.

Feb. 14, 1861.

I feel that my faith rests firmly in my Saviour. I have had many refreshing seasons of late and I can say I know I have grown in grace and now realize that the blood of Jesus cleanseth me from all sin. I feel a wrestling in spirit that God would revive his work in our midst. I do not

pray without faith for I feel in my heart that I am confidently looking to see the rustling of the branches before the mighty shower.
Oh, that God would send it down in great power.

Feb. 22. 1861.

Sitting alone tonight my thoughts have gone back over the past weeks and in the review I truly see that mercy has covered all the way. I am led, with the psalmist, to say, surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life. I feel a calm resting in Jesus. Every cloud is gone. My way is clear and I feel that I have an assurance that I will be led by the Holy Spirit even in the least things if my will is at all times willing and obedient. Oh, my Saviour, I pray thee keep me and may my will always yield in obedience to the slightest movings of the Spirit. I feel thankful that tonight I can lay myself as an offering upon the altar and be willing to be used as an instrument of good.

Oh, my Father, let me see the path of duty plainly in all things. If in any way I can assist thy ministering servants oh, let thy Holy Spirit show it to me, that I may do that which thou requirest at my hands.

Feb. 24, 1861.

I feel a firm trust in the promises of God which brings a quiet resting in my Saviour and praise is the language of my heart.

I feel that I am going through a refining process, but I know that a father's hand will stay

the fire when the metal is purified.
I have tried to day to live right in
the sight of God and feel no
condemnation but the approving
smils of my Saviour resting
upon me. I felt much drawn out
in private prayer this evening.
Knowing that Brother Andrews had
gone to visit a young man who is
thought to be going into consumption
I prayed that God would so fill him
with the Holy Ghost that some
word from his lips might reach
and find lodgment in the heart
of the young man. I felt encouraged
to believe that it would be so.
I feel that onward and upward
is the watchword of my soul.
Forgetting those things that are
behind I press to the mark for
the prize.

March 4, 1861.

I feel, since yesterday afternoon, that my soul has cast anchor deeper within the vail of God's love. The impossible mountains, which seemed in my path, have disappeared. I felt my heart strangely quickened by the relation of a dream of my daughter which seemed to have reference to my death. Not that I believe in dreams yet, as it was a little remarkable it led me to look into my own heart and ask, if the message to depart should come just then, was I ready and willing to go. I went, with this feeling, to the mercy seat, and oh, can I ever forget how near, how precious my Saviour seemed to me! I do not remember ever to have had such a realizing sense of the presence of my Saviour as then. Every tie that bound me to earth seemed rent asunder and my soul longed for the hour to come when it should be said "it is enough, come up higher".

I feel renewed strength to meet and go through the various duties and trials that lie in my pathway and my will yields in obedience to my heavenly Father.

March 10, 1861.

I feel a deep peace and an abiding trust in the word of God. I feel a longing for the salvation of the souls of these dear people here. Oh, that a revival may begin.

March 25, 1861.

Many days have passed since I last committed my thoughts to paper and during these days I have gone through experiences which have tried my soul. But thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ, I have been kept from a murmuring spirit and feel it a privilege to suffer for Christ. I feel that all I have comes from God and to live a life of entire devotion to his service has become the habit of my soul. Oh, that my soul may become more and more absorbed with this holy service, so that every thought and imagination of the heart may be brought into captivity to God's holy will.

April 4, 1861.

Spent this day at Sister Hunt's and felt no disposition to engage in trifling conversation. My mind was led to reflect how much useless conversation was held by even those who profess to love God supremely. How many precious moments thus pass by unimproved and how little christians recommend religion in their daily walk and conversation Just think of hour after hour being spent by christians discussing all the various topics of life and not one word said to help each other on in the way to heaven. Oh, shall it ever be so! My God, help *me* to lay aside every restriction of society and live to glorify *thee*. Thanks be to God, I feel the evidence now that the blood of Jesus cleanseth me from all sin.

April 16, 1861.

My experiences for several days past have been somewhat marked. On last Friday, during a season of fasting & prayer, I earnestly laid before God the subject of the femall class contemplated by Bro. Andrews. The first feeling I had was a solemn conviction that it was God's cause, then the value of the souls comprising the class seemed to press upon me with fearful magnitude. My mind seemed to pause to contemplate the picture before me. During the pause this question came, in view of all this responsibility can you dare to take the direction of these souls for whom such a price was paid, you, who are so incapable of teaching others, and where wrong teaching might cause the loss of a soul? While I felt the full force of the responsibility, my soul seemed to lie passive in the hands of God, not wishing to get away from any duty that was made plain to me and not, by any means, desiring to assume any without the clear guiding of the Spirit. But that, if God had need of my poor services, he could, and would, fully prepare the vessel for his own use.

I feel that I am called to do many things that others seem not to be. I know not where the Spirit would lead me, nor will I ask, but only yield myself up to be led by so sure a guide. My faith grows stronger and more steadfast and I find sweet comfort in doing the will of God instead of my own.

May 9, 1861.

Since last I committed my feelings to paper I have enjoyed many seasons of sweet communings with the Holy Spirit and with christian friends. Have been privileged once more to hear dear Bro. Harrington preach. And the sweet interchange of christian experience, oh, how precious to my soul seemed the gospel of Jesus while I listened to him discourse from the text; "the kingdom of heaven is not meat and drink but righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost", my poor heart was filled with rejoicing. I would here record some of the gracious dealings of the Spirit with my soul.

Tuesday night I determined to spend the next day in fasting and prayer, or so far as I well could. I rose very early to secure the first hours of the day in prayer, which I always find a source of spiritual benefit. As it is my habit to always to pray much for my pastor, I commenced praying for Bro Andrews and was importunate in my appeals because I thought he had looked sad for some days. I continued to urge my petitions at the throne of grace and was led to ask that at the prayermeeting that morning I might hear him say he had been specially blessed that morning. He did not lead the prayer meeting but was so sweetly filled that he was constrained to get up from his seat to tell how much his soul had been blest.

In an instant I thought of my wresting for him at the mercy seat and could but feel that my prayer had been answered. Oh God, increase my faith.

May 20, 1861.

I feel my whole soul sweetly filled, and, anew, oh God, would I give myself up to thee. I desire nothing but to feel thy smile resting upon me.

I have been led to look more narrowly

into my life and am determined, by the help of God, to walk nearer the cross.

Spent today with Sister Theobald and thank and bless God for christian friendship and association.

Oh, I do realize now, at this moment, that my soul is sanctified, that the blood of Jesus cleanseth me from all sin. Glory be to God for such salvation.

Oh Lord, deepen thy work in my poor heart and let thy Holy Spirit lead me in all things

June 1861.

Spent today with Sister Theobald and enjoyed a season of communion with Bro. Andrews. Oh, how grateful to my poor heart are such privileges as these. I feel that my experience has deepened of late. A spirit of searching and examination has been upon me and I have been blest under its influence.

I feel a desire to have my heart laid bare before God at all times. I long to be more like my Saviour, that my life may be a living sacrifice indeed and in truth. Oh God. deepen the work of grace in my heart.

June 15, 1861.

I feel that this day's experience has been beneficial to me.

This morning as our class meeting was near closing there came up a feeling that, as it was to be a day of public exhibition, and as the beating of the drum and the sound of the music gave token that the day's performance was about commencing, our class had better close as we would not be able to attend without distraction. I looked narrowly into my own heart to see if this feeling came from within or without.

I saw the suggestion came from without because I could lift my heart in prayer and realize that I would be glad to remain just at this point came the whispering of the Spirit of God that I had better go home after church and spend the day in solemn self examination and prayer. As I love the music of a brass band I did not decide immediately to go but went to a place where others were listening to the music. I felt the same moving to go home as if there was an unusual necessity for me to pray. I have covenanted to yield always to the leading of God's Holy Spirit and when it urged me to private prayer I felt no hesitancy. Deciding that it was the Holy Spirit moving me, I yielded, and was blest in so doing.

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All that I have heard of the day's transactions only serves to convince me that whilst I live in a state of entire consecration I will be guided in the right way.

Oh, how full of thanksgiving tonight is my hear, what a loss I know my soul would have sustained had I gone today with the giddy multitude. My soul has been blest today in praying for the church and for Bro. Andrews. I have no doubt the same moving of the Spirit was with him for he too went home from church.

Oh, my Father, let me draw nearer to thee and may thy Holy Spirit ever guide me in the way of all truth.

June 23, 1861.

I feel a longing of soul after a greater conformity to God's holy will in all things. I feel that nothing short of entire devotion can ever meet the necessities of my soul and I earnestly pray that I may be led into a nearer and more intimate communion with my Saviour. I praise God for what I now feel and enjoy. All is upon the altar and is graciously accepted fo the sake of Jesus. Oh, how easily my will yields in obedience to God's. The constant language of my heart of late is, oh Lord, enlarge the vessel and then sweetly fill it. I feel encouraged to pray for the church to be revived, and, thanks be to God, some are already much revived. Oh Lord, take thy cause into thine own hand.

July 3, 1861.

My soul is calmly stayed upon Jesus as a perfect Saviour.

Last night, just after going to bed, my soul was filled with rejoicing and this morning my hour of early prayer was sweet and precious on account of the presence of my Saviour. My faith grows stronger and the prayer of my heart is, oh Lord, deepen the work.

July 21, 1861.

God has been very good to me. I have had many seasons of refreshing for which I would here record my grateful thanks. I have been permitted to come nearer to my Saviour and I feel sensibly that I am growing in grace.

This has been a sweet day of rest to my soul, and in my evening prayer my soul was filled, sweetly filled. I know of my entire acceptance with God. I have the witness in my heart that all is upon the altar and that the blood of Jesus cleanseth me now from all sin. Glory be to God for such salvation. Oh, that I may be able to show forth, by my daily walk and conversation, that there is truth in the profession I make. I long to be more and more like my Saviour in all things and to glorify God more. Oh that I may feel continually, "for me to live is Christ to die is gain"

July 22, 1861.

I have been kept this day and felt this evening that it was meet to retire to thank God for all his mercy to me. My soul was blest, and I feel, thanks be to God, that the vessel is being enlarged.

Being without any religious association in my family, I am often obliged to sit and converse or listen to them longer than I desire or feel profitable. But unless I with-draw from their society entirely I know not how I can avoid it and can only look to God to keep me even in the midst of all.

July 28, 1861.

This holy sabbath evening I would here record the gracious dealings of God with my soul. I feel that I have grown in grace more than usual of late. God has poured a gracious stream of divine love into my soul and I feel strengthened. My faith, glory be to God, grows firmer, regardless of surrounding circumstances. This evening, whilst at prayer, in giving myself in a perpetual covenant to God, I felt the evidence in my heart that it was ratified in heaven and that the bond between my soul and my Saviour was sealed anew.

July 31, 1861.

This has been a day of sweet rest to my soul

All is upon the altar and, glory be to God, I have the evidence in my heart that it is accepted for the sake of Jesus. I have tried to act this evening upon Bro Andrews advice to visit and encourage the members of the church. I made a visit to Sister Lawson and felt it did me good to encourage her and believe it did her good.

I felt my soul lifted up and that it was a blessed privilege to be permitted to labour for God. I urged her to come to our social meeting and obtained her promise that she would. Her earnestness that I would call again soon, as she followed me to the gate, made me feel that my visit had not been altogether in vain. Oh Lord, here I am. Use me as thou wilt.

August 8, 1861.

I feel that not a cloud ariseth to

obscure my spiritual horizon. My way is all bright and clear. This has been a day of sweet experience to my soul because of the evidence in my heart that God was the entire source of all my joy and happiness. Had the delightful privilege of having Bro. Andrews stay with us. Oh, how my soul is refreshed by such associations and enabled to press onward more earnestly. How I thank God for a pastor whose whole life is a continual living sacrifice. Lord, raise up more just like him.

August 9, 861.

I continually realize more and more that this life is only a state of probation in which we are to prepare for eternity and oh, that I may so pass my time of sojourning here

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that death may be robbed of its sting. All my trust is in Christ. Every want of my nature is met in him.

I realize daily that I grow in grace + wisdom that cometh from a God, and I feel thankful that, through every opposition, God enables me to press forward

My soul was refreshed this evening, during my evening prayer, in an unusual degree. Jesus seemed so precious to me. My faith rose triumphant and my heart was drawn out in earnest supplication for the church, that God would continue to revive us until not one shall be left out.

August 13, 1861.

Though my way is all bright and clear yet my soul is bowed down within me on account of the unkind remarks of those from whom I deserve better things. Yet, why should I murmur when treats appear. What did Jesus suffer for my sake and can I not bear all for him? Yes, oh my Saviour, I can. All, all. Be still my poor heart and trust all to him; "for he careth for you".

Aug. 20. 1861.

For ten days every physical energy has been exerted to the utmost sewing for the soldiers, and now tonight my poor heart is oppressed with the pain of parting with friends whom, perhaps, we may never see again. Oh, the sadness of war! What desolation it brings. And in the midst of all this, were it not for the sweet consolations of religion, I, for one, would sink in despair. But

Thank God. through all I can trust him, and go on my way rejoicing. Not rejoicing in the calamities of war but in doing and suffering all of God's will.

My way is clear, no cloud obscures my horizon and my heart is filled with love and thanksgiving.

Tonight I lay my whole being anew upon the altar, not to do my will or to please myself, but to labor for God in any way his Holy Spirit may direct me.

Have had a sweet season of communion lately with Bro. Andrews and other christn friends.

I sometimes think that God sees the tendency of my nature, to love my friends too much, and, for this reason, hedges up my way, and I have his promise that my steps shall be ordered by the Lord.

Aug. 21, 1861.

Still all upon the altar, and, thank God, I have the witness that it is accepted. I realize that I grow in grace and spiritual knowledge and I feel that the vessel is being enlarged. I pray that it may continue so to be until I can full comprehend with all saints what is the length and breadth and depth and height of God's redeeming love.

I feel a burning love for the salvation of souls and that it increases. I praise God for what he is doing for me.

Aug. 26, 1861.

I feel like laying myself more unreservedly upon the altar of sacrifice to spend and be spent for Christ. And here, oh my God, I covenant anew to live nearer the cross, to walk more humbly, more in the spirit of perfect self denial, to deny the flesh more, and to wait upon God with an humble, trusting faith. My soul, now and then, catches glimpses of richer fields which lie just ahead, and I long to be admitted fully unto their abundance, and do believe that I shall be when my Father sees that this poor heart is prepared for it. Oh, that the joyous day may hasten on which shall usher my soul into a more sacred and intimate union with my Saviour. While I write my soul expands and reaches out after a more divine conformity to God's holy law, for more of the mind that was in Christ. It seems strange to me that God should have been so good to me.

When I think how he has led me and the various instrumentalities he has used in guiding me thus far along the journey to heaven, I am lost in wonder at the wisdom of God and overwhelmed with gratitude at his condescending mercy to poor, fallen, sinful worms of the dust. If, in return, I should render him the praise of my heart and the labor of my life, what a poor return it is and how entirely insufficient to atone for one sin except for the rich perfume of a Saviour's sacrifice.

Sept. 3, 1861.

Since last I wrote I have entered my 40th year. How merciful God has been to me. I give myself in a perpetual covenant to him. Oh, my Father, let it be sealed in heaven.

God alone knows how narrow is the path in which I have to walk. My trials are peculiar but God know them all. I receive all as from his hand without a murmur.

Sept. 7, 1861.

In the past four days I feel that God has made me to know more of his condescending love to me and of his power to save in the most trying circumstances. I have had deeper and sweeter experiences and tonight my whole soul is filled inexpressibly full of love. Oh. the burning flame that fills my soul! God grant that it may increase until the wickedness that is around me shall be consumed in the sacred fire. Oh, that my husband and children may be made to feel the power of my religion and openly acknowledge, as I know they now do in their hearts, that the Holy Ghost is poured upon me and the power of God displayed in my life. I feel that God calls me to labor for him in a more special manner than he usually does females and that he lays the burden of souls heavy on my heart and how I do thank and praise him that such an unworthy worm of the dust as I am should be so highly honored of God. It seems now, as far as I can see, with human vision, that my usefulness is about to be hindered and that I am about being stopped in my labors; but faith says, not so, no human instrumentality can stop or overthrow God's plans. If the opposition is permitted to be carried out I shall cheerfully submit believing that God, who has promised to order my steps, has permitted this for some wise purpose. Nor, will I with impatience seek to find out the divine mind, but wait, in earnest prayers and watchings, the leadings of the Holy Spirit.

Sept. 10, 1861.

My pathway grows brighter and my Father blesses me and fills my poor heart with his love. My soul is perfectly filled tonight, every desire is met in Christ. Oh, blessed Jesus, how I love thee. Oh, magnify the Lord with me. Language fails to utter what my heart feels.

Sept. 21, 1861.

My whole soul is, and has been for some time, filled with love. A holy stillness pervades my whole being. I rest confidently and peacefully in Jesus as my perfect Savior. God knows all my peculiar trials and I will not murmur but leave all to him in humble submission.

Sept. 27, 1861.

In many things of late I have seen plainly that God was with me, guiding my footsteps and answering my prayers. One answer to prayer I would here record. For several months I had not heard from Bro. Harrington until I became very anxious, not knowing precisely where he was. My only help was in prayer and I ordered my petitions thus, I asked that just then, wherever Bro Harrington might be or however surrounded, he might be blest, and feel the melting, subduing power of the Holy Spirit, upon his heart and that God would put it into his heart to write to me. I had faith to believe and continued to to ask and soon began to look for

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the letter. In about two weeks it came with this assurance, that while at prayer and trying to pray for me, such a feeling of reproach for not having answered my last letter came over him that he rose, and the letter was the fruit of his repentance. I am humbled when I think of all God's goodness and mercy to me. All the return I can make is to render him the praise of my whole heart and life.

Oct. 4, 1861.

Have spent this day as a day of fasting and prayer and I wish to thank God for the victory I have over the flesh.

I am not understood by my husband and children but I don't murmur or blame them for it. I know they can't tell why I seem at times lost to everything around me.

I feel that my soul has expanded of late and I love God more and more. I can realize the presence of my Saviour with me continually. Often a sense of sacred stillness pervades my whole being and I feel as if it would almost be a sin to speak, so near do I seem to my Saviour.

Now, while I write, I have the witness in my heart that the blood of Jesus cleanseth me from all sin. I know that my pathway shineth brighter and brighter and, if I am faithful, will continue so to do unto the perfect day.

Oct. 16. 1861.

I feel tonight peace in my heart, coming from the assurance that the blood of Jesus cleanseth me from all sin. I am all unworthiness but God is good to me.

I long to be more and more conformed to the image and likeness of my Saviour. I purpose from this night to hide more entirely behind the cross and live more entirely in the spirit of entire consecration.

Oct. 21, 1861.

Since last I committed my thoughts to paper, I have, in the providence of God, been called upon to watch the dying bed of suffering infancy. In all these things I see the hand of God, taking away from these parents their clay idol, that their hearts may be turned to the living God. I have been made to know more of my own self and to mourn over my shortcomings. How merciful is God to me,

I feel that the road is very narrow but, thank God, I have the assurance, that I will be sustained all the way if I only keep all upon the altar and look away from self to Jesus every moment. I feel tonight that by faith I stand

Oct-26, 1861,

I feel feeble in body on account of severe headache but within all is calm and peaceful, feel a quiet resting in Jesus as my perfect Saviour. All the trials I have had lately are hushed and gone and a holy calm has taken the place.

Oct-29, 1861.

Have had some unusual privileges of late, some precious christian associations for which I feel thankful. But, above all, am thankful for the sweet peace I have in believing today my Saviour has been very near me.

Last night when a trial of patience and forbearance came up in regard to the

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carelessness of a servant I so perfectly proved the mercy of God in saving me that I was made to rejoice and almost be glad that the accident had happened. How faithful is our covenant keeping God.

Yesterday, while riding through the woods and seeing the yellow leaves slowly falling to the ground, a melancholy sweetness stole into my heart. The tears dropt from my eyes and my soul was filled with gratitude to God that the fear of death was all taken away from me and that I could look forward, with pleasing anticipations, to the time when this frail tenement of clay should, like the autumn leaves, return to its mother earth and my weary spirit soar away to be forever with God.

Nov. 14, 1861.

Had company to dine with me today and, although I love to be kind and friendly with everyone, yet I think I can plainly see, from this days experience, that there is no use to have invited company to dine on special occasions. Not that anything unpleasant occurred, nor was I betrayed into any anxious care about the dinner. Yet, the useless preparation, overtasking of the servants* seemed useless and superfluous and I think, for the future, I will visit differently.

Oh, for a perfect and entire consecration of my whole being unceasingly to God. I feel humbly thankful that, notwithstanding the hurry of the day, I have had an abiding peace and a sense of my Father's approbation.

Nov. 21. 1861.

I feel like doubling my diligence. I have been sorely tried and tempted in the last two weeks yet, I thank God, I still am enabled to be firm to my purpose to be entirely the Lord's. The enemy of my soul is trying hard to make me cast away my confidence but, by God's assisting grace, I never, never will. I have bound the sacrifice upon the altar and though all the powers of darkness combined should come against me, while I trust in Jesus, I can not be moved.

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* ther own slaves.

I have had some strange experiences of late, different from anything I have ever felt before. I can truly say my God is leading me by a way I have not hitherto known. I feel humbly thankful for these things and do desire, with all my heart, to glorify God in all I do or think or say.

I spent a night this week with Sister Gregory and in the morning, just before prayers, she came in the parlor, where I was sitting alone, and remarked how she thanked God for

for what she felt then, that her whole soul was filled with love, Turning round I threw my arms around her, and oh, how sweetly did Jesus fill my heart as she went on praising God for what he had done for her.

Nov. 24. 1861.

I feel it a pleasing duty to record here, this sabbath night, the deliverance I have from the trials that have so sorely beset me of late. I do thank God that, during the season of trial, my faith did not fail me. I feel that I am strengthened by the trials. I feel a spirit of persistency in prayer which surpasses anything I have ever felt before. My anchoring tonight seems so secure, my Savior seems so near to me. How good is God to me and what abundant cause of gratitude I have. I can truly say that I long to be filled with all the fullness of God and I believe I shall attain it even in this life.

My soul is drawn out to agonize for my darling son, Alfred, who is now in the army

Nov. 30. 1861.

The last day of another month gone forever. Another month nearer my home above. Thank God I feel that I am in the path that leads to heaven. I have been sorely tried this month and had experiences differing from those I usually have, yet, through all, I have never wavered. My purpose is fixed to serve God and make my way to heaven. How slowly I move in the divine life, oh for more of the spirit of prayer, I want every breath to be prayer.

or praise, yet how often my soul is taken up with the things of time and sense.

I covenant to begin anew to serve my God from tonight. Oh, my Father, give me thy Holy Spirit to help my infirmaties.

I have spent most of this week away from home with an afflicted friend and believe God will bless my humble labors there. Whilst there I attended and led the first female prayer meeting I ever attended. I can truly say my Saviour was present with me even abundantly more than I had expected. Our souls were all made happy and I received a favorable impression of a female prayer meeting, would love to attend one regularly.

Our ministers are all gone to conference but our prayer and class meetings are kept up and we are blest when we meet. Oh, for a greater conformity to God's will. Oh, for more power to deny the flesh and take up my cross daily.

Dec. 1, 1861.

I feel that God has been very good to me during this day. I feel I have made a day's journey toward my home above. I thank God for all things. My faith grows stronger and tonight I feel that I rest calmly in Christ as my perfect Saviour.

I know the experiences through which I have passed of late have been good for me. I am stronger, self has been put farther away

I depend me upon God by faith-without regard to my feeling and I am determined, by God's assisting grace, not to stop short of anything that has been purchased for me by the atonement of Christ. I feel tonight that I love God with my whole heart and my soul is lost in wonder and amazement at his condescending love to me. I have covenanted to pray this year, in a very special manner, for my own family, particularly my husband. God alone knows how desolate my heart is sometimes when I think that here, in this world, we are divided on the most important of all subjects and with the sad, but too true reflection, that, unless he turns we must be separated forever after death. I have loved my husband deeply and sincerely and would willingly lay down my life to save his soul. Our nation is involved in a civil war and desolations and destruction stalk abroad. My first born son has joined the army for the term of the war. Oh. how often does my heart bleed for him. My trust is alone in God. I have committed my boy to his care and keeping. Oh. how supremely valuable is religion to me in such times as these. I thank God that I have never felt any bitter feeling against our enemies in this contest but have only felt a desire that their hearts might be changed toward us. I am pained when I hear christians speak with a vindictive spirit. The thought comes up, how can the love of God dwell in a heart with such feelings as these.

Dec 2.

I am still trying to live near the cross and believe I am daily drawing nearer my God. Oh, for more of the Spirit and mind that was in Christ.

Thank God I have learned to live by faith. This I know is an important lesson to the christian.

I have today heard of unjust accusations being brought against me by one whom I once thought a freind. All because I will not make a compromise with the world. Oh my Father, give me the faith and courage of a martyr if need be. Let me never, never,

never, for one moment, take the offering from off the hallow'd altar. Into thy hands I commit my cause knowing that all things shall work together for my good as long as I am faithful.

And now I have filled up the last leaf of this little book. I trust the Spirit of God has prompted the words and that, even in coming years, some soul may be blest by reading them.

I am weary of of straying,
oh fain would I rest,
In that far distant land, the
home of the blest.

My rest is in heaven, my
home is not here,
Then why should I murmur when trials
appear.

"I have always believed that the christian may arrive to that perfected state when it can be no longer permitted to remain on earth. By constant prayer, acts of benevolence, love to all mankind, and living a life devoted to good, the soul becomes purified, and the casket of clay, which holds it to earth, bursts asunder, and the sanctified spirit soars to the blest regions above"

Dr Adam Clark.

End of the first book.

# SOMERVILLE-HOWORTH FAMILY

S. Myra Cox Smith. Diary, December 3, 1861 - July 25, 1868
Transcribed by Nellie Nugent Somerville

Volume 5

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## Second Book.

Dec-3, 1861.

I feel tonight that onward and upward is the watchword of my soul. The witness of entire sanctification is given tonight, clear and without the shadow of a doubt. My soul rests in confident assurance on the promises of God and in the all sufficiency of Jesus blood to cleanse from all sin. I feel my faith of late sensibly increased. I am conscious of divine aid more and more manifestly when trying to exercise before others in any way, either in prayer, conversation or reading. The most barren times now, seemingly, are when alone. This is a new feature in my experience. At first it caused me some pain and much prayer and self examination. My faith now says, come in any way oh, my God. I desire to be as clay in the hands of the potter

Dec. 5, 1861.

In reading over tonight my experience of entire sanctification which I wrote out two years ago, my soul was made happy and the witness that God had kept what I then committed to him, and would still keep it, was given again. Oh, how I long to be more like my Saviour in all things. My soul pants to know more and more of the plan of salvation, to look deeper into the mysteries of our holy religion. My soul breaks out in longing desires to see the work of God revived in our midst.

Dec. 8, 1861.

My soul is happy tonight and filled

with love to God.

For two days past I have exerted every physical power to its utmost putting our little church in perfect order. Just as we were about done a shower of rain came up. A brother came in and as our work was done and we could not get home on account of the rain I sat down feeling very weary in body. The brother I mentioned began talking about his experiences during the week. While he talked I looked around and felt so glad that I persevered through many discouragements in having the church put in such nice order. There came the feeling that it was God's house and how blessed to be permitted to come there and work. Just then, as though God would reward me for it, a flood of love and joy was poured into my soul. My Saviour drew very near to me, "glory be to God", involuntarily escaped from my lips. The brother proposed to have prayer. We knelt at the altar and he prayed. I could do nothing but praise God. Oh, how full was my poor soul!. The language of my heart now is praise and thanksgiving to God. How truly can I say, I would rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.

Dec. 11, 1861.

Have spent the past two days from home and feel glad to be alone again. I am convinced that the christians best days are those spent mostly alone. Tis then our Saviour comes nearest to us. Tis then heaven seems most inviting and the world least attractive. Retirement is to the soul what food is to the body. Most happy is that one who has learned well the art of walking alone with Jesus. Blessed Saviour, give me the power so to do. Let me seek *Thee* more and more. I feel tonight happy, my soul is sweetly filled. Oh, I long to be more like my Saviour in all things. I want to feel every moment that I am growing in grace and in the knowledge of God.

Dec. 12, 1861.

I have been visiting more of late than is generally my custom. I felt it to be my duty to do so, therefore have done it. The year draws to a close and I feel thankful for the determinations I find in my heart. I am convinced that it will require a martyr's spirit to carry me unpolluted through this world. Oh, that I may be endued with it fully

Dec. 23. 1861.

This has been a day of sweet peace and sacred rest to my soul. Not a cloud intervenes between my soul and God. All is calm and peaceful within. I feel that new light has broken in upon my soul. I realize more fully what is required of those who desire to live a life of entire consecration, what is comprised in the term entire sanctification. How my soul pants after God. I feel that God has been in the last few weeks teaching me many useful lessons and I praise him for it. Though they were grievous to the flesh indeed, yet I feel now they are yielding the peacable fruits of righteousness. I desire to be shut up to God so entirely that nothing may be wanting. I feel that in the past I have suffered my heart to run out after my christian friends too much. 'Tis a precious privilege to be with them and hear them talk, but oh, give me the power to walk alone with Jesus and desire nothing more. Then when I meet them I shall enjoy their society without rebuke.

Had a few precious moments this evening with Brother Andrews and felt the Holy Spirit's presence sanctifying our intercourse. Oh, that God would enable us to build each other up this year in a very special way.

Jan. 1, 1862.

The first day of a new year and through God's grace I am still in the land of the living. Oh, that I may not be a mere cumberer of the ground this year. I would consecrate myself anew to God this night and pray that his Holy Spirit may give me to know what is an acceptable offering.

I look away from self and all past attainments, from all my own works of righteousness, and feel that my very best acts, without the cleansing blood of Christ, would sink me down to despair. Oh, how I do realize tonight that I can do nothing without Christ.

I want to be as simple as a little child before its young heart has felt the rising of a vain thought or feeling. I want the power to realize that God is every moment looking at my heart. I want to know that

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my Saviour is with me every moment leading and guiding me and that all my acts are pleasing in his sight. I lay myself a living sacrifice upon the altar and covenant by God's assistance, to be more abundant in labors for precious souls. To please not myself but God, to deny the flesh and take up my cross daily and follow Christ. I seek only God's approbation. I feel thankful I can say that I have grown much in grace the past year and learned more of the hidden life. Tonight the witness of entire sanctification is brighter and more abiding and faith more steadfast.

~~Jan. 2, 1862.~~

~~The closing of this day finds me calm and peaceful but I have not been every moment as watchful~~

10

I feel, to the praise of God, it is due that in the closing of the year I should make some record of his dealings with my soul during this year 1861, which has been tempered with great mercy to me.

In the closing weeks of the old year 1860, in the absence of all our ministers, it became my solemn duty to attend the death bed of a young man who, after several weeks of painful illness, seemed to have just wakened up to the consciousness of the awful fact that he was about being ushered by death into the presence of his God without preparation. In trying to minister to him my own soul was admonished anew of the great necessity of being ready whenever the summons should come for me to depart. Again I consecrated myself to God more fully and determined, by his grace, to live the coming year nearer the cross. To come out more entirely from the world and dare to be singular for Christ's sake.

Need I say that Satan disputed every inch of the way. The fires of persecutions have burned around me from friends and foes. Opposition has come and at one time an impossible mountain seemed to lie just before my pathway, which had for days seemed to be more and more hedged up, was now about to be blocked by this seemingly impassable mountain.

Calling to mind that he that hath put his hand to the gospel plough and looketh back is not fit for the kingdom of heaven, I resolved again, in the strength of Jesus, to press forward. And lo, when I came up to it, the rough places were made smooth and I was reminded of Bunyan's pilgrim who found the lions chained when he came up to them.

Our minister for the year, dear Bro. Andrews, is a man wholly consecrated and sanctified and set apart for God's work. I expected to be greatly benefited and encouraged by his example and teaching and, praise be to God, my most sanguine expectations were realized. I bless God that he ever sent Bro. Andrews here for I feel that the work of grace begun by the Holy Spirit in my heart through the teachings of dear Bro. Harrington has been greatly enlarged and deepened by the ministration of Bro. Andrews.

The first meeting of note was our

watch night meeting. Oh, precious meeting. Never, never can I forget it.

Several of our young lady members who had, in all except name, gone back to the world, came to the watch meeting.

After being seated the thought came to sing something, then what shall I sing. Just then my attention was attracted by some one changing their seat and my eyes fell upon Miss - -, in whom I had always felt a deep interest above all the other young members of the church but who had seemed almost lost to the church. The words "and can I yet delay my little all to give" were presented to me. I began to sing them*, praying all the time earnestly for her because the impression was made upon my mind that she was upon the

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(* footnote, Mrs Smiths voice was remarkable for sweetness and power.)

very verge of destruction.
The preaching of the word by Bro.
Andrews was attended with power.
All the while this same dear girl
was kept before me and my soul
wrestled in prayer for her deliverance
Before the meeting had closed she had
solemnly resolved in her heart to change
her life and be a christian and God
in mercy heard and gave her
strength to keep the resolution and
she is now a joyful witness that
the blood of Jesus cleanseth from
all sin.

Jan. 2. 1862. The closing of this day finds me calm and
15 peaceful but I have not been every moment as watchful as I should have been.

How much prayerful & watchfulness is needed to keep the heart right. It is my sincere desire to know my own heart and that the Holy Spirit would search me continually

Jan. 17, 1862.

I feel thankful that I can say I know the work of grace deepens in my heart and I long for more of the mind that was in Christ. This has been my regular fast day but, being more than usually engaged, I have not been as much in secret prayer, yet I feel tonight an abiding evidence of my acceptance with God. How my soul pants after the heights and depths of religion.

I have had some sore trials of my faith this week and cant yet see the end. I feel no impatience but rest until God shall see fit to make it all plain and teach me just the lesson he intends.

Jan. 28, 1867.

In many respects this has been a day of trial to me. Satan assaulted sorely in the morning and at noon but, thanks God, I was enabled to flee to Christ and found relief. Tonight I feel calm and peaceful. All my trust is in Jesus. I feel I am growing in grace and being prepared for my final home.

Last Saturday I was unusually blest by these words of St. Paul, "for the weapons of our warfare are not carnal but mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds". I felt them applied to my heart as an assurance that, though I was tempted and tried, yet I had not gone a warfare at my own charges or with carnal weapons but with those of God's own furnishing and that therefore I must prevail.

Feb. 5, 1862.

I feel I have been somewhat remiss in not committing my thoughts to paper oftener. I believe the Christian ought to take this way of acknowledging God's goodness to him or her.

In the days that have intervened God has been very good to me and has answered some of my prayers most signally. For these things I am humbled in the dust and my soul filled with gratitude.

Last Sunday evening being very rainy I retired about four o'clock for private prayer. I had felt for days as if there was a blessing just ahead of me and I longed to obtain it.

As I kneeled a spirit of persistency in prayer took hold of me and I resolved to get the blessing. It did not long tarry on the way. A window of heaven was opened and the Spirit descended into my soul and seemed to say, ask what you will and it shall be done unto you.

Another experience I would record. For two years or more and particularly last year and up to this time this year, I have been the subject of the most unjust persecutions from saint and sinner at home and abroad. All last year it seemed as if it could not be removed. Do as I would, it seemed to make no difference.

I studied to act so as to give no occasion for these persecutions and had not power to prevent them.

I felt that the lesson I had to learn from them was patience and perfect submission until I at length began to feel that I could rejoice in them and thank God for all things.

About six weeks ago, while praying, these words came forcibly to me, "Father, the hour is come, glorify thy son". A voice seemed to say, "would you be so presumptuous as to wish God to glorify you"?

My soul saw the cloven foot instantly and replied, "No, but I would have him glorify himself through me". I felt as if God saw for this time it was enough and would rebuke the wind and the waves.

Within the space of ten days, without my turning a wheel, the persecutions ceased and the hearts of those that were before set against me, turned to me and I am made astonished continually and the waves seem to be parting for me to go forward. I praise God for this exhibition of his favor and love and pray that I may be kept humble.

Sep. 7, 1862.

Has rained all day, in consequence of which some expectations of meeting christians in a prayer meeting were disappointed but I felt no murmuring in my heart.

This was my day of fasting. I fasted from breakfast and, having a headache at dinner, I ate to see if it would cure it. It did not and I felt sorrow that I did not fast the whole day out. All my hope is in Christ and his atonement for me. I can say I feel his blood applied tonight to cleanse from all sin.

Feb. 10, 1862.

Monday night. This has been a day long to be remembered by me as a day of great good to my soul. On Saturday morning I rose a good while before day and kneeled to pray. I was led to ask that I might have a greater realization of God's presence than usual. Immediately I felt that God was drawing near to me. Suddenly I saw, with the eye of faith, my Saviour standing beside me. He seemed to lay his hand on my head and these words came forcibly to me just as if Jesus had spoken them to me,

"receive ye the Holy Ghost".
I can never fully express my feelings.
I felt that power from on high
was communicated to me. My
faith rose triumphant and my
soul was filled with love. Since
that hour it seems as if waves
of glory have been rolling over my
soul.

Yesterday after we came from church,
my husband, myself and several
other persons were sitting around the
fire. My husband remarked that he
had heard the state of the sinner
beautifully described once by a minister
in the pulpit thus. He compared
the sinner to a man in a skiff,
fishing in the Niagara river with
his oars in the bottom of the skiff.
and the boat floating down the
current. While he was so intent on

his fishing suddenly he was aroused by the roar of the cataract. Starting up for a moment he paused and listened. Oh, that is far off and I am safe, no danger it is too far off. He resumed his fishing when again the roar broke loudly upon his ear. Starting up again he paused and listened. The water flowed smoothly and calmly on beneath the boat. Tis too far off, I am in no danger yet.

So bending over the side of the boat, he became more than ever absorbed in his fishing until the dashing of the boat discovered to him that he was at the head of the rapids. Seizing his oars ~~he~~ began to row for life. Close by he sees a tree whose branches dipped in the water. I can reach it and get hold of the limbs and save myself. But, to his horror, when he reached it, the branches which seemed to dip into the water were twenty feet high. The boat dashed past and he exclaimed; "Oh God. I am lost". One of the young men present shuddered and exclaimed, "you have scared me".

My own bosom heaved with the power of the Spirit present. My husband shuddered all over, tears burst from his eyes, and he said; "I believe I have scared myself".

I feel assured that God sent his Spirit down then and there and that my husband was powerfully convicted. All who were present felt it. Glory to God for this manifestation of his power.

21-
About two weeks ago it was deeply impressed on my heart while praying that, if the young girl --, who had come to sew for me a month, did not get more religion while she remained with me her blood would be required at my hands. Since that time I have thought and prayed over it.

This morning as we were sitting alone, each busyily sewing, the hymn "and can I yet delay" came up to me and at once I began to sing it and pray that God would send the words with the power of his Spirit to her heart and convict her for sanctification.

My own soul was blest but not a word was said.

In a half hour after I retired for prayer and never, never, can forget that hour. I feel I owe it to God that I make some record of it. My soul was bathed in the ocean of God's love, joy, rapture, visions of glory swept over my soul. I felt I would start anew and labour for God.

When I came back, to my great joy, the dear girl I just mentioned was rejoicing in the conscious possession of entire sanctification. To God be all the glory but oh, can I ever praise him enough!

Feb. 15, 1862. Saturday.

In looking over this week I can truly say it has been one of great mercy and blessing to me. I feel I have made considerable advance in the divine life. I have received light in reference to fasting for which I am thankful.

Feb. 18. 1862.
Our country is in the midst of a bloody war and, at the present, the tide seems to turn in favor of our enemies and on account of these things I am in heaviness yet I am thankful that tonight I have the witness that the blood of Jesus cleanseth me from all sin and that I have a building not made with hands eternal in the heavens.

My darling son is in the army and only God and myself know my feelings when I think of him. I have, and do daily, commit him to God's keeping. I believe it will go well with him.

My soul melts in gratitude to God for signs which I begin to see of a revival in our little town.

March, 1, 1862.
My soul still leans upon God in humble, trusting faith. I feel that all my times are in his hands. I have perfect peace and know the work of grace is deepening in my soul.

April 13, 1862.
This the holy sabbath evening and our second quarterly meeting. Although I felt the comforting presence of the Holy Spirit this morning at communion. Yet the vacant seats at church told of departures, of bereavements, of distress. My soul turns away sickened and saddened from all these sorrows of earth and feels that it will be a joyful day when she shall be safely housed in heaven where there will be no more parting nor

29 tears.

It has been some weeks since I wrote. I have been from home. Have met, while absent, dear Bro Camp and had a delightful talk with him on the subject of entire consecration to God. Bro Camp is a holy, devoted man, and is doing a great work. May the Lord be with him.

Since I returned home I have had many sweet experiences and deep communions with God.

I love to be alone because I feel then I can commune with my God, I can realize his presence and I do not feel lonely

One experience I have had I would record.

This day a week ago was the battle fought at Shiloh. All knew that the battle was inevitable.

I felt that, let others do and feel as they might, it was my duty to be much in prayer for our army and especially for my dear son Alfred. On Thursday morning, about six o'clock, while praying for his safety in the battle, a sense of my own unworthiness came over me with such an overwhelming power that my soul seemed almost crushed with the feeling. As I was sinking down I cried, "Lord, not for any merit in me not for any in him but in the name and for the sake of Jesus". Just as if I was electrified my soul leaped within me, God the Father, seemed to come near, very near, to me, and to say, no plea presented in that name could fail.

I rested in that assurance.

On Saturday morning which was the day before the battle, at the same hour, I had an assurance given me that my son would be saved in that battle. I never doubted after that, my faith was unwavering, I praised God aloud and I praise him now for what he has done. My son passed through that battle of three day's fighting without a scratch. Oh, the goodness and mercy of God.

April 25, 1862.

My usual course of life has been very much interrupted in the past two weeks. I have been in busy scenes yet, thanks be to God, I feel tonight that the fire still burns brightly on the altar of my heart. I have been permitted, in the past week, to receive into my house and nurse a poor sick and dying soldier. The Holy Spirit helped me to point his faith to Christ in such way that he was enabled to lay hold upon him as his Savior. He died and left with us a testimony that he had gone to rest in the bosom of Jesus.

Our pastor, ~~dear~~ Bro. Andrews, has been selected and appointed chaplain of a regiment of cavalry and we are left without an earthly chaplain for the present.

Oh. that the great Head of the church would draw nearer to this little flock. Here I would record a tribute of respect and friendship to our beloved pastor, Bro. Andrews.

For deep devotion, humility, singleness of purpose, and unremitting labours, I have never seen his equal.

Many, many, are the lessons of instruction I have learned from him.

Nov-16, 1862.

For seven long months my pen has been silent. I feel that I have been very remiss many times, yet, much of the time, I have been so occupied that I had no moment of time left to myself. I have passed through many trying scenes in these last months. My whole course of life is changed. We have moved to the plantation and I am thereby cut off from the blessed privileges of meeting in class and prayer meeting. I humbly confess before God that these things have been hurtful to my religion. I have gone back in some degree. I have often, oh how often, grieved the Holy Spirit. But thank God, he has not withdrawn His Spirit from me but has continued to draw me to him. Here tonight I would consecrate myself anew to him. And now, oh Father, I do ask thee, in the name of Jesus, never to leave me to myself, never to withdraw thy Spirit's influence from around me.

Dec 31. 1862.

The last day of the old year.

How solemnly does it remind me of neglected duties and broken vows. How many have been the changes in my life during this year.

Our whole land is rent and torn with the disasters of a civil war and there is no home but what is made sad. These outward troubles make more or less impress on my own soul and my life flows in a different channel outwardly, but, thank God, within it is the same. The same love for religion, the same longing after the mind of Christ, the same earnest desire to glorify God in all things. I feel at the closing of this year, a stronger determination to live nearer the cross than ever.

Jan. 1, 1863.

Finds me isolated and cut off from all church privileges, no christian communion, yet, thank God, I can truthfully say I never felt a firmer determination to leave all and follow Christ. I would here consecrate myself anew to God and do resolve, He being my helper, to get nearer to him this year. I thank the Lord for the faith I have tonight. I thank him for the longing I feel in my heart after perfect holiness of heart and life. I do want to be more like my blessed Saviour in all things.

Jan. 6.

I feel tonight peace but not all that I desire. Have felt the Spirit's presence with me today yet feel that I have not every moment been as watchful as I should have been.

Dec. 23., 1863.

As this year draws to a close I feel that duty calls upon me to bear testimony to the sustaining grace which has been given me.

All the waves and the billows have gone over me yet I have not been forsaken.

I have suffered the loss of the dearest object to which the heart clings. When the year 1863 entered I was a happy wife with an abundant home, its close finds me a houseless, homeless widow with an afflicted family. Yet, amid all, I have been calmly, peacefully sustained. I know not how we are to be provided with necessary food and clothing for the coming year. I am not troubled for God knows what we have need of and though we have been greatly straitened, yet we have not suffered. I never felt my trust in God firmer and religious, entire consecration, was never more precious to my soul. I purpose, God being my helper, to get nearer to him this coming year and, if I live to see its close, oh, may it find me far, far, in advance of my present attainments.

38

March 18, 1865.

Over two years have elapsed since the husband of my youth, the companion of my riper years was taken from me and although left desolate and destitute yet I have not been forsaken of God. I have fully proved that the God whom I trusted in the sunshine did not leave me in the shadows but came to me, walking on the waters of affliction. I have heard his voice, "It is I be not afraid". My sufferings have been great but my consolations in Christ have been greater. I have felt that an arm stronger than mine enemies was underneath me and, though my frail bark has been rocked in the tempest, yet her anchorage was not loosened

My trust in Christ today is firm and abiding. The sure prospect of a home in heaven is cheering to my soul. How delightful the thought, after so many tossings to and fro, to rest at last in Heaven. To make one of the vast multitude that John saw and to join in the song of the redeemed. May God help me this year to be more faithful, more prayerful, more instant in season and out of season.

April 19, 1865.

I still feel like pressing forward more earnestly after all the mind of Christ.

After about 22 years spent in the service of my God I can say I am not tired of his service but feel truly that his yoke is easy and his burden light. Yet I have to lament that I am not what I should be.

Too often, oh. how often, I have proved unfaithful to the grace given and brought leanness and darkness into my soul. Still, my purpose is fixed to follow my Saviour whithersoever he goeth.

The best part of my life is gone. I have entered my declining years and slowly and steadily I am tending to the tomb. Oh, that I may be ready when the Master calls.

May 28.

I bless and praise God that I feel today I have renewed my covenant with him and that I have now the witness of his Spirit with mine that the union between my spirit and his has been made sure.

Oh, blessed, blessed, beyond description, this holy religion. that calms the troubled soul, that gives perfect resignation under all trials and discouraging circumstances; that enables us to look poverty and dependance in the face and say with triumph and joy, "Thy will oh, God, not mine, be done.

The war that has desolated our land for over four years has suddenly come to a close bringing with it defeat and bankruptcy to very many, me among the number. Our home is burned, our property gone, scattered to the winds, but my trust and consolation in Christ no man can take away from me.

June 17, 1865.

Still my purpose is fixed to live near the cross.

I have had some comforting experiences of late and some severe trials.

Sept. 17, 1865.

Still all my desire is, "nearer my God to thee, nearer to thee". Sever trials have pressed upon me in the past two months yet, all within me longs for a more perfect union of heart and life with Christ. I feel assured that all is on the altar and is graciously accepted through the merits of Jesus.

Outward things sometimes fret me more than they ought and I am betrayed into a hastiness of speaking that causes me to feel distressed and I know injures my influence over others. From this, oh Lord, I cry to be delivered.

I do not spend enough time in prayer. In this I propose to amend. Oh Lord, help thou my infirmities.

July 14.66.

I feel today a hungering and thirsting after all the mind of Christ. I know that nothing short of this can enable me successfully to meet and properly ~~to~~ bear all the trials and temptations incident to a follower of Jesus.

Dec. 29, 1867.

As this year draws to a close

I am led to exclaim, Oh; the goodness and mercy of God. Through what conflicts have I passed. All the waves and billows have gone over my head in the past two years yet my anchorage in Christ is sure, my trust is steadfast, my peace deep and abiding although all around me in regard to temporal things is sad, said, so sad -

Jan. 13, 1868.

A new year has been ushered in and, to all human appearance, nothing but hardships and privations await me. Yet, with these in near prospect, my soul rests peacefully and trustfully in Jesus.

I am brought very low in regard to this world's goods, my wants are known only to God from whom cometh

all my help.
I feel that I am wholly the Lord's by a solemn covenant, all my desire is to do his will.

Jan. 26.

I praise God tonight for the faith I have, oh this blessed peace. It does indeed pass all understanding.
I have been enabled to lay my all upon the altar and realize that it is accepted through Christ and that the blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin.
Oh, this blessed rest of faith, how precious!

On the fly leaf of the first
book are the following
lines.

July 20, 1876.

Away down the journey of life,
a widow and almost alone in the
world, I here dedicate myself anew
to God. I purpose from this day, God
being my helper, to live entirely for
his glory. Not to please the world or to
gratify the flesh. To this end I consecrate
all my ransomed powers to his
service, to be used only as he wills
or permits and do pray God to enlighten
my understanding so that I
shall not mistake the way he
would have me go.

S. Myra Smith.

SOMERVILLE-HOWORTH FAMILY

S. Myra Cox Smith. Diary, 1852-1868. Ts.

Folder 9

COPY

Dear Mrs. Borden,

I am sending herewith a copy of the religious Diary of S. Myra Smith in the handwriting of my mother and a rather poorly done typescript of the copy. The first page is missing and possibly it is among the papers heretofore sent to the Archives.

In the material now in the Archives are clippings from the New Orleans Christian Advocate of parts of this Diary. I do not know how complete is this file or whether all the Diary was published. The New Orleans Christian Advocate was discontinued years ago. I doubt that material published in the Advocate was copyrighted as a whole and I am sure the Diary was never copyrighted.

On page 19, (typescript) reference is made to the marriage of Eleanor Fulkerson Smith and William ~~Lewis~~ Nugent, parents of my mother. The wedding took place November 6, 1860.

On page 31, (typescript) there is a reference which shows S. Myra Smith was conscious of her gift for leadership as she writes: "I feel that God calls me to labor for him in a more special manner than he usually does females...". Again on page 35, (typescript) she writes: "I have spent most of this week away from home with an afflicted friend and believe God will bless my humble labors there. Whilst there I attended and led the first female prayer meeting I ever attended. I can truly say my Saviour was present with me abundantly more than I had expected. Our souls were all made happy and I received a favourable impression of a female prayer meeting. Would love to attend one regularly ...". These entries were made in 1861.

When this Diary is read against the background of the life of S. Myra Smith, it seems to me a remarkable document. From 1841 to 1856 she bore eight children. Six of these children had died by 1870, two of the deaths occurred within the period included in the Diary. Her eldest daughter married, bore three children, two of whom died before January 1, 1866 when she died. Her husband was shot without justification by a patrol of Federal troops and died six weeks later, January 7, 1863. Her home was burned, her property lost and she was beset by personal sorrows, floods, poverty, epidemics, war and reconstruction, yet neither her faith nor her courage weakened. I have thought this Diary should be made into a book, perhaps someday a student in Radcliffe Seminars will have the genius to give it life.

With kindest regards,

Sincerely yours,

Lucy Somerville Howorth

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# A DIARY OF RELIGIOUS MEDITATIONS

1852--------0**0----1868

by

S.Myra Smith

Born: Natchez, Mississippi, August 31, 1822

Died: Greenville, Mississippi, October 14, 1887

Presented to Radcliffe Women's Archives as a part of the
Nellie Nugent Somerville Collection by Lucy Somerville Howorth

April 6, 1852

I have felt of late much variableness in my religious feeling. Sometimes my prayers seem to rise like grateful incense to the throne of mercy and bring the blessing down to my waiting soul. Some days since I was peculiarly blessed while praying for my husband, I felt my soul much drawn out and that God did deign to hear me and I had strong assurance that the Spirit would continue to strive with him. And with that I felt much comforted for most to be dreaded of all estates 'tis that where the tear of repentance no longer starts at the sound of alarm, where the whole soul seems wrapt in a profound sleep. Oh, that awful sleep of sin, into which man sinks when the Spirit ceases to strive! My God, deliver me from this wretched state. Rather let Thy Holy Spirit thunder at the door of my heart until I shall be forced to arise and let the heavenly messenger in.

April 14.

Through the mercy of God I have again been blessed with the privilege of attending another quarterly meeting.* And I thank the Lord that I feel I have been profited by it. I feel more sensibly than ever the goodness of our Saviour in instituting the sacrament of the Lord's Supper as a means of grace to the humble Christian. O, heavenly feast, it is indeed to the poor tempest tossed soul! Dear Saviour, grant me that I may ever receive it thru faith in Thee.

My heart feels more fixed and stayed on the Saviour of late. I feel more engagedness in time of prayer. And oft in singing although employed about the common business of my family, my soul is bourne up on the wings of love and my whole heart is drawn out in praise to God.

Father, may this blessed state continue, but oh, may it not exalt me in my own estimation or for one moment cause me to lose sight of my own unworthiness and the perfection of Jesus as my only salvation.

* a Methodist meeting held four times a year when religious experiences were related by those moved so to do.

April 20

Have been much engaged this day in work for the family, but I feel thankful that I am enabled to look up and continually lean upon the strong arm of Jesus. I have found from sad experience that without His strong arm of support I can do nothing, and thanks be to His holy name with it I can do all things. Dear Saviour, ever keep me humble, and may I stand in my proper place, watching unto prayer.

May 13

"The praying spirit breathe, the watching power impart, from all entanglements beneath Call off my anxious heart." Oh, God, may this be my daily prayer. Oh, may the fire of divine love burn brighter and steadier within my heart!

I was privileged last Sabbath in a degree that was more than ordinary for Christians here. I was permitted to attend preaching once and class meeting* twice and oh, how it warmed up my frozen feelings and cheered my desponding heart to commune with the children of God.

Father of all mercies, revive thy work, oh, revive it in this neighborhood. Oh, God, let not the wicked man always prevail. And those that lift their arms and bend their bows to send forth arrows to stay thy people, Oh Father, let their darts fall to the ground harmless and may the wicked devices that they form in their hearts recoil upon their own heads. Oh, may they be made to feel and know that God is the Lord and that He will stay the wicked and preserve the righteous.

August 24.

I humbly trust that whilst sinners are being awakened and converted to God, I, who have long professed His name, have not been standing altogether idle.

In reading Mr. Wesley's sermon on the wilderness state I was brought to see my own position. I feel that through sin and unbelief, I have been driven back and made to wander in the wilderness for many months. But praise to God for His long suffering and forbearance, I have not been cut off whilst in that state but have been preserved through the darkness. And by prayer and hard wrestling, God, for the sake of His son, Jesus, has again smiled upon my poor soul. And after duly considering the past I can say that now I am willing to forsake all to follow Jesus.

* a rather intimate service of early Methodists at which testimony was given as ~~personal~~ religious experiences.

I have learned not to trust altogether in feeling as being religious, but that the Christian must live and be saved by simple faith in the son of God. I am willing to lie at the foot of the cross, to have no will of my own and whether He sends joy or sorrow, to receive all as from the hand of a merciful God, who wills not the death of any but that all should be saved.

Lord hear me and save me eternally for Jesus'sake.

August 31.

I this day enter upon my 30th year. For thirty years I have been the object of God's amazing love and mercy. And wherefore? For any good that is in me? Oh, no, Alas, I can do nought but fall at His feet and cry "guilty, guilty"!

And now let me look back a little, and commune awhile with my conscience. Where do I stand, what advance have I made in holiness in the last twelve months?

Bless the Lord! I can say that I feel I have made some advance, tho not what was my privilege to have made. I feel calmer and more peaceful, more firmly rooted and grounded in faith and love, a greater willingness to lie at the foot of the cross and to give up my own will at all times to the will of God. Yet how far short do I come of being a perfect Christian God alone can tell.

I have had some sore conflicts lately. It has appeared to me that Satan had a thousand darts pointed at me, and to my own shame and confusion, many of them did not foil their mark. But still, thanks to my Redeemer, I was enabled to look up, and after a momentary reflection fly to the rock that is higher than I. My daily prayer now is, Lord, save me, Lord, sanctify me through the rich grace, enable me to bind all my Isaacs to the altar of thy love, to be not like Martha of old, busy and careful of too many things which pertain only to the creature but rather, like Mary, content to sit at the Saviour's feel forever.

I have a strong faith that my husband is becoming truly awakened on the all-important subject of his soul's salvation .. I have strong faith while praying for him of late. Sometimes almost seem to have an answer to prayer that he will very soon come out and take a bold stand on the Lord's side. ¶ God Almighty, hear my prayer, Oh blessed Jesus, look in mercy and compassion.

June 5, 1853.

For nearly a year my pen has been idle, no good thought committed to paper. The world enjoyed, my body cared for in every way but oh no thought of God recorded.

How unworthy, how ungrateful to God for all his mercies.

Day after day that I live I feel my own unworthiness and utter inability to do one good thing without the Holy Spirit moving me.

October 5, 1853.

For more than four months disease and death have been all around us. Sinners have been hurried unprepared to the grave, Christians have been called to join the souls above, to swell the songs of the redeemed of the Lord. That awful pestilence, the yellow fever, has been moving steadily through the land, slaying its hundreds and even thousands. And whilst many hearts have been made to bleed for the loss of all that was dear to them on earth, our little family circle has been preserved. And why and wherefore? For the sake of Jesus alone and not for any good that is in us. And amidst all this awful judgment of God, I would ask my own soul, where do I stand today and what is my own feeling today? I feel thankful to God this day that I can say, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." I feel this day that I have a home in heaven and that, if I hold out faithful I shall inherit a crown of righteousness. I do feel my heart so full sometimes of love to God and all mankind, that alone, where no eye but the eye of God can see me, I am enabled to shout aloud the praises of my God. I am sure my feelings are not the effect of religious excitement, for with the exception of two sermons, one by Father Laine and one by Dr. Camp, I have been denied religious privileges of a public nature for near about four months, our preacher having left the circuit. I have been trying to serve God and through the blood of Jesus make my way to heaven for many years. I have been very unfaithful, I have followed Jesus at a great distance a great deal of the time. Satan has tried me, my own sinful nature has caused me to falter, and yet, through all, I have never once thought of turning back. I have had doubts and difficulties of every kind and darkness has at one time enveloped my whole soul and I felt as if God's irrevocable curse was pronounced upon me, yet still I tried to press onward.

I knew that certain destruction was behind therefore I dared not give up nor look back, therefore I still tried to press onward. And I feel today that God for Christ's sake has forgiven me and blessed me and that He will still bless and lead me. And at this hour I can fully enter into the poet's feelings when, in the fulness of his heart, he breaks out into that beautiful strain,

Jesus, the name to sinners dear, the name to sinners given
It scatters all their guilty fears,
It turns their hell to heaven.

April 8, 1854.

What changes have taken place in our earthly circumstances.

We have moved to our new home and new scenes, new friends and associations have sprung up around us. How thankful we ought to be to God for all these temporal blessings and how humbled into the dust for our unworthiness, our coldness and great want of holiness of heart. I feel that I am unworthy of the least of all these blessings and mercies from thy bountiful hand, oh, my Father.

May 20th.

I feel this day a firm trust and reliance in the promises of the gospel and that I can claim those promises as a right purchased for me by my dear Saviour. Oh, precious Saviour, thou art to me. Surely none has ever been so unworthy as I am and yet how am I blessed.

A few days ago I felt the power of the Holy Ghost come upon me, the Lord blest my soul with such an outpouring of his Holy Spirit that I was made to show and praise the God that loved me and gave himself for me.

I thank God that I can say he has given me clearer and more scriptural views of the plan of salvation by faith in the merits of a crucified Redeemer, without any merit on my part.

I feel that of myself I can do nothing but sin, and my daily prayer is that God would lead me by his Holy Spirit, that he would keep me from being a stumbling block in the way of any creature on earth. God grant that I may never bring a reproach upon the cause of my blessed Redeemer, but rather that I may let my life so shine before men that I may be the instrument in the hands of God of bringing some poor sin sick soul to Christ.

May 27

"Bless the Lord, oh my soul and all that is within me bless his holy name". Yes, I do bless the Lord and call on all within me to bless his holy name for his goodness and abundant mercies to me. Oh, how my full heart swells with gratitude to my God this holy Sabbath morning for the gift of his dear Son. Oh, what amazing love to sinners to send into the world his only begotten son, a part of His own divine nature to die the death of the cross for fallen, sinful man.

Oh, precious Saviour thou art to me the chief of sinners.

What a glorious meeting we had last night and what a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. Hiw Spirit came down and made the hearts of his children rejoice.

I thank thee, oh my Father, for what I felt and for what I do feel at this present moment. I thank thee for the witness of the Holy Spirit at this hour, witnessing as it does to my spirit that I am born of God, that my name is written in the Lamb's book of life, that I have an intercessor at the throne of God, a Saviour in heaven and a full assurance that if I hold out to the end, God, for the sake of my Savious, will give me a crown of life that fadeth not away, eternal in the heavens. Oh my Father, keep me ever humbled at the foot of the cross, oh, let not my proud heart be lifted up to think more highly of myself than I ought to think. Lord, help me, that I place not too high an estimate on my own works of righteousness. Help me to do all I can, and when I have done all, let the feeling of my heart still be "guilty, guilty, none is good but one and that is God".

July 8, 1854.

Again do I put my pen to paper in testimony of my gratitude to my God, who, notwithstanding my great unworthiness, still spares me, still preserves and still, I trust, keeps my feet from falling. The feeling that I would be found trying to be a Christian all my life and then at last fail of heaven has been to me a source of great heaviness of heart, and when the feeling comes over me, as it often does, like a flood, I find there is no safety but at the foot of the cross and there do I go. And when I go humbly to the foot of the cross, forgetting all human means, and throw myself unreservedly upon the atonement made upon that cross for me and all mankind, I never go away empty. Jesus rarely ever fails to meet me at the foot of his dear cross. ¶ Oh, wondrous love! To bleed and die, to bear the cross and shame, that guilty sinners, such as I, might plead his gracious name.

June 19, 1859.

In the fear of God, with a deep sense of my own entire unworthiness, I now put my pen to paper to declare what God, for Christ's sake, has done for my soul.

For many months my mind has been deeply concerned on the subject of entire sanctification. Yet, not all the time, for I have, at intervals during those months, slacked in my diligence in seeking the blessing of a pure heart. But thanks be to God, his Spirit would still, ever and anon, come and urge upon me the necessity of being entirely consecrated to God in order to be able successfully to meet and resist the many temptations to which I was continually exposed, whilst I felt that the roots and bitterness of sin to some extent remained in my heart.

This I felt daily, and that this indwelling sin was continually bringing me into condemnation before God and dimming my light as a Christian before my fellow beings.

All these I felt, and more.

The Spirit plainly discovered to my mind and heart that I had come to that point where I must make a full surrender of all life, time, talents, friends, home, happiness, and every earthly consideration, or go back and wander in the wilderness again. This I had once done and my poor soul shrunk back with horror at the thought. Then says the Spirit of God, you have come to the promised inheritance, go over in the strength of Jesus and possess the goodly land.

I tried to obey the heavenly mandate. I thought that time must be given in order to purify myself. So I set to work. Fasting and praying, examining the scripture and reading every book I could get on the subject of entire sanctification. And whilst I know that all these are good and are great helps to the soul that is thus exercised, yet, furthermore

I know that the scriptures teach that without faith it is impossible to please God. And after I felt a full assurance that I had laid all upon the altar and that the consecration was entire, my faith staggered at the promise and here I remained, trying to believe but ever failing. But at length the victory was mine. I arose about quarter past four on Sunday morning, June 19, and retired for prayer whilst all was quiet and I felt that I had time and opportunity to hold communion with God.

With my bible open upon my knees, I read, "Therefore I say unto you, what things soever you desire, when you pray, believe that you receive them and ye shall have them." And now believe, continued the Spirit to urge. I felt drawn out. I strove. I wrestled. I tried again and again to take God at his word and believe. I felt the Spirit's influence on my heart. I felt my Saviour drawing nearer and nearer. At length, by faith, I saw my Saviour and his blood flowing like a stream to cleanse me from all sin, but Jesus was on the other side of the stream. I was brought to the verge of the stream but my soul drew back.

I could pray no longer. I arose from my knees but I still kept all upon the altar. After a few household duties were performed I again found time to go to God on my knees and my prayer this time was, "Oh, Jesus, let me see thee again standing beside that stream and my soul will not draw back."

And again I saw him stand beside that stream, and with one mighty effort of faith, I did plunge into the stream and felt that the blood of Jesus did cleanse me from all sin. Oh, the bliss of that moment, when my soul was enabled to cast all her care upon Jesus and feel that her will was lost in the will of God. I praised God for this great deliverance. I went to church. Bro. Harrington read the 18th Psalm. I felt an answer, in my inmost soul, to every word. He then gave out that beautiful hymn beginning, "Let him to whom I now belong". Whilst I sang, I felt that my heart and soul had said all that is contained in that hymn before I came to church, and was still saying it. It appeared to me that God himself must have directed Bro. Harrington in all his selections that morning. But here let me record one thing. Just as Bro. Harrington took his text, which was, "I beseech you therefore brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable unto God." It was suggested to my mind, if the Spirit shall help Bro. Harrington today, I would surely shout aloud. I did not feel that I would be ashamed to shout but thought I would prefer to sit quietly and drink in, to the refreshing of my soul, the heaven inspired words.

Here I quenched the Spirit.

During the day I was kept by the power of faith.

On Monday at an early hour I arose and I was met by Satan on every hand. Wandering and idle thoughts were continually being presented, and then he would say, if you were sanctified you would not so soon have felt such temptation. I had nothing but faith to use against him and was enabled to be firm in my purpose to keep all upon the altar. Towards evening Satan left me and my mind was calmly stayed upon Jesus but I did not feel the witness. After dark my husband, Mr. N. and myself, sat on the gallery conversing on the subject of the duty of Christians coming out from the world. I said but little but listened. And whilst I listened, the witness came, my soul bounded aloft and yearned over my dear husband. My very body seemed to be lightened whilst I sat there silently communing with God.

'Twas a late hour before I slept, for I felt that Christ was all I wanted. Blessed be God, I awoke this morning with a sweet consciousness that I was God's and he was mine. And now at this moment, I feel that the blood of Jesus does cleanse me from all sin.

June 29, 1859.

Today is the eleventh day since God set his seal upon me, giving me to know for myself and not another, that the blood of Jesus did cleanse me from all sin, and glory be to his Holy Name. I feel that I can, in sincerity, lay my hand upon my heart and say, "I know in whom I have trusted."

Jesus is my all sufficiency, in Him I live and move and have my being. I cannot stand one moment out of Christ. I feel the evidence of my entire sanctification grows brighter, and, to use the language of a sainted sister, "I feel today that my anchor has dropt deeper within the veil."

And now I do pray God, that if He shall see me about to fall, he would cut short the work in righteousness and take me home to himself rather than let me live to bring reproach upon the cause of Jesus.

My constant prayer is, "Oh Lord, deepen the work of grace in my heart and make me of some use in thy vineyard."

Aug. 19, 1859.

This day two months ago God made me entirely his. I thank him. I praise him. I adore him, for his goodness to me.

The evidence of my entire sanctification grows brighter.

During the past two months Satan has thrust sore at me and I have been tempted and sorely tried, but thanks be to God, I feel today that I have been brought off more than conqueror through Jesus. I have been made to realize that the just shall live by faith, and I desire nothing more for I feel that God is ever faithful to the trust reposed in him. I have had deep and sweet communings in spirit with God this morning and I can say with confidence that not a cloud intervenes between my soul and Christ. I feel that every want and desire of my soul are met in Jesus. My poor heart has no language to express its gratitude to God for all his goodness and mercy.

I meet with much opposition from every member of my family in living a life of entire devotion to God and for this my soul is often made to mourn for them as for myself.

My prayer is, "Oh, Lord, let patience have her perfect work, that I may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing. Had a refreshing season two days ago talking to Brother Andrews. He has been enabled by faith to drink of the purifying stream. God alone knows how pure and elevating are the communings of two spirits who have alike felt that the blood of Jesus does cleanse from all sin. There is no communing of spirit like it in this world.

Oh, how differently I look at the things of this world now from what I ever did before. Passing away seems written on all things here below and from all created nature I draw lessons of this doom.

Oh God, ever keep me, by thy rich grace, in this narrow way of holiness.

Nov. 17, 1859.

I have today determined to let nothing but unavoidable necessity keep me from making some note at the close of each day, of any spiritual progress and condition.

I wish to thank and praise my heavenly Father for what he has done for me in the past and for what I feel at the present moment.

No cloud obscures my spiritual sky and my joy is full in Jesus. Oh, blessed name, to sinners dear! I have felt today that all my righteousness is nothing but filthy rags. My best efforts prove to be but vanity. In Jesus alone is perfection. Oh, what a blessed thought, that we are to be saved through the righteousness that is in Christ. I feel that nothing but entire devotion can ever satisfy the cravings of my soul. I long to be more and more confirmed to the likeness and image of Jesus.

I feel an impression on my mind that God is about to bring me by a way that I have not hitherto known and the language of my heart is, thy will, Oh God, not mine, be done. I feel that it is sweet to be permitted to suffer for Christ.

One thing I would record. That is an increasing love for the holy scriptures. I feel that I have no language to express my gratitude to God for revealing his will to us through so blessed a medium. I feel such a sense of the divine presence whilst reading his sacred word that I have to stop reading to give vent to the overflowings of my full soul.

November 18.

I feel that I am to some extent in heaviness through manifold temptations but yet I hold fast my confidence. I feel that Christ saves me now from all sin.

I have felt the correcting hand of my Father several times lately, and I thank him that he has given me the Holy Spirit to show me that correction for my errors is not condemnation.¶ I desire to know the will of God concerning me and to do it perfectly.

Nov. 19, 1859.

I feel today that all my trust is in Jesus and his all cleansing blood. I have many temptations to doubt but I have given myself in a perpetual covenant to God and I know he is faithful to the trust reposed in him.

My sky is clear though my joy is not outbursting. Joy is not sanctification, but Jesus and in him I put my trust.

Nov. 21, 1859.

I feel tonight that in Jesus I have redemption. All my trust is in his atonement. Oh, blessed Saviour, I long to love thee more and more!

Nov. 22, 1859.

I feel tonight that sustaining grace has been given me during the day and though I have many and various temptations, yet I feel that the grace of God is sufficient for me. I can see many instances of late wherein I have not walked as near the cross as I should have done, and I have now promised God that, if he will help me I will be more self denying and crossbearing. Oh, Father, I pray thee to send the Holy Spirit and show me wherein I come short. I consecrate myself afresh tonight to Jesus and, glory be to his holy name, I feel that his blood cleanseth my soul from all sin. Oh blessed realization of a blessed state that Jesus blood saves us from all sin.

Our ministers have gone to conference and we have no meetings of any kind at our church and oh, how I do miss our sweet prayer and class meetings.

Two weeks ago was our last class with our beloved Brother Harrington. Language fails to express what my poor heart felt that morning as friend after friend gave in their testimony of the dealing of God with their souls. And when I reflected that in all probability, all of us would never meet in class meeting again in this world. But oh that blessed class meeting above, where all the finally faithful shall meet to part no more. Our dear Brother Harrington has gone. May God's richest blessings go with him and his dear family. Twas hard to give him up but no doubt it was all for the best. Oh, my Father, grant that I may never forget the sweet lessons of piety that I have learned from his preaching. May they yet spring forth and produce a more abundant harvest to thy honor and glory.

Nov. 23, 1859.

I feel tonight that my faith is firm and steadfast. I have had some precious moments today and my joy has been fuller and more constant than for some days past. But, oh, Father, I pray that I may not make an idol of my joys, but may I ever remember that Jesus is my sanctification and redemption. I have felt deeply humbled today in reflecting upon all the goodness of God to me.

I have seen today what deep sorrow and affliction are. A poor mother and two sisters bowed down in grief for a son and brother who is to be tried for his life. They seem to be devoted Christians, yet God in his wisdom permits them to be thus afflicted. We cannot understand why it is thus, but this much we are sure of, that God does not willingly afflict any.

Nov. 24.

Though sorely tried and tempted, I feel my soul calmly staid upon Jesus this night. My faith is firm and unwavering. I feel the abiding evidence of my sanctification, and my constant prayer is, Oh Lord, keep me from falling and deepen the work of grace in my poor heart and never let me live to bring dishonor upon the cause of Christ. I have had many conflicts with the adversary in the last two weeks and feel that I have not at all times been as watchful as I should have been and have thereby suffered loss. But by the grace of God, I keep all upon the altar and tonight I feel a fresh application of the all cleansing blood of Jesus.

Oh the goodness and mercy of God. How long suffering and forbearing.

Nov. 26

This night I dedicate myself afresh to God to be more entirely devoted than ever and praise God for his goodness to me. Oh, how unworthy I feel for all his blessings and mercies. Today my eyes have witnessed a sad scene indeed - a mother's heart torn and crushed by having to see her son tried for his life. Oh, God, what a scene! May today's transactions be sanctified to the good of this entire village. And, oh Father, may I profit by it. Give me to feel another's woe more than I ever have and, oh God, may my poor heart be more and more impressed with the vanity of all earthly things.

Dec. 9, 1859.

I feel tonight to adopt the language of the sacred writer, "the just shall live by faith!" And praise my heavenly Father that such is my privilege.

I feel the abiding witness of a pure heart and that Jesus is my perfect Saviour.

Oh blessed Jesus, had I a thousand hearts they should all be thine. I have been much tempted and tried of late and have felt sometimes that the tempter came so near that I have been made to tremble lest I have given way, but amid all, I feel that God will not suffer me to be tempted above that I am able to bear.

I have given myself entirely to God and my purpose, by his grace assisting me, is never to take the offering from the altar and I know that God is ever faithful to the trust reposed in him.

Dec. 10.

I feel that by faith I have been enabled today to take a firmer hold on Jesus as a Saviour from all sin. I believe I have grown in grace more today than in many days past. I have made a full consecration of all my redeemed powers to God and feel no disposition to resume any portion of the offering. I feel that nothing short of holiness of heart and life can ever satisfy the necessities of my immortal soul. Oh, the fulness of a Saviour's love. How amazing to think that Christians will ever stop short of their duty and privilege. Father, I commit me and mine to thy kind care and keeping.

Dec. 12.

All is still upon the altar and glory be to God. I feel no desire to resume any part of the offering. I have been freed from temptations today in a great measure and feel that I have been kept by the power of God's amazing goodness. "Oh what a glorious hope is ours, verse indent
whilst here on earth we stay." ¶ I feel a calm resting in Jesus and that all my burdens are gone. I have no care for I feel that help will come from one that is mighty. Oh Lord, ever keep me in this narrow way of holiness.

Dec. 13.

Had a few precious moments conversation today with Brother Camp and whilst I talked with him of holiness, I felt the sweet communings of the Spirit of God filling my poor heart and making it swell with love and gratitude to my heavenly Father. Oh, blessed Jesus, I long to be more and more conformed to thy image.

~~rests tonight believing in Jesus as a perfect Saviour.~~

Dec. 15

I find varios and many hindrances in my Christian course. Life spreads out in many attractions around me. All seems to smile and look gay and I feel that sometimes it is hard to keep my mind steadily fixed on the prize which is before me. But I do thank my God that I do feel no desire to turn back. No, blessed Jesus, I feel that I can truly say, "You may have all the world, give me Jesus."

Dec. 20th, 1859.

I feel tonight my faith firmer and more steadfast than for many days past. My joy in Jesus is full. My place is deep and abiding. I feel that I love God supremely and my neighbor as myself.

I have had many hard conflicts with the adversary of late but, thank God, tonight I feel that all things shall work together for good to those who love and serve the Lord. Oh, blessed Saviour, I here give myself again to thee, oh, may I never, never leave thee or remove the sacrifice from off the altar.

Dec. 21, 1859.

Another day gone. Praise God from whom all blessings flow. Oh, may my heart ever be filled to overflowing with praise and thanksgiving to God for all this mercies to me all unworthy as I am. I have not language to express what my heart feels. All my trust is in Jesus. I do feel that God is about to bring me by a new and hitherto hidden way. At the foot of the cross I lie. Leaving all the future in the hands of my heavenly Father.

R Have today received the first letter from dear Bro. Harrington. Oh, my Father, smile upon our correspondence and make it a means of grace to each of us.

Dec. 29, 1859.

Another day draws to a close and still God's mercy extends to me, a poor sinner, saved by grace. My faith is more steadfast and ~~rests tonight believing in Jesus as a perfect Saviour~~ constant I feel that all a poor sinner need is met in Jesus. I have not language fully to express my feelings. All my trust is in the atoning merits of Christ. I here give myself afresh to God and oh, how full of blessings and mercies to my poor heart.

Jan. 5, 1860

The year 1859, I can truly say has been the best year of my life, on account of the manifestations of God's love to me.

I here give myself afresh to God, to live more devoted, and I pray that for the sake of Jesus, ~~God~~ would make this year better than the one just gone.

My soul ——

(16)
rests tonight believing in Jesus as a perfect Saviour.

Jan. 8, 1860

I am all unworthiness. By faith I stand and every moment I need the atoning merits of a Saviour's blood.¶ I desire to live each day nearer the cross and to be less and less conformed to the world.

Jan. 13.

I feel that my trials and temptations are great but, thank God, he has said, "my grace is sufficient for you", and daily I prove the blessedness of this promise. I have many temptations to omit secret prayer and, always, when the temptation is strongest to stay away, tis at that special time I am most blessed.¶ Often, on such occasions, my soul is filled with peace and joy and my prayer begins with praise and thanksgiving to God for all his mercies to me. My soul longs to be filled with all the fulness of God, more and more. Oh, blessed Saviour, keep me in this narrow pathway of holiness. May I never become entangled again in the yoke of bondage. I bless God that we are saved by faith and my faith is more steadfast and unwavering. I feel daily that nothing short of entire devotion can ever satisfy the desires of my soul. Perfect salvation through the blood of a perfect Saviour.

Jan. 28

I feel that still by faith I live. My trust in my blessed Saviour is perfect. I know that he careth for me. I feel truly sometimes of late that I am a wonder to myself. Oh, how good the Lord is to me and how unworthy I feel. I feel tonight that the blood of Jesus cleanseth me from all sin. Oh, blessed Saviour, I long to love thee more and more.

Feb. 20, 1860.

For many days I have made no record of my religious state but I trust that I have not declined in my spiritual life. I feel that, if in the last two weeks my variable feelings were the only test of my religion, I might with truth say I was not always in the enjoyment of full salvation. But, thanks be to God, such is not the case.¶ I feel that by grace, through faith, I have been kept and the wicked one touched me not. I know I have grown in grace lately notwithstanding all the assualts of the enemy and tonight I praise God for the gift of Jesus as my Saviour. Oh, how unworthy I am of all the mercies of God and how far short I come. I want to be more and more given up and devoted. I want to live daily in a state of entire consecration to God.¶ Oh, my Saviour, keep me through thy love unto the perfect day of redemption.

March 28, 1860.

I feel tonight like starting anew to serve God, like consecrating myself afresh, and here on the altar I lay my all. Glory be to God, that I realize the offering is accepted for the sake of Jesus. I have the evidence of a pure heart. Oh, how sweet it is to love Jesus. I feel that in this world I am not understood even by those who are nearest and dearest to me. And when my heart feels pained and grieved at this, there comes the thought that the servant shall not be above his master but that, if I hold out faithful, I shall reach a place where I will never be misjudged.

April 10, 1860.

This day has been a record of grace to my soul. My heart is filled with love, every desire is met in Christ. Oh, may I never remove the offering from off the altar.

April 16.

I thank God that I am enabled still to keep the offering upon the altar and realize fully that it is accepted. Oh, blessed Saviour, how can I ever praise thee sufficiently!

April 20.

I have been called truly to walk by faith for several days but my confidence in God is firm and unshaken. I have given myself entirely to God through Christ, and have and do realize that, unworthy as the offering is, yet, for his sake, it is accepted. While I have this blessed assurance and witness I calmly, willing to do or be or feel just as God wills.¶ I thank God I have learned the encouraging lesson that we are saved by faith.

May 8, 1860.

I think I have never in all my Christian experience, had such fiery trials as of late. I feel that nothing but the sustaining grace of God could have kept me and thanks be to his name that I have been kept, though I have often had to adopt the language of the poet, "I hold thee with a trembling hand but will not let thee go."

I feel tonight a quiet resting in my Saviour.

Oh, Lord, for the sake of Jesus, deepen the work in my poor heart.

June 12.

For two weeks every physical power has been exerted preparing to go with my husband and children on a summer tour for their health. God knows my heart and how much I would prefer the quiet of home, but I feel that I am obeying the voice of duty. Oh, my Father, keep me amid all the turmoil of earth and may I stand fast in my purpose to serve thee with my whole heart.¶ Oh, may I prove this summer that th~~e~~y grace is sufficient for me.

August 16, 1860.

It is two months today since I left home. I have been for the most part, surrounded by the votaries of fashion who have learned to play their part well in the school of folly. I feel thankful to my heavenly Father that I have been sustained amid it all and enabled to keep all upon the altar. Oh, how unworthy do I feel of all these mercies and blessings. I feel today that nothing but the religion of Jesus can ever satisfy the desires of my heart. I feel now the witness of the Spirit of God with mine, that my name is written in the Lamb's book of life.

Sept. 24, 1860.

Again in the providence of God, I am at home, after an absence of nearly three months. All in safety and a reasonable degree of health, preserved through all the dangers of traveling and have been kept by God's power from falling. Oh, my Father, how can I ever love thee enough for all thy mercies? Here, this holy sabbath evening, I would lay myself afresh upon the altar, to do and be just what God requires of me. Oh, my Father, use me to honor and glorify thee in any way that may seem to thee just and right.

Oct. 2, 1860.

The closing hours of another day bring me under renewed obligation to my heavenly Father.

I have had some strange feelings for several days, as if something unusual was about to happen. I know not why I have these feelings but feel no disposition to get away from them until my Father sees fit to remove them. Let me learn to let patience have her perfect work and oh, may I learn well the lesson the walk by faith and not by sight.

Oct. 26, 1860.

I feel today an im provement in my spiritual state. I have felt today more of the warm, gushing love of God in my heart than for some time, more longing after greater conformity to his holy will in all things and to be entirely consecrated to his service.

Nov. 15, 1860.

Since last I committed my thoughts to paper a solemn act has transpired. I have seen the marriage of my first daughter.[*] Consequent upon it I have had some seasons of depression and I can say, with the sacred writer, I have been in heaviness through manifold temptations. But these things only give me another proof of the goodness of God, for when I went to him for help it was given.

Oh, how our human feelings come up to dampen our spiritual joy and clip the wings of our faith. But how I do thank God that I can come to him through Christ and claim, through faith in his atonement, a full victory over the flesh. Oh, my Father, help me to hide behind the cross and to live in a state of entire consecration to thee.

Dec. 2, 1860.

I feel that this holy sabbath has been a day of sacred rest to my soul. Jesus is precious to my believing heart. I feel that all is upon the altar and that I have perfect peace through the atonement of Christ. I feel that I have grown in grace and that my heart has been more fixed on the one object, holiness of heart and life.

Dec. 18, 1860.

I feel tonight that my heart is fixed but I am often in heaviness on account of my husband and children. I have of late heard of unkind stories that have been circulated about me and I have been enabled, thus far, to give it into the hands of God. Oh, my

[*] Eleanor Fulkerson Smith to William Lewis Nugent.

Father, keep me, I pray, from entertaining any feeling but love for those who have been guilty in this matter.

Dec. 27, 1860.

Since last I wrote I have passed through various scenes of sickness and death. Friends have dropt on the right hand and on the left. I have been called to the death bed of a poor sinner trembling on the verge of eternity yet shrinking back with terror at the thought of going unprepared into the presence of his God. I endeavored, in my feeble way, to point him to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world, and have a hope that he embraced Jesus as his Saviour.

Oh, what a solemn warning, yet who will lay it to heart? I fear not many.

My husband is very much embarrassed with debt which seems to make him very sad, almost miserable. These things I regret but feel that I can give all up into the hands of a kind and merciful Father, who, I feel, will never forsake me unless I first forsake him. ¶ I feel tonight like renewing my covenant vows to be more entirely given up to the will of my heavenly Father. My experience of late has been such as to try my faith, and blessed be God, I can say that the trial of my faith has been precious inasmuch as I feel I have gained the victory over the tempter and could even rejoice when my faith was most severely tried. ¶ How many ways our Father has to prepare us for our final home above. Oh, that I may be made perfect through whatever refining process is necessary for me.

Jan. 6, 1861

Another year gone, and oh the failure of duty who can number. But thanks be to God, we are saved through the righteousness of Christ. Oh, blessed assurance! For weeks I have had to walk by faith but I have found it precious so to do, feeling that the trial of my faith would, if I was firm, bring a blessing.

Yesterday I was pained by the judging of a friend who misconstrued my word into unkindness and a want of Christian charity. My soul was humbled and I was sent in the dust of humility to the foot of the cross. ¶ Oh what a blessed retreat is the mercy seat where Jesus meets his children. I always feel that it is good to be afflicted.

Today the trials and temptations that have beset me seem hushed and gone. My soul is filled. Every want of my nature is met in Christ. I feel such a perfect resting in my Saviour that this world's cares seem removed far away from me. I feel that I am lifted above the turmoil of earth, that I am planted more firmly on the rock of my salvation.

Jan. 24, 1861

This has been a day of precious experiences to my poor heart. I feel I have begun with renewed zeal to run the Christian race. Oh, may I be permitted to walk in the narrowest part of the narrow way. I bless thee, Oh God, for such a thought and such aspirations. Oh, Lord, revive thy work here in our midst. "Oh Lord in the midst of the years make known, in wrath remember mercy". I feel tonight that I have the victory through my Savious over sin and oh I do sweetly realize that my will yields in perfect obedience to God.

Feb. 14, 1861.

I feel that my faith rests firmly in my Saviour. I have had many refreshing seasons of late and I can say I know I have grown in grace and now realize that the blood of Jesus cleanseth me from all sin. I feel a wrestling in spirit that God would revive his work in our midst. I do not pray without faith for I feel in my heart that I am confidently looking to see the rustling of the branches before the mighty shower. Oh that God would send it down in great power.

Feb. 22, 1861.

Sitting along tonight my thoughts have gone back over the past weeks and in the review I truly see that mercy has covered all the way. I am led, with the psalmist, to say, surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life. I feel a calm resting in Jesus. Every cloud is gone. My way is clear and I feel that I have an assurance that I will be led by the Holy Spirit even in the least things if my will is at all times willing and obedient. Oh, my Saviour, I pray thee keep me and may my will always yeild in obedience to the slightest moving of the Spirit. I feel thankful that tonight I can lay myself as an offering upon the altar and be willing to be used as an instrument of good.

Oh, my Father, let me see the path of duty plainly in all things. If in any way I can assist thy ministering servants oh, let thy Holy Spirit show it to me, that I may do that which thou requirest at my hands.

Feb. 28, 1861.

I feel a firm trust in the promise of God which brings a quiet resting in my Saviour and praise is the language of my heart. ¶ I feel that I am going through a refining process, but I know that a father's hand will stay the fire when the metal is purified. I have tried today to live right in the sight of God and feel no condemnation, but the approving smile of my Saviour resting upon me. I felt much drawn out in private prayer this evening. Knowing that Brother Andrews had gone to visit a young man who is thought to be going into consumption I prayed that God would so fill him with the Holy Ghost that some word from his lips might reach and find lodgment in the heart of the young man. I felt encouraged to believe that it would be so. I feel that onward and upward is the watchword of my soul. Forgetting those things that are behind, I press to the mark for the prize.

March 4, 1861.

I feel since yesterday afternoon, that my soul has cast anchor deeper within the vail of God's love. The impossible mountains, which seemed in my path, have disappeared. I felt my heart strangely quickened by the relation of a dream of my daughter which seemed to have reference to my death. Not that I believe in dreams yet, as it was a little remarkable, it led me to look into mY own heart and ask if the message to depart should come just then, was I ready and willing to go. I went, with this feeling, to the mercy seat, and oh, can I ever forget how near, how precious, my Saviour seemed to me! I do not remember ever to have had such a realizing sense of the presence of my Saviour as then. Every tie that bound me to earth seemed rent asunder and my soul longed for the hour to come when it should be said, "it is enough, come up higher."

I feel renewed strength to meet and go through the various duties and trials that lie in my pathway and my will yields in obedience to my heavenly Father.

March 10, 1861

I feel a deep peace and an abiding trust in the word of God. I feel a longing for the salvation of the souls of these dear people here. Oh, that a revival may begin.

March 25, 1861.

Many days have passed since I last committed my thoughts to paper and during those days, I have gone through experiences which have tried my soul. But thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ, I have been kept from a murmuring spirit and feel it a privilege to suffer for Christ. I feel that all I have comes from God and to live a life of entire devotion to his service has become the habit of my soul. Oh, that my soul may become more and more absorbed with this holy service, so that every thought and imagination of the heart may be brought into captivity to God's holy will.

April 4, 1861.

Spent this day at Sister Hunt's and felt no disposition to engage in trifling conversation. My mind was led to reflect how much useless conversation was held by even those who profess to love God supremely. How many precious moments thus pass by unimproved and how little Christians recommend religion in their daily walk and conversation. Just think of hour after hour being spent by Christians discussing all the various topics of life and not one word said to help each other on in the way to heaven. Oh shall it ever be so! My God, help me to lay aside every restriction of society and live to glorify thee. Thanks be to God, I feel the evidence now that the blood of Jesus cleanseth me from all sin.

April 16, 1861.

My experiences for several days past have been somewhat marked. On last Friday during a season of fasting and prayer, I earnestly laid before God the subject of the female class contemplated by Bro. Andrews. The first feeling I had was a solemn conviction that it was God's cause, then the value of the souls composing the class seemed to press upon me with fearful magnitude. My mind seemed to pause to contemplate the picture before me. During the pause this question came, in view of all this responsibility can you dare to take the direction of these souls for whom such a price was paid, you, who are so incapable of teaching others, and where wrong teaching might cause the loss of a soul? While I felt the full force of the responsibility, my soul seemed to be passive in the hands of God, not wishing to get away from any duty that was made plain to me and not, by any means, desiring to assume any without the clear guiding of the Spirit. But that, if God had need of my poor services, he could, and would, fully prepare the vessel for his own use.

I feel that I am called to do many things that others seem not to be. I know not where the Spirit would lead me, nor will I ask, but only yield myself up to be led by so sure a guide. My faith grows stronger and more steadfast and I find sweet comfort in doing the will of God instead of my own.

May 9, 1861.

Since last I committed my feelings to paper, I have enjoyed many seasons of sweet communings with the Holy Spirit and with Christian friends. Have been privileged once more to hear dear Bro. Harrington preach. And the sweet interchange of Christian experience, oh, how precious to my soul seemed the gospel of Jesus while I listened to him discourse from the text, "the kingdom of heaven is not meat and drink but righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost," my poor heart was filled with rejoicing. I would here record some of the gracious dealings of the Spirit with my soul.

Tuesday night I determined to spend the next day in fasting and prayer, or so far as I could. I rose very early to secure the first hours of the day in prayer, which I always find a source of spiritual benefit. As it is my habit always to pray much for my pastor, I commenced praying for Bro. Andrews and was importunate in my appeals because I thought he had looked sad for some days. I continued to urge my petition at the throne of grace and was led to ask that at the prayer meeting that morning I might hear him say he had been specially blessed.that morning. He did not lead the prayer meeting but was so sweetly filled that he was constrained to get up from his seat to tell how much his soul had been blest.

In an instant I thought of my wresting for him at the mercy seat and could but feel that my prayer had been answered. Oh God, increase my faith.

May 20, 1861.

I feel my whole soul sweetly filled, and, anew Oh God, would I give myself up to thee. I desire nothing but to feel thy smile resting upon me.

I have been led to look more narrowly into my life and am determined, by the help of God, to walk nearer the cross.

Spent today with Sister Theobald and thank and bless God for Christian friendship and association. Oh, I do realize now, at this moment, that my soul is sanctified, that the blood of Jesus cleanseth me from all sin. Glory be to God for such salvation. Oh Lord, deepen thy work in my poor heart and let thy Holy Spirit lead me in all things.

June 1861.

Spent today with Sister Theobald and enjoyed a season of communion with Br. Andrews. Oh, how grateful to my poor heart are such privileges as these. I feel that my experience has deepened of late. A spirit of searching and examination has been upon me and I have been blest under its influence. I feel a desire to have my heart laid bare before God at all times. I long to be more like my Saviour, that my life may be a living sacrifice indeed and in truth. Oh, God, deepen the work of grace in my heart.

June 15, 1861.

I feel that this day's experience has been beneficial to me.

This morning as our class meeting was near closing there came up a feeling that, as it was to be a day of public exhibition, and as the beating of the drum and the sound of the music gave token that the day's performance was about commencing, our class had better close as we would not be able to attend without distraction. I looked narrowly into my own heart to see if this feeling came from within or without.

I saw the suggestion came from without because I could lift my heart in prayer and realize that I would be glad to remain. Just at this point came the whispering of the Spirit of God that I had better go home after church and spend the day in solemn self-examination and prayer. As I love the music of a brass band, I did not decide immediately.

to go but went to a place where others were listening to the music. I felt the same moving to go home as if there was an unusual necessity for me to pray. I have covenanted to yield always to the leading of God's Holy Spirit and when it urged me to private prayer I felt no hesitancy. Deciding that it was the Holy Spirit moving me, I yielded, and was blest in so doing.¶ All that I have heard of the day's transactions only serve to convince me that while I live in a state of entire consecration, I will be guided in the right way.

Oh, how full of thanksgiving tonight is my heart, what a loss I know my soul would have sustained had I gone today with the giddy multitude. My soul has been blest today in praying for the church and for Bro. Andrews. I have no doubt the same moving of the Spirit was with him for he too went home from church.

Oh, my Father, let me draw nearer to thee and may thy Holy Spirit ever guide me in the way of all truth.

June 23, 1861.

I feel a longing of soul after a greater conformity to God's holy will in all things. I feel that nothing short of entire devotion can ever meet the necessity of my soul and I earnestly pray that I may be led into a nearer and more intimate communion with my Saviour. I praise God for what I now feel and enjoy. All is upon the altar and is graciously accepted for the sake of Jesus. Oh, how easily my will yields in obedience to God's. The constant language of my heart of late is, oh Lord, enlarge the vessel and then sweetly fill it. I feel encouraged to pray for the church to be revived, and thanks be to God some are already much revived. Oh Lord, take thy cause into thine own hand.

July 3, 1861.

My soul is calmly stayed upon Jesus as a perfect Saviour.

Last night just after going to bed, my soul was filled with rejoicing and this morning my hour of early prayer was sweet and precious on account of the presence of my Saviour. My faith grows stronger and the prayer of my heart is, oh Lord, deepen the work.

~~July 31, 1861.~~

July 21, 1861.

God has been very good to me. I have had many seasons of refreshing for which I would here record my grateful thanks. I have been permitted to come nearer to my Saviour and I feel sensibly that I am growing in grace.

This has been a sweet day of rest to my soul and in my evening prayer my soul was filled, sweetly filled. I know of my entire acceptance with God. I have the witness in my heart that all is upon the altar and that the blood of Jesus cleanseth me now from all sin. Glory be to God for such salvation. Oh, that I may be able to show forth, by my daily walk and conversation, that there is truth in the profession I make. I long to be more and more like my Saviour in all things and to glorify God more. Oh that I may feel continually "for me to live is Christ, to die is gain".

July 22, 1861.

I have been kept this day and felt this evening that twas meet to retire to thank God for all his mercy to me. My soul was blest and I feel, thanks be to God, that the vessel is being enlarged.

Being without any religious association in my family, I am often obliged to sit and converse or listen to them longer than I desire or feel profitable. But unless I withdraw from their society entirely, I know not how I can avoid it and can only look to God to keep me even in the midst of all.

July 28, 1861.

This holy sabbath evening I would here record the gracious dealings of God with my soul. I feel that I have grown in grace more than usual of late. God has poured a gracious stream of divine love into my soul and I feel strengthened. My faith, glory be to God, grows firmer, regardless of surrounding circumstances. This evening, while at prayer in giving myself in a perpetual covenant to God, I feel the evidence in my heart that it was ratified in heaven and that the bond between my soul and my Saviour was sealed anew.

July 31, 1861.

This has been a day of sweet rest to my soul. All is upon the altar and glory be to God. I have the evidence in my heart that it is accepted for the sake of Jesus. I have tried to act this evening upon Bro. Andrews advice to visit and encourage the members of the church. I made a visit to Sister Lawson and felt it did me good to encourage her and believe it did her good.

I felt my soul lifted up and that it was a blessed privilege to be permitted to labour for God. I urged her to come to our social meeting and obtained her promise that she would. Her earnestness that I would call again soon as she followed me to the gate, made me feel that my visit had not been altogether in vain. Oh, Lord, here I am. Use me as thou wilt.

August 8, 1861.

I feel that not a cloud ariseth to obscure my spiritual horizon. My way is all bright and clear. This has been a day of sweet experience to my soul because of the evidence in my heart that God was the entire source of all my joy and happiness. Had the delightful privilege of having Bro. Andrews stay with us. Oh, how my soul is refreshed by such association and enabled to press onward more earnestly. How I thank God for a pastor whose whole life is a continual living sacrifice. Lord, raise up more just like him.

August 9, 1861.

I continually realize more and more that this life is only a state of probation in which we are to prepare for eternity and oh that I may so pass my time of sojourning here that death may be robbed of its sting. All my trust is in Christ. Every want of my nature is met in him.

I realize daily that I grow in grace and wisdom that cometh from God and I feel thankful that, through every opposition, God enables me to press forward.

My soul was refreshed this evening during my evening prayer, in an unusual degree. Jesus seemed so precious to me. My faith rose triumphant and my heart was drawn out in earnest supplication for the church that God would continue to revive us until not one shall be left out.

August 13, 1861.

Through my way is all bright and clear, yet my soul is bowed down within me on account of the unkind remarks of those from whom I deserved better things. Yet, why should I murmur when trials appear. What did Jesus suffer for my sake and can I not bear all for him? Yes, oh my Saviour, I can. All, all. Be still my poor heart and trust all to him, "for he careth for you".

August 20, 1861

For ten days every physical energy has been exerted to the utmost sewing for the soldiers, and now tonight my poor heart is oppressed with the pain of parting with friends whom perhaps, we may never see again. Oh, the sadness of war! What desolation it brings. And in the midst of all this, were it not for the sweet consolation of religion, I, for one, would sink in despair. But thank God, through all I can trust him, and go on my way rejoicing. Not rejoicing in the calamities of war but in doing and suffering all of God's will.

My way is clear, no cloud obscures my horizon and my heart is filled with love and thanksgiving. Tonight I lay my whole being anew upon the altar, not to do my will or to please myself, but to labor for God in any way his Holy Spirit may direct me.

Have had a sweet season of communion lately with Bro. Andrews and other Christian friends.

I sometimes think that God sees the tendency of my nature, to love my friends too much, and, for this reason, hedges up my way , and I have his promise that my steps shall be ordered by the Lord.

Aug. 21, 1861.

Still all upon the altar, and thank God I have the witness that it is accepted. I realize that I grow in grace and spiritual knowledge and I feel that the vessel is being enlarged. I pray that it may continue so to be until I can fully comprehend with all saints what is the length and breadth and depth and height of God's redeeming love.

I feel a burning love for the salvation of souls and that it increases. I praise God for what he is doing for me.

Aug. 26, 1861.

I feel like laying myself more unreservedly upon the altar of sacrifice to spend and be spent for Christ. And here, oh my God, I covenant anew to live nearer the cross, to walk more humbly, more in the spirit of perfect self denial, to deny the flesh more, and to wait upon God with an humble, trusting faith. My soul, now and then, catches glimpses of richer fields which lie just ahead, and I long to be admitted fully unto their abundance, and do believe that I shall be when my Father sees that this poor heart is prepared for it. Oh, that the joyous day may hasten on which shall usher my soul into a more sacred and intimate union with my Saviour. While I write my soul expands and reaches out after a more divine conformity to God's holy law, for more of the mind that was in Christ. It seems strange to me that God should have been so good to me. When I think how he has led me and the various instrumentalities he has used in guiding me thus far, along the journey to heaven, I am lost in wonder at the wisdom of God and overwhelmed with gratitude at his condescending mercy to poor, fallen, sinful worm of the dust. If, in return, I should render him the praise of my heart and the labor of my life, what a poor return it is and how entirely insufficient to atone for one sin except for the rich perfume of a Saviour's sacrifice.

Sept. 3, 1861.

Since last I wrote I have entered my 40th year. How merciful God has been to me. I give myself in a perpetual covenant to him. Oh, my Father, let it be sealed in heaven.

God alone knows how narrow is the path in which I have to walk. My trials are peculiar but God knows them all. I receive all as from his hand without a murmur.

Sept. 7, 1861.

In the past four days I feel that God has made me to know more of his condescending love to me and of his power to save in the most trying circumstances. I have had deeper and sweeter experiences and tonight my whole soul is filled inexpressibly full of love. Oh, the burning flame that fills my soul. God grant that it may increase until the wickedness that is around me shall be consumed in the sacred fire. Oh, that my husband and children may be made to feel the power of my religion and openly acknowledge as I know they now do in their hearts, that the Holy Ghost is poured upon me and the power of God displayed in my life. I feel that God calls me to labor for him in a more special manner than he usually does females and that he lays the burden of souls heavy on my heart and how I do thank and praise him that such an unworthy worm of the dust as I am should be so highly honored of God. It seems now, as far as I can see with human vision, that my usefulness is about to be hindered and that I am about being stopped in my labors but faith says, not so, no human instrumentality can stop or overthrow God's plans. If the opposition is permitted to be carried out I shall cheerfully submit believing that God, who has promised to order my steps, has permitted this for some wise purpose. Nor will I with impatience seek to find out the divine mind, but wait in earnest prayers and watchings, the leadings of the Holy Spirit.

Sept. 10, 1861.

My pathway grows brighter and my Father blesses me and fills my poor heart with his love. My soul is perfectly filled tonight every desire is met in Christ. Oh blessed Jesus, how I love thee. Oh, magnify the Lord with me. Language fails to utter what my heart feels.

Sept. 21, 1861.

My whole soul is, and has been for some time, filled with love. A holy stillness pervades my whole being. I rest confidently and peacefully in Jesus as my perfect Saviour. God knows all my peculiar trials and I will not murmur but leave all to him in humble submission.

Sept. 27, 1861.

In many things of late I have seen plainly that God was with me, guiding my footsteps and answering my prayers. One answer to prayer I would here record. For several months I had not heard from Bro. Harrington until I became very anxious, not knowing precisely where he was. My own help was in prayer and I ordered my petitions thus, I asked that just then, wherever Bro. Harrington might be or however surrounded, he might be blest and feel the melting subduing power of the Holy Spirit upon his heart and that God would put it into his heart to write to me. I had faith to believe and continued to ask and soon began to look for the letter. In about two weeks it came with this assurance that while at prayer and trying to pray for me, such a feeling of reproach for not having answered my last letter came over him that he rose and the letter was the fruit of his repentance. I am humbled when I think of all God's goodness and mercy to me. All the return I can make is to render him the praise of my whole heart and life.

Oct. 4, 1861.

Have spent this day as a day of fasting and prayer and I wish to thank God for the victory I have over the flesh.

I am not understood by my husband and children but I don't murmur, or blame them for it. I know they can't tell why I seem at times lost to everything around me. I feel that my soul has expanded of late and I love God more and more. I can realize the presence of my Saviour with me continually. Often a sense of sacred stillness pervades my whole being and I feel as if it would almost be a sin to speak so near do I seem to my Saviour. Now, while I write I have the witness in my heart that the blood of Jesus cleanseth me from all sin. I know that my pathway shineth brighter and brighter and, if I am faithful, will continue so to do unto the perfect day.

Oct. 16, 1861.

I feel tonight peace in my heart, coming from the assurance that the blood of Jesus cleanseth me from all sin. I am all unworthiness but God is good to me. I long to be more and more conformed to the image and likeness of my Saviour. I purpose from this night to hide more entirely behind the cross and live more entirely in the spirit of entire consecration.

Oct. 21, 1861.

Since last I committed my thoughts to paper, I have in the providence of God, been called upon to watch the dying bed of suffering infancy. In all these things I see the hand of God, taking away from these parents their clay idol that their hearts may be turned to the living God. I have been made to know more of my own self and to mourn over my shortcomings. How merciful is God to me. I feel that the road is very narrow but, thank God, I have the assurance that I will be sustained all the way if I only keep all upon the altar and look away from self to Jesus every moment. I feel tonight that by faith I stand.

Oct. 25, 1861.

I feel feeble in body on account of severe headache but within all is calm and peaceful, feel a quiet resting in Jesus as my perfect Saviour. All the trials I have had lately are hushed and gone and a holy calm has taken the place.

Oct. 29, 1861.

Have had some unusual privileges of late, some precious Christian associations for which I feel thankful. But, above all, am thankful for the sweet peace I have in believing today my Saviour has been very near me.

Last night when a trial of patience and forbearance came up in regard to the carelessness of a servant, I so perfectly proved the mercy of God in saving me that I was made to rejoice and almost be glad that the accident had happened. How faithful is our covenant keeping God.

Yesterday while riding through the woods and seeing the yellow leaves slowly falling to the ground, a melancholy sweetness stole into my heart. The tears dropt from my eyes and my soul was filled with gratitude to God that the fear of death was all taken away from me and that I could look forward with pleasing anticipation to the time when this frail tenement of clay should, like the autumn leaves, return to its mother earth and my weary spirit soar away to be forever with God.

Nov. 14, 1861.

Had company to dine with me today and although I love to be kind and friendly with everyone, yet I think I can plainly see from this day's experience, that there is no use to have invited company to dine on special occasions. Not that anything unpleasant occurred, nor was I betrayed into any anxious care about the dinner. Yet the useless preparation, over-taxing of the servants* seemed useless and superfluous, and I think, for the future, I will visit differently.

Oh, for a perfect and entire consecration of my whole being unceasingly to God. I feel humbly thankful that, notwithstanding the hurry of the day, I have had an abiding

~~*her own slaves~~

peace and a sense of my Father's approbation.

Nov. 21, 1861

I feel like doubling my diligence. I have been sorely tried and tempted in the last two weeks yet, I thank God, I still am enabled to be firm to my purpose to be entirely the Lord's. The enemy of my soul is trying hard to make me cast away my confidence but, by God's assisting grace, I never, never will. I have bound the sacrifice upon the altar and though all the powers of darkness combined should come against me, while I trust in Jesus, I cannot be moved.

I have had some strange experiences of late, different from anything I have ever felt before. I can truly say my God is leading me by a way I have not hitherto known. I feel humbly thankful for these things and do desire, with all my heart, to glorify God in all I do or think or say.

I spent a night this week with Sister Gregory and in the morning, just before prayers, she came in the parlor, where I was sitting alone, and remarked how she thanked God for what she felt then, that her whole soul was filled with love. Turning around, I threw my arms around her and, oh, how sweetly did Jesus fill my heart as she went on praising God for what he had done for her.

Nov. 24, 1861.

I feel it a pleasing duty to record here this sabbath night, the deliverance I have from the trials that have so sorely beset me of late. I do thank God that, during the season of trial, my faith did not fail me. I feel that I am strengthened by the trials. I feel a spirit of persistency in prayer which surpasses anything I have ever felt before. My anchoring tonight seems so secure, my Saviour seems so near to me. How good is God to me and what abundant cause of gratitude I have. I can truly say that I long to be filled with all the fullness of God and I believe I shall attain it even in this life.

My soul is drawn out to agonize for my darling son, Alfred, who is now in the army.

Nov. 30, 1861

The last day of another month gone forever. Another month nearer my home above. Thank God I feel that I am in the path that leads to heaven. I have been sorely tried this month, and had experiences differing from those I usually have, yet, through all, I have never wavered. My purpose is fixed to serve God and make my way to heaven. How slowly I move in the divine life. Oh, for more of the spirit of prayer, I want every breath to be prayer or praise, yet how often my soul is taken up with the things of time and sense.

I covenant to begin anew to serve my God from tonight. Oh, my Father, give me thy Holy Spirit to help my infirmities.

I have spent most of this week away from home with an afflicted friend and believe God will bless my humble labors there. Whilst there I attended and led the first female prayer meeting I ever attended. I can truly say my Saviour was present with me even abundantly more than I had expected. Our souls were all made happy and I received a favorable impression of a female prayer meeting. Would love to attend one regularly. Our ministers are all gone to conference but our prayer and class meetings are kept up and we are blest when we meet. Oh, for a greater conformity to God's will, oh, for more power to deny the flesh and take up my cross daily.

Dec. 1, 1861.

I feel that God has been very good to me during this day. I feel I have made a day's journey toward my home above. I thank God for all things. My faith grows stronger and tonight I feel that I rest calmly in Christ as my perfect Saviour.

I know the experiences through which I have passed of late have been good for me. I am stronger, self has been put farther away. I depend me upon God by faith without regard to my feeling and I am determined, by God's assisting grace, not to stop short of anything that has been purchased for me by the atonement of Christ. I feel tonight that I love God with my whole heart and my soul is lost in wonder and amazement at his condescending love to me. I have covenanted to pray this year, in a very special manner, for my own family, particularly my husband. God alone knows how desolate my heart is sometimes when I think that here, in this world, we are divided on the most important of all subjects and with the sad, but too true reflection, that, unless he turns, we must be separated forever after death. I have loved my husband deeply and sincerely and would willingly lay down my life to save his soul. Our nation is involved in a civil war and desolation and destruction stalk abroad. My first born son has joined the army for the term of the war. Oh, how often does my heart bleed for him. My trust is alone in God. I have committed my boy to this care and keeping. Oh, how supremely valuable is religion to me in such times as these. I thank God that I have never felt any bitter feeling against our enemies in this contest but have only felt a desire that their hearts might be changed toward us. I am pained when I hear Christians speak with a vindictive spirit. The thought comes up, how can this love of God dwell in a heart with such feelings as these.

Dec. 2.

I am still trying to live near the cross and believe I am daily drawing nearer my God. Oh, for more of the Spirit and mind that was in Christ.

Thank God I have learned to live by faith. This I know is an important lesson to the Christian.¶ I have today heard of unjust accusations being brought against me by one whom I once thought a friend. All because I will not make a compromise with the world. Oh, my Father, give me the faith and courage of a martyr if need be. Let me never, never, never for one moment, take the offering from off the hallowed altar. Into thy hand I commit my cause knowing that all things shall work together for my good as long as I am faithful. And now I have filled up the last leaf of this little book. I trust the Spirit of God has prompted the words and that, even in coming years, some soul may be blest by reading them.

I am weary of straying, oh fain would I rest
In that far distant land, the home of the blest.
My rest is in heaven, my home is not here,
Then why should I murmur when trials appear.

"I have always believed that the Christian may arrive to that perfected state, when it can'be no longer permitted to remain on earth. By constant prayer, acts of benevolence, love to all mankind, and living a life devoted to good, the soul becomes purified and the casket of clay, which holds it to earth, bursts asunder and the sanctified spirit soars to the blest regions above. " - Dr. Adam Clark.

End of the first book

## SECOND BOOK

Dec. 3, 1861

I feel tonight that onward and upward is the watchword of my soul. The witness of entire sanctification is given tonight, clear and without the shadow of a doubt. My soul rests in confident assurance on the promise of God and in the all sufficiency of Jesus blood to cleanse from all sin. I feel my faith of late sensibly increased. I am conscious of divine aid more and more manifestly when trying to exercise before others in any way, either in prayer, conversation or reading. The most barren times, now seemingly, are when alone. This is a new feature in my experience. At first it caused me some pain and much prayer and self examination. My faith now says, come in any way, oh, my God. I desire to be as clay in the hands of the potter.

Dec. 5, 1861

In reading over tonight my experience of entire sanctification which I wrote out two years ago, my soul was made happy and the witness that God had kept what I then committed to him and would still keep it, was given again. Oh how I long to be more like my Saviour in all things. My soul pants to know more and more of the plan of salvation, to look deeper into the mysteries of our holy religion. My soul breaks out in longing desires to see the work of God revived in our midst.

Dec. 8, 1861.

My soul is happy tonight and filled with love to God.

For two days past I have exerted every physical power to its utmost putting our little church in perfect order. Just as we were about done a shower of rain came up. A brother came in and as our work was done and we could not get home on account of the rain, I sat down feeling very weary in body. The brother I mentioned began talking about his experiences during the week. While he talked I looked around and felt so glad that I persevered through many discouragements in having the church put in such nice order. There came the feeling that it was God's house and how blessed to be permitted to come there and work. Just then, as though God would reward me for it, a flood of love and joy was poured into my soul. My Saviour drew very near to me. "Glory be to God" involuntarily escaped from my lips. The brother proposed to have prayer. We knelt at the altar and he prayed. I could do nothing but praise God. Oh, how full was my poor soul! The language of my heart now is praise and thanksgiving to God. How truly can I say, I would rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.

Dec. 11, 1861.

Have spent the past two days from home and feel glad to be alone again. I am convinced that the Christian's best days are those spent mostly alone. 'Tis then our Saviour comes nearest to us. 'Tis then heaven seems most inviting and the world least attractive. Retirement is to the soul what food is to the body. Most happy is that one who has learned well the art of walking alone with Jesus. Blessed Saviour give me the power so to do. Let me seek thee more and more. I feel tonight happy, my soul is sweetly filled. Oh, I long to be more like my Saviour in all things. I want to feel every moment that I am growing in grace and in the knowledge of God.

Dec. 12, 1861.

I have been visiting more of late than is generally my custom. I felt it to be my duty to do so, therefore have done it. ¶ The year draws to a close and I feel thankful for the determinations I find in my heart. I am convinced that it will require a martyr's spirit to carry me unpoluted through this world. Oh, that I may be endowed with it fully.

Dec. 23, 1861.

This has been a day of sweet peace and sacred rest to my soul. Not a cloud intervenes between my soul and God. All is calm and peaceful within. I feel that new light has broken in upon my soul. I realize more fully what is required of those who desire to live a life of entire consecration, what is comprised in the TERM entire sanctification. How my soul pants after God. I feel that God has been in the last few weeks teaching me many useful lessons and I praise him for it. Though they were grievous to the flesh-~~minded~~ indeed, yet I feel now they are yielding the peaceable fruits of righteousness. I desire to be shut up to God so entirely that nothing may be wanting. I feel that in the past I have suffered my heart to run out after my Christian friends too much. 'Tis a precious privilege to be with them and hear them talk, but oh, give me the power to walk alone with Jesus and desire nothing more. Then when I meet them I shall enjoy their society without rebuke.

Had a few precious moments this evening with Brother Andrews and felt the Holy Spirit's presence sanctifying our intercourse. Oh, that God would enable us to build each other up this year in a very special way.

January 1, 1862.

The first day of a new year and through God's grace I am still in the land of the living. Oh, that I may not be a mere cumberer of the ground this year. I would consecrate myself anew to God this night and pray that his Holy Spirit may give me to know what is an acceptable offering.

I look away from self and all past attainments, from all my own works of righteousness, and feel that my very best acts, without the cleansing blood of Christ, would sink me down to despair. Oh, how I do realize tonight that I can do nothing without Christ.

I want to be as simple as a little child before its young heart has felt the rising of a vain thought or feeling. I want the power to realize that God is every moment looking at my heart. I want to know that my Saviour is with me every moment leading and guiding me and that all my acts are pleasing in his sight. I lay myself a living sacrifice upon the altar and covenant by God's assistance to be more abundant in labors for precious souls. To please not myself but God, to deny the flesh and take up my cross daily and follow Christ. I seek only God's approbation. I feel thankful I can say that I have grown much in grace the past year and learned more of the hidden life. Tonight the witness of entire sanctification is brighter and more abiding and faith more steadfast.

I feel, to the praise of God, it is due that in the closing of the year I should make some record of this dealings with my soul during this year 1861, which has been tempered with great mercy to me.

In the closing weeks of the old year 1860, in the absence of all our ministers, it became my solemn duty to attend the death bed of a young man who, after several weeks of painful illness, seemed to have just wakened up to the consciousness of the awful fact that he was about being ushered by death into the presence of his God without preparation. In trying to minister to him my own soul was admonished anew of the great necessity of being ready whenever the summons should come for me to depart. Again I consecrated myself to God more fully and determined, by his grace, to live the coming year nearer the cross. To come out more entirely from the world and dare to be singular for Christ's sake.

Need I say that Satan disputed every inch of the way. The fires of persecution have burned around me from friends and foes. Opposition has come and at one time an impossible mountain seemed to be just before my pathway, which had for days seemed to be more and more hedged up, was now about to be blocked by this seemingly impassable mountain.

Calling to mind that he that hath put his hand to the gospel plough and looketh back is not fit for the kingdom of heaven, I resolved again, in the strength of Jesus, to press forward. And lo, when I came up to it, the rough places were made smooth and I was reminded of Bunyan's pilgrim who found the lions chained when he came up to them.

Our minister for the year, dear Bro. Andrews, is a man wholly consecrated and sanctified and set apart for God's work. I expected to be greatly benefited and encouraged by his example and teaching and, praise be to God, my most sanguine expectations were realized. I bless God that he ever sent Bro. Andrews here for I feel that the work of grace begun by the Holy Spirit in my heart through the teachings of dear Bro. Harrington has been greatly enlarged and deepened by the ministration of Bro. Andrews.

The first meeting of note was our watchnight meeting. Oh, precious meeting. Never, never can I forget it.

Several of our young lady members who had, in all except name, gone back to the world, came to the watch meeting.

After being seated the thought came to sing something, then what shall I sing. Just then my attention was attracted by someone changing their seat and my eyes fell upon Miss ________ in whom I had always felt a deep interest above all the other young members of the church, but who had seemed almost lost to the church. The words, "And can I yet delay my little all to give" were presented to me. I began to sing them*, praying all the time earnestly for her because the impression was made upon my mind that she was upon the very verge of destruction.

The preaching of the word by Bro. Andrews was attended with power. All the while this same dear girl was kept before me and my soul wrested in prayer for her deliverance. Before the meeting had closed she had solemnly resolved in her heart to change her life and be a Christian and God in mercy heard and gave her strength to keep the resolution and she is now a joyful witness that the blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin.

Jan. 2, 1862.

The closing of this day finds me calm and peaceful but I have not been every moment as watchful as I should have been.

How much prayerful watchfulness is needed to keep the heart right. It is my sincere desire to know my own heart and that the Holy Spirit would search me continually.

Jan. 17, 1862.

I feel thankful that I can say I know the work of grace deepens in my heart and I long for more of the mind that was in Christ. This has been my regular fast day but, being more than usually engaged, I have not been as much in secret prayer, yet I feel tonight an abiding evidence of my acceptance with God. How my soul pants after the heights and depths of religion.

I have had some sore trials of my faith this week and can't yet see the end. I feel

~~*footnote: Mrs. Smith's voice was remarkable for sweetness and power.~~

no impatience but rest until God shall see fit to make it all plain and teach me just the lesson he intends.

Jan. 20, 1862.

In many respects this has been a day of trial to me. Satan assaulted sorely in the morning and at noon but thank God, I was enabled to flee to Christ and found relief. Tonight I feel calm and peaceful. All my trust is in Jesus. I feel I am growing in grace and being prepared for my final home.

Last Saturday I was unusually blest by the words of St. Paul, "for the weapons of our warfare are not carnal but mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds." I felt them applied to my heart as an assurance that, though I was tempted and tried, yet I had not gone a warfare at my own charges or with carnal weapons but with those of God's own furnishing and that therefore I must prevail.

Feb. 5, 1862.

I feel I have been somewhat remiss in not committing my thoughts to paper oftener. I believe the Christian ought to take this way of acknowledging God's goodness to him or her.

In the days that have intervened God has been very good to me and has answered some of my prayers most signally. For these things I am humbled in the dust and my soul filled with gratitude.

Last Sunday evening being very rainy I retired about four o'clock for private prayer. I had felt for days as if there was a blessing just ahead of me and I longed to obtain it.

As I kneeled a spirit of persistency in prayer took hold of me and I resolved to get the blessing. It did not long tarry on the way. A window of heaven was opened and the Spirit descended into my soul and seemed to say, ask what you will and it shall be done unto you.

Another experience I would record. For two years or more and particularly last year and up to this time this year, I have been the submect of the most unjust persecutions from saint and sinner at home and abroad. All last year it seemed as if it could not be removed. Do as I would, it seemed to make no difference.

I studied to act so as to give no occasion for these persecutions and had not power to prevent them. I felt that the lesson I had to learn from them was patience and perfect submission until I at length began to feel that I could rejoice in them and thank God for all things. About six weeks ago, while praying these words came forcibly to me, Father, the hour is come, glorify thy son". A voice seemed to say, "Would you be so presumptious as to wish God to glorify you"?

My soul saw the cloven foot instantly and replied, "No, but I would have him glorify himself through me". I felt as if God saw for this time it was enough and would rebuke the wind and the waves.

Within the space of ten days, without my turning a wheel, the persecution ceased and the hearts of those that were before set against me, turned to me and I am made astonished continually and the waves seem to be parting for me to go forward. I praise God for this exchibition of his favor and love and pray that I may be kept humble.

Feb. 7, 1862.

Has rained all day, in consequence of which some expectations of meeting Christians in a prayer meeting were disappointed but I felt no murmuring in my heart.

This was my day of fasting. I fasted from breakfast and, having a headache at dinner, I ate to see if it would cure it. It did not and I felt sorrow that I did not fast the whole day out. All my hope is in Christ and his atonement for me. I can say I feel his blood applied tonight to cleanse from all sin.

Feb. 10, 1862.

Monday night. This has been a day long to be remembered by me as a day of great good to my soul. On Saturday morning I rose a good while before day and kneeled to pray. I was led to ask that I might have a greater realization of God's presence than usual. Immediately I felt that God was drawing near to me. Suddenly I saw, with the eye of faith, my Saviour standing beside me. He seemed to lay his hand on my head and these words came forcibly to me just as if Jesus had spoken them to me, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost."

I can never fully express my feelings, I felt that power from on high was communicated to me. My faith rose triumphant and my soul was filled with love. Since that hour it seems as if waves of glory have been rolling over my soul.

Yesterday after we came from church, my husband, myself and several other persons were sitting around the fire. My husband remarked that he had heard the state of the sinner beautifully described once by a minister in the pulpit thus. He compared the sinner to a man in a skiff fishing in the Niagara river with his oars in the bottom of the skiff, and the boat floating down the current. While he was so intent on his fishing suddenly he was aroused by the roar of the cataract. Starting up for a moment he paused and listened. Oh, that is far off and I am safe, no danger, it is too far off. He resumed his fishing when again the roar broke loudly upon his ear. Starting up again he paused and listened. The water flowed smoothly and calmly on beneath the boat. Tis too far off, I am in no danger yet.

So bending over the side of the boat, he became more than ever absorbed in his fishing until the dashing of the boat discovered to him that he was at the head of the rapids. Seizing his oars he began to row for life. Close by he sees a tree whose branches dipped in the water. I can reach it and get hold of the limbs and save myself. But to his horror, when he reached it, the branches which seemed to dip into the water were twenty feet high. The boat dashed past and he exclaimed, "Oh, God! I am lost."

One of the young men present shuddered and exclaimed, "You have scared me".

My own bosom heaved with the power of the Spirit present. My husband shuddered all over, tears burst from his eyes, and he said, "I believe I have scared myself."

I feel assured that God sent his Spirit down then and there and that my husband was powerfully convicted. All who were present felt it. Glory to God for this manifestation of his power.

About two weeks ago it was deeply impressed on my heart while praying that if the young girl - - - -, who had come to sew for me a month, did not get more religion while she remained with me, her blood would be required at my hands. Since that time I have thought and prayed over it.

This morning as we were sitting alone, each busily sewing, the hymn, "And can I yet delay" came up to me and at once I began to sing it and pray that God would send the words with the power of his Spirit to her heart and convict her for sanctification. My own soul was blest but not a word was said.

In a half hour after I retired for prayer and never, never, can I forget that hour. I feel I owe it to God that I make some record of it. My soul was bathed in the ocean of God's love, joy, rapture, visions of glory swept over my soul. I felt I would start anew and labour for God.

When I came back, to my great joy, the dear girl I just mentioned was rejoicing in the conscious possession of entire sanctification. To God be all the glory but, oh, can I ever praise him enough!

Feb. 15, 1862, saturday.

In looking over this week, I can truly say it has been one of great mercy and blessing to me. I feel I have made considerable advance in the divine life. I have received light in reference to fasting for which I am thankful.

Feb. 18, 1862

Our country is in the midst of a bloody war and at the present, the tide seems to turn in favor of our enemies and on account of these things, I am in heaviness. Yet I am thankful that tonight I have the witness that the blood of Jesus cleanseth me from all sin and that I have a building not made with hands eternal in the heavens.

My darling son is in the army and only God and myself know my feelings when I think of him. I have and do daily, commit him to God's keeping. I believe it will go well with him.

My soul melts in gratitude to God for signs which I begin to see of a revival in our little town.

March 1, 1862.

My soul still leans upon God in humble, trusting faith. I feel that all my times are in his hands. I have perfect peace and know the work of grace is deepening in my soul.

April 13, 1862

Tis the holy sabbath evening and our second quarterly meeting. Although I felt the comforting presence of the Holy Spirit this morning at communion, yet the vacant seats at church told of departures, of bereavements, of distresses. My soul turns away, sickened and saddened from all these sorrows of earth and feels that it will be a joyful day when she shall be safely housed in heaven where there will be no more parting nor tears.

It has been some weeks since I wrote. I have been from home. Have met, while absent, dear Bro. Camp and had a delightful talk with him on the subject of entire consecration to God. Bro. Camp is a holy, devoted man and is doing a great work. May the Lord be with him.

Since I returned home I have had many sweet experiences and deep communion with God.

¶ I love to be alone because I feel then I can commune with my God, I can realize his presence and I do not feel lonely.

One experience I have had I would record.

This day a week ago was the battle fought at Shiloh. All knew that the battle was inevitable. I felt that let others do and feel as they might, it was my duty to be much in prayer for our army, and especially for my dear son, Alfred. On Thursday morning about six o'clock, while praying for his safety in the battle, a sense of my own unworthiness came over me with such an overwhelming power that my soul seemed almost crushed with the feeling. As I was sinking down I cried, "Lord, not for any merit in me; not for any in him but in the name and for the sake of Jesus". Just as if I was electrified my soul leaped within me, God the Father, seemed to come near, very near, to me, and to say, no plea presented in that name could fail.

I rested in that assurance.

On Saturday morning which was the day before the battle, at the same hour, I had an assurance given me that my son would be saved in that battle. I never doubted after that, my faith was unwavering. I praised God aloud and I praise him now for what he has done. My son passed through that battle of three days fighting without a scratch. Oh, the goodness and mercy of God.

April 25, 1862

My usual course of life has been very much interrupted in the past two weeks. I have been in busy scenes yet, thanks be to God, I feel tonight that the fire still burns brightly on the altar of my heart. I have been permitted in the past week, to receive into my house and nurse a poor sick and dying soldier. The Holy Spirit helped me to point his faith to Christ in such way that he was enabled to lay hold upon him as his Saviour. He died and left with us a testimony that he had gone to rest in the bosom of Jesus.

Our pastor, Dear Bro. Andrews, has been selected and appointed chaplain of a regiment of cavalry and we are left without an earthly chaplain for the present.

Oh, that the great Head of the church would draw nearer to this little flock. Here I would record a tribute of respect and friendship to our beloved pastor, Bro. Andrews. For deep devotion, humility, singleness of purpose, and unremitting labours, I have never seen his equal. Many, many, are the lessons of instruction I have learned from him.

Nov. 16, 1862.

For seven long months my pen has been silent. I feel that I have been very remiss many times yet, much of the time, I have been so occupied that I had no moment of time left to myself. I have passed through many trying scenes in these last months. My whole course of life is changed. We have moved to the plantation and I am thereby cut off from the blessed privileges of meeting in class and prayer meeting. I humbly confess before God that these things have been hurtful to my religion. I have gone back in some degree. I have often, oh how often, grieved the Holy Spirit. But thank God, he has not withdrawn His Spirit from me but has continued to draw me to Him. Here tonight I would consecrate myself anew to him. And now, oh Father, I do ask thee in the name of Jesus, never to leave me to myself, never to withdraw thy Spirit's influence from around me.

Dec. 31, 1862.

The last day of the old year. How solemnly does it remind me of neglected duties and broken vows. How many have been the changes in my life during this year.

Our whole land is rent and torn with the disaster of a civil war and there is no home but what is made sad. These outward troubles make more or less impress on my own soul and my life flows in a different channel outwardly, but thank God within it is the same. The same love for religion, the same longing after the mind of Christ, the same earnest desire to glorify God in all things. I feel at the closing of this year, a stronger determination to live nearer the cross than ever.

Jan. 1, 1863

Finds me isolated and cut off from all church privileges, no Christian communion, yet Thank God I can truthfully say I never felt a firmer determination to leave all and follow Christ. I would here consecrate myself anew to God and do resolve, He being my helper, to get nearer to Him this year. I thank the Lord for the faith I have tonight. I thank Him for the longing I feel in my heart after perfect holiness of heart and life. I do want to be more like my blessed Saviour in all things.

Jan 2.

I feel tonight peace but not all that I desire. Have felt the Spirit's presence with me today yet feel that I have not every moment been as watchful as I should have been.

Dec. 23, 1863.

As this year draws to a close I feel that duty calls upon me to bear testimony to the sustaining grace which has been given me. All the waves and the billows have gone over me yet I have not been forsaken.

I have suffered the loss of the dearest object to which the heart clings. When the year 1863 entered I was a happy wife with an abundant home; its close finds me a houseless, homeless widow with an afflicted family. Yet, amid all, I have been calmly peacefully sustained. I know not how we are to be provided with necessary food and clothing for the coming year. I am not troubled for God knows what we have need of and though we have been greatly straitened, yet we have not suffered. I never felt my trust in God firmer and religious, entire consecration, was never more precious to my soul. I purpose, God being my helper, to get nearer to him this coming year and if I live to see its close, oh, may it find me far, far in advance of my present attainments.

March 18, 1865.

Over two years have elapsed since the husband of my youth, the companion of my riper years was taken from me and although left desolate and destitute yet I have not been forsaken of God. I have fully proved that the God whom I trusted in the sunshine did not leave me in the storms but came to me, walking on the waters of affliction. I have heard his voice, "It is I be not afraid". My sufferings have been great but my consolations in Christ have been greater. I have felt that an arm stronger than mine enemies was underneath me and, though my frail bark has been rocked in the tempest, yet her anchorage was not loosened. My trust in Christ today is firm and abiding. The sure prospect of a home in heaven is cheering to my soul. How delightful the thought, after so many tossings to and fro, to rest at last in Heaven. To make one of the vast multitude that John saw and to join in the song of the redeemed. May God help me this year to be more faithful, more prayerful, more instant in season and out of season.

April 19, 1865.

I still feel like pressing forward more earnestly after all the mind of Christ.

¶ After about 22 years spent in the service of my God, I can say I am not tired of his service but feel truly that his yoke is easy and his burden light. Yet I have to lament that I am not what I should be.

Too often, oh, how often, I have proved unfaithful to the grace given and brought leanness and darkness into my soul. Still, my purpose is fixed to follow my Saviour whithersoever he goeth.

The best part of my life is gone. I have entered my declining years and slowly and steadily I am tending to the tomb. Oh, that I may be ready when the Master calls.

May 28

I bless and praise God that I feel today I have renewed my covenant with him and that I have now the witness of his Spirit with mine that the union between my spirit and his has been made surer.

Oh, blessed, blessed, beyond description, this holy religion that calms the troubled soul, that gives perfect resignation under all trials and discouraging circumstances, that enables us to look poverty and dependance in the face and say with triumph and joy, "Thy will oh, God, not mine, be done."

The war that has desolated our land for over four years has suddenly come to a close bringing with it defeat and bankruptcy to very many, me among the number. Our home is burned, our property gone, scattered to the winds, but my trust and consolation in Christ no man can take away from me.

June 17, 1865.

Still my purpose is fixed to live near the cross. I have had some comforting experiences of late and some severe trials.

Sept. 17, 1865.

Still all my desire is "Nearer my God, to thee, nearer to thee". Severe trials have pressed upon me in the past two months yet, all within me longs for a more perfect union of heart and life with Christ. I feel assured that all is on the altar and is graciously accepted through the merits of Jesus.

Outward things sometimes fret me more than they ought and I am betrayed into a hastiness of speaking that causes me to feel distressed and I know injures my influence over others. From this, oh Lord, I cry to be delivered.

I do not spend enough time in prayer. In this I purpose to amend. Oh, Lord, help thou my infirmities.

July 1866.

I feel today a hungering and thirsting after all the mind of Christ. I know that nothing short of this can enable me successfully to meet and properly bear all the trials and temptations incident to a follower of Jesus.

Dec. 29, 1867

As this year draws to a close I am led to exclaim, Oh, the goodness and mercy of God. Through what conflicts have I passed. All the waves and billows have gone over my head in the past two years yet my anchorage in Christ is sure, my trust is steadfast, my place deep and abiding although all around me in regard to temporal things is sad, sad, so sad.

Jan. 13, 1868

A new year has been ushered in and to all human appearances, nothing but hardships and privation await me. Yet, with these in near prospect, my soul rests peacefully and trustfully in Jesus.

I am brought very low in regard to this world's goods, my wants are known only to God from whom cometh all my help. I feel that I am wholly the Lord's by a solemn covenant, all my desire is to do his will.

Jan. 20

I praise God tonight for the faith I have, oh this blessed peace. It does indeed pass all understanding.

I have been enabled to lay my all upon the altar and realize that it is accepted through C rist and that the blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin.

Oh, this blessed rest of faith, how precious!

On the fly leaf of the first book are the following lines:

July 20, 1876.

Away down the journey of life, a widow and almost alone in the world, I here dedicate myself anew to God. I purpose from this day, God being my helper, to live entirely for his glory. Not to please the world or to gratify the flesh. To this end I consecrate all my ransomed powers to his service, to be used only as he wills or permits and do pray God to enlighten my understanding so that I shall not mistake the way he would have me go.

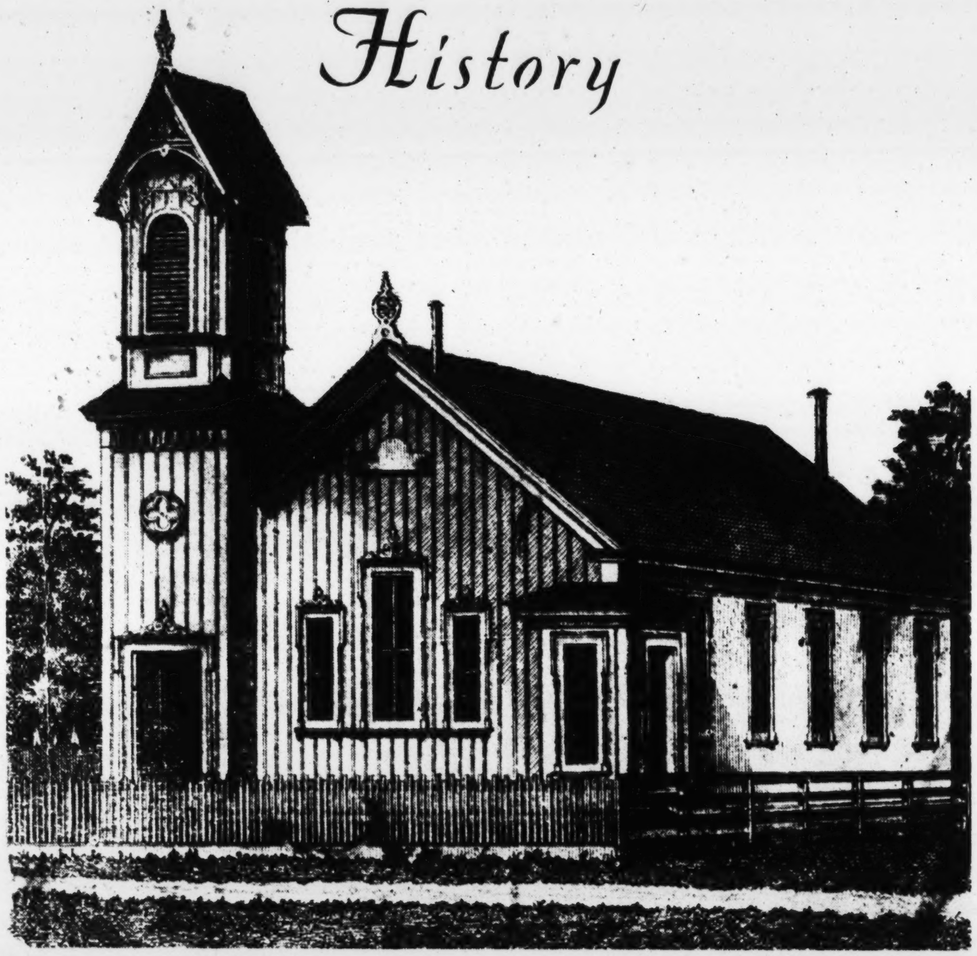
S. Myra Smith

SOMERVILLE-HOWORTH FAMILY

Newsclippings re: S. Myra Cox Smith, 1938, n.d.

Folder 10

# History



The First Methodist Church of Greenville
1869 - 1903

The first church building in the progressive and historic series used by Greenville Methodists was a one-room log cabin. Seats were made of rough benches without backs and the pulpit was equally rugged. It was built in 1839 on a site later to be known as old Greenville.

Methodism had already entered our history with the coming of Major Pelham and his family in 1836. His daughter, Ann, then a young girl, became Mrs. Finlay, one of the bright lights and guiding spirits of our church in this section. He was followed the next year by the Rev. S. R. Dunn, a Methodist Protestant preacher, who brought his family here from Philadelphia.

At first the Methodist services were held in the homes, there being as yet no church building on the frontier. Congregations were always a few neighboring families and friends. The preachers were the itinerant circuit riders, coming out of the wilderness perhaps once a month for such services, on their wide swing through the Delta. Among the homes always open to such Methodist gatherings was that of Mrs. William Blanton, a lady of bountiful means. She later became Mrs. Theobald and by that name is remembered as one of the leading benefactors of the present city, having given the site on which some of our churches and public buildings now stand.

In 1843 the Methodists organized a congregation with twelve members. The following year a preacher was appointed to Greenville at the session of the Annual Conference. Our traditions say he was the Rev. Mr. Millsaps. Within perhaps another year the log cabin was abandoned when the congregation erected for worship a sturdy frame structure.

A bright name in the congregation of those days was that of Mrs. Myra Smith who, as a young woman of charm and worldly possessions, gave of her best to the church. She was a rallying point in the congregation in the turbulent days of the Civil War with her radiant faith and dedicated spirit.

An engagement in the war had ravaged the little settlement of Old Greenville. The small frame church had been destroyed with gunboat fire by Union forces.

In 1865 the town was established anew on its present site and in the fall of that year the Methodists erected a frame church on the corner of Washington and Walnut streets. Its use was freely offered to all denominations. Dr. Carr was the pastor and the Rev. John McClelland was presiding elder.

A memorial tablet in the present building honors the name of the Rev. William Winans Drake who came as pastor in 1866 and had a conspicuous ministry of service. He was followed after nearly four years by one of the leading Methodist preachers of this section, Dr. W. T. J. Sullivan.

Still another church building was erected by the Methodists in 1869. It was bought with nearly all its material intact in the city of Cincinnati. The timbers were sawn and the frame made in that city. It was shipped to Greenville by boat ready for erection and was fitted together immediately upon arrival. This is the building pictured on this page. The building is still standing in Greenville today and is in use by a colored congregation. The dedication of this church brought to Greenville Bishop John C. Keener who was the first Methodist Bishop to visit this city. Trustees of church property at the time the building was erected were Maj. A. J. Paxton, Mr. George Worthington, Dr. D. C. Montgomery and Judge W. R. Trigg.

The Methodists added to their church property in 1870 when, in the pastorate of the Rev. T. A. S. Adams, a remarkable preacher, the first parsonage was built.

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ABram F Smith and his
wife Myra Cox Smith
were the maternal grandparents
of Nellie Nugent Somerville –
being the daughter of Eleanor (Ellen) Fulkerson
Smith and William Lewis Nugent. Mrs
Somervilles' baptismal name was Eleanor

1888 - DELTA GOLDEN JUBILEE EDITION - 1938

The Daily Democrat-Times

GREENVILLE, MISSISSIPPI.

# WASHINGTON COUNTY HISTORY IS MARKED BY MANY CHANGES

1827——1938

By MISS EUNICE STOCKWELL

Thus is seen two glaring mistakes

Lake Washington is known far and wide for its beauty and for the type of citizens long connected with its history, who early settled on its banks, while Lake Jackson is seldom mentioned. But in the early days of the county's history, the political and social life of the community centered around Lake Jackson and in nearby Princeton.

To the little county seat came those with business or political matters which required attention—the ladies to make purchases in the stores or aboard the trading boast which came down river laden with dry goods, crockery, plants, trees and flowers for sale. Perhaps too, one might find a steamboat at the landing and hear the latest news from the outside world.

Stores in Princeton were not like the country stores of a later period, which catered to negro trade. Those at Princeton, according to Mrs. Amelia Penrice, who resided there between 1836 and 1844, kept dainty organdies and pure linens, which suited the taste of ladies accustomed to the best. People of that time delighted in fine linen for dress and household use. In after years when the South had been impoverished by war, the few articles of linen which remained were carefully mended and treasured by the housewife fortunate enough to still possess these evidences of former prosperity.

To Princeton came lawyers from Vicksburg and elsewhere, to attend court, some of whom found attractions which later made them permanent residents of the county. Among them was Abram F. Smith who in 1840 married Myra Cox. Mrs. Smith had a lovely voice and was often asked to sing at weddings, the favorite selection for such an occasion being a song called "The Bride." Mrs. Smith lived later in old Greenville and after its destruction moved to the present town, where she is remembered for her deeds of kindness and her beautiful Christian character.

Early settlers in Washington county located along the river, around Lake Washington and along the high banks of Deer Creek. These settlements were separated by intervening lowlands, crossed only by crude dirt roads which in rainy weather were impassable. Before the county was ten years old, the settlers realized that a railroad was needed to carry freight to the settlements back from the river and even more important, to bring cotton out for shipment to the markets of the world.

To this end a company was organized and the legislature of 1836 incorporated the Lake Washington and Deer Creek Railroad and Banking Company. The domicile was Princeton, there books for subscription to the stock of the company were opened, under the superintendence of eight commissioners—all men of high standing in the community, as follows: Frederick G. Turnbull, Junius R. Ward, John G. Cox, Robert P. Shelby, J. G. Singleton, Andrew Miller, Andrew Knox and John A. Miller.

To finance the proposed railroad, bank notes were issued and sold. The notes ranged from five to one hundred dollars in value. Some of these notes are still held by descendants of the original investors.

The proposed railroad was to be constructed from Princeton to any point on

(Continued on page 2)

PAGE SIX THE DELTA WEEKLY MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1938

# RECOLLECTIONS AFTER THE WAR

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1938 THE DELTA WEEKLY

## By Captain W. W. Stone

AMONG THE EARLIER residences north of Washington avenue were those of John H Nelson at northwest corner of Poplar and Washington avenue, and Judge L. B. Valliant. This last is still standing and is the property of R. H. Lake between Walnut and Poplar streets. The location of the court house led to the building in that direction of family residence, among the first of which were those of W. G. Yerger, Issac Robinson, then secretary of the levee board, Mrs. Shall Yerger, Mrs. Myra Smith, W. A. Everman, and Judge W. R. Trigg, off of which were near the intersection of Walnut and Davis streets.

The first law office was that built by Nugent and Yerger, in the same locality; all of these houses are still standing. There seems to have been a generous rivalry between Mrs. Theobald and the Roaches in providing room for the rapidly multiplying homes of new people; the start having been made on Blantonia, the tendency was in that direction. The opening up of Central Ave., in a cotton field,

case." Many of them were rare and

a space in our records. He was not a strong writer or editor, but was a good man in the superlative sense of the word.

Shortly after 1870 the Times passed into the hands of Captain J. S. McNeily, of Wilkinson county, Mississippi, editorially, Mr. Ward continuing however, his connection with it for some time. Members of Brother Ward's family as he was familiarly called, are still honored factors in the life of Greenville. Whatever Greenville's future might be, it should not be forgotten that John W. Ward was a large factor in the upbuilding of the community to the best interest of which he devoted the later years of his life.

Captain J. S. McNeiley's identification with the fortunes of Greenville and Washington county were, practically contemporaneous with my own and though in later years not of us, yet he has ever been with us in spirit and in truth, actively—a guiding hand and mentor. As such, I am glad to say he is to this day in 1913, still on the firing line.

Col Nugent was
Mrs Somervilles father
Mrs Myra Smith her maternal grandmother

# RECOLLECTIONS AFTER THE WAR

in ref. to Mrs. Myra Smith and Nellie Nugent Somerville

*Editor's Note: So much interest was manifest in recent articles puzzlshed iThe Delta Weekly on people and events of the early Delta that we have decided to publish a commentary written by Captain W. W. Stone on days immediately after the close of the Civil War*

*This manuscript was originally delivered before the monthly meeting of the Washington County Historical Association, September 2, 1912.*

*Captain Stone was famed throughout the South not only for his keen intellectual insight but for his trenchant English prose.*

*The commentary, because of its length, will be published in several sections.*

IN JANUARY 1866 Greenville was in reality little more than a river steamboat landing, a mere hamlet on a new site, the

Returning now to the river front, I acquired, in those early days, little personal knowledge of the people or places below the Melrose to Catfish Point. I must not fail just here to mention one place upon which was focused annually, the eyes and attention of all dwellers on and south of Lake Bolivar, on Deer Creek, Black Bayou, and Williams Bayou. In those days there was a narrow, rather deep outlet from the river extending to

Bolivar, through

stage of

of the Confederacy as a highway communication, and was so utilized 'till the close of the war. Hence, I suggest Catfish Point in Mississippi and the mouth of Cypress Creek in Arkansas, should be cherished in the annals of Confederate history, as stragetic points of great value and should not be allowed to sink into oblivion

To ret

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# By Captain W. W. Stone

she became distinguished, nor shal this association allow her high character and good deeds to fade into oblivion. She was a factor in the social uplift of the next generation, most of whom that were near to her in kinship, she outlived, and to whom she was a mother.

Major William Hunt and his partner in Belmont both died just at the beginning of 1866 and the Hunt estate became the sole owner of Belmont. Here Major George Blackburn Hunt, the oldest son of Major Hunt, made his home in '67, he having married Miss Mary Nicholl, of Nashville, Tenn.

The Campbells, of Argyle, owned on Williams Bayou, just above Belmont, quite a body of unimproved land. Upon this in 1867 Mr. William R. Campbell moved and improved. He had just married Sophie Johnson. The place is now the home of his children.

I will not fail to mention the name of Austin F. Alexander, of Williams Bayou, a most substantial citizen, whose plantation "Macedonia," was the last in the now Bolivar county on Williams Bayou, east side, adjjoining Loughborough, and was inherited from his father, Amos Alexander, of Adams county and Belmont plantations. Austin Alexander's generation is declared through George B. Alexander, now a factor in the affairs of Washington county.

It is and has ever been the custom in Washington county, in speaking of the home of a family to identify it with the stream upon which it was located: thus: "Loughborough," the home of the Mosbys on Williams Bayou; "Nomini," the home of R. M. Carter on Deer Creek; "Montrose," on Black Bayou; "Lagrange", on the river front; "Wayside," on Lake Lee; "Chatham," the home site of the Johnson family on Lake Washington, etc. In those days there were no habitations or home on "Bogue Falaya," it was then the Eden of the bear and deer hunters. Of these there were many. The horn of the hunter was heard o'er the lea most any morning during the fall months to which the deep mouthed tones of his pack of bear and deer hounds gave a joyous response. The deer hound was never allowed in a bear chase, and vice-versa.

A notable home was situated on Deer Creek and adjoining the Balfour or Fallback estate, that of Capt. Calhoun Haile, his mother Mrs. Barrows, and her two daughters, as I recall. Calhoun Haile's father was one of the first representatives sent to the Federal congress from Mississippi. The family were originally from Wilkinson county.

THERE IS YET ONE HOME in the new Bolivar county territory, which I have occasion to recall most pleasantly, by virture of a day and night spent under its roof, this is "Oakland," at the head of Black Bayou. It was the home of Mrs. Myra Smith with two sons and a daughter, and a little granddaughter. There then were many pretty attractive girls in the county, but they were scattered; to call upon one of these from any given point cost a half day's trip and generally called for the spending of the night. The fact, that I now, after forty-six years recall this visit, is evidence of the pleasure it gave me. It was to the young lady of the house, with a friend of mine to stand sponsor, then Miss Evy Smith, afterwards Mrs. Comstock. I must not fail to mention the fact that the grand-daughter was the chief factor in that household, so taken and accepted, nor has she at any time in her subsequent life played any other roll; then she was little Nellie Nugent, now Mrs. Robert Somerville, the first president of this association.

At the foot of "Miller's Bend," mentioned above, was "Tarpley" and Woodstock" and "Salona" in Carter's Point, the home of

SOMERVILLE-HOWORTH FAMILY

Letters to or re S. Myra Cox Smith. 1862-1889.

Folder 11

This is a copy, typed and photostated, of a letter written by Private Alfred Cox Smith, CSA, to his Mother, Mrs. Abram F.Smith (S.Myra Cox Smith) after the battle of Shiloh. She refers to this letter in her Diary. Three pages were not photostated, I can have this done, but I think there is sufficient to get the feel of the letter. The designs on the stationery, taken from the battlefield, are in color. The original of this letter will be deposited either in the Mississippi State Dept. of Archives or

LSH

in the collection of Mississippi State University.

LSH

Pages 2 and 3 missing (not photostated--LSH)

10 April 1862

Letter: Pvt. Alfred Cox Smith to mother S. Myra Cox Smith

Folder 11

I am Safe

Corinth Miss
April 10th 1862

My Dear Mother

After a long and hard fought battle I will now endeavor to give you as minute an account as I possibly can. Thursday Apl 3rd our regiment went to Hamburg on a scout we heard that the enemy were only about a mile from there the Texas rangers had a little fight with their pickets. Friday 4th there was a good deal of skirmishing with their cavalry all through the day, on Saturday the 5th the same took place. Before I begin [illegible] give of musketry and the loud firing of the artillery the scene was perfectly awful the dead were lying in perfect piles some with their heads shot off some with their legs gone and a great many torn just half in two the most horrible sight that man ever witnessed. I have often wished to see a battle but I have no desire ever to see another. and I hope this terrible war may soon terminate but I am wandering from my subject. as I was going on to say about 9 oclk the enemy gave way again and we drove them throug their second camps and their was the mo[illegible] [illegible]le sight [illegible] the

The Buena Vista
THE COAST'S BEST HOTEL AND MOTEL
BILOXI, MISSISSIPPI

page missing
(not photostated)

whole battle for at that place they had had a hand to hand fight which I witnessed myself as our column was drawn up behind the hill and the fight was going on just on top I ~~went up to the top of the hill and~~ saw it (I being near the head of the column) they were fighting only a hundred yards from where I was standing. The two lines were only about 20 feet apart and the men fell as if they were mown down with a scythe. in a very few moments they closed and commenced with the bayonet and butts of their muskets the enemy could not stand it. Our lines wavered a little and Gen Johnson galloped down the lines and our men raised a shout and the enemy were routed. and there Gen Johnson fell by far the greatest general we had. we rushed on and surrounded 4 thousand five hundred prisoners. the enemy formed again and about 5 oclk the battle commenced again but in a short time the enemy gave way again and we followed them until the heavy ~~fire~~ of their gunboats brought us to a halt then it was dark and once more every thing was still and I thanked God that the day was past the victory was ours. We slept in the Yankee camps helped ourselves to a plenty of corn and oats for our horses and then had a fine supper for they had every thing that any one could desire and that in abundance About 9 o'c that night it commenced raining and it was perfectly horrible to heare the groans of the poor wounded yankees that lay scattered about in every direction, all of our wounded were carried off during the day. We stayed in the camps where the battle was fought the hardest and ~~if~~ when any of us walked about we had to carry a light to keep from falling over the dead that lay around over the field. We all that is all that were disposed to do so got plenty of clothes and a thousand

9

little articles out of their camp
I got some little things that
I found very useful in camp.
I have narrated
to you the principle incident
of the first day. About
sunrise on Monday morning
the battle begun again
on Sunday night the enemy
got forty five thousand
fresh troops. and they
were brought up on Mon-
-day our men fought
hard and bravely but
Gen Beauregard thought it
as we had whipped them
enough as the enemy had
recived such large reenforce-
-ments we had better retire
so after burning a great
many of their tents and
carrying off a great many
together with a large
number of the very best

10

armes we begane
to folle back
which we did with
out the enemy's pursuing
us at all. our regiment was
then orderd to protect the
rear but it was ~~not necess~~
~~ary~~ of no use. I had a fine
opportunity of observing the
whole battle as we were
held in the reserve and
only followed up the infan-
try being placed in the
in a very ~~try~~ dangerous positio
without the pleasure ~~of~~
of having to fire a gun
we got a good many of our
men wounded and some
killed and a good many
horses killed. We got a

great many of the Enemys [illegible]
of cannon we took 3 or 4
batteries two or three thousand
stands of arms a great many
tents and about 5 thousand
prisoners I do not think
the ~~enmy~~ enemy got but
very few of our men prison-
ers if any at all. On
Tuesday all of our army had
got to Monterey except
the cavalry we went back to
the [illegible] camps and they had
not advanced any. while near
there our company was detached
from the regiment to scout
we fell in with col Forrest's
regiment and the Texas rangers
we soon discovered a regiment
of the enemy together

with some covalry formed on
a hill not far off owe num
bered in all about three
hundred we concluded to
charge the enemy which
we did d we were drawn
up in a line under a
most galling fire from
the enemy a great many
of our horses were woun
ded and some of the men
before the charge we
were ordered to [illegible] charge
and the enemy run like
dogs we got in among them
killing [illegible] 200 and taking
43 prisoners and first
behind the regiment we
charged was three thousand
and infantry that opened

fire upon us which we
did not see at first. I shot
men with my rifle and pistols
until my heart was sick
at the slaughter. we were
right on them and I shot
some that I put my gun
within two feet of their
breasts but when the
three thousand infantry
opened fire we had to
leave very hastily all of
the officers and every body
says [illegible] it was the
most gallant and brilliant
act that was performed
during the whole battle
one fellow made a pass at
me with his bayonet and
only missed me about six
inches as I spurred my horse
past and in an instant

He turned and left the spot—Oh do not deem him weak—
For dauntless was the soldier's heart, though tears were on his cheek;
Go watch the foremost ranks in danger's dark career,
Be sure the hand most daring there has wiped away a tear.

THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME.

I wheeled and shot him through the breast and he tumbled over like a sheaf. I took the prisoner ~~s~~ and drove ~~them~~ him off in double quick time I saw a fellow drive a bayonet into a Texas ranger and threw him clear off of his horse I shot at him just as he ran in to line I was within thirty yards [illegible] the enemy's line, and thank God neither me nor my horse was hurt I had one of my stirrups shot off in the charge. Old Medoc is the best horse in the world he

did not get frightened in the
least and would stop when
I checked him so I consider that
good. we had five or six
horses killed and six men
in our company [illegible]
[illegible] very badly some of
Mr: Texas rangers and
also some of Col: Forrests
men were killed and
wounded. one young man in
our company we have never
heard of since the charge.
I am now in good [illegible] and
sound only [illegible] a slight
attack of rheumatism in
my left hip caused I think
from being exposed every
night ~~five~~ ~~four~~ three or four
nights part on picket I
think I will be well in

a short time.

Lou Gay was wounded slightly in the knee Tom Byrne was also wounded in the face I saw capt Vaillant Nelson Warren and Glover on the monday morning how they came out on monday I do not know they went into the fight soon after I saw them capt Bogrue Bail Shelby & Tom Haines got through safe. Lieut Scott was wounded in the arm I also [illegible]rge Hunt on Monday he was safe up to that time I heard that Jas e McAllister got out all right.

I will now tell you about Ike's performance

17

after we had driven the
enemy out of their camps
[illegible] went in and loaded him
self with clothes and was
bringing them along when
a shell burst [illegible]
him and killed [illegible]
[illegible]
stopped running [illegible]
got almost [illegible]
although he got several
little things: got a gold
writing case and a pair
of clothes for himself and
some other things. I am
now writing on some of
the paper [illegible] out of
the Yankee camps.
I telegraphed to you this
morning
I saw George Helm he is
well and safe.
I hope and pray that
this war may be brought
to a speedy close

# COPY

A letter from Pvt. Alfred Cox Smith (1841-1869) to his mother, Mrs. Abram Fulkerson Smith, nee Sally Myra Cox.

***************************************************

## I AM SAFE

Corinth Miss
April 10th 1862

My dear Mother

After a long and hard fought battle I will now endeavor to give you as minute an account as I possibly can. Thursday Apr 3d our regiment went through Hamburg on a scout--we heard that the enemy were only about a mile from there the Texas rangers had a little fight with their pickets. Friday 4th there was a good deal of skirmishing with their cavalry all through the day, on Saturday the 5th the same took place. Before I begin I will give an aoount of the country in which it was fought.

If you will take the map you will see that Corinth is situated about 20 miles from the Tenn river between Corinth an the river is Monterrey about 12 miles from Corinth. The battle was fought about three miles beyond Monterrey. The country is very broken and nearly all woodland very little cleared land. About 8 o'cl on Sunday morning the battle commenced in the centre Gen Hardee commanding Gen Polk the right Gen Bragg the left wing. About 8½ the battle raged very warm in the centre and about 9 o'cl the fight commenced all along the line about 10 o'cl the battle was raging with all its fury all along the lines, the most terrible connonading was kept up all the while at about 10½ o'cl the enemy gave way in the centre and in a short time a shout from our brave boys announced that the same had taken place on the left wing, and in half an hour afterwards the right wing gave way and our whole army was in pursuit we drove them through their first camps and the ground was covered with the dead and wounded then the enemy made another stand and our men came up with a shout and once more the woods rang with the crack of musketry and the loud firing of the artillery the scene was perfectly awful the dead were lying in perfect piles some with their heads shot off some with their legs gone and a great many torn just half in two the most horrible signt that man ever witnessed. I have often wished to see a battle but I have no desire to ever see another and I hope this terrible war may soon terminate but I am wondering from my subject as I was going on to say about 3 o'cl the enemy gave way again and we drove them through their second camps and their was the most horrible sight of the whole battle for at that place they had a hand to hand fight which I witnessed myself as our column was drawn up behind the hill and the fight was going on just on top I ~~rode to the top of the hill and~~ saw it (I being near the head of the column) they were fighting only a hundred yards from where I was standing the two lines were only about 20 feet apart and the men fell as if they were mown down with a sythe in a very few moments they closed and commenced with the bayonets and the butts of their muskets the enemy could not stand it, our lines wavered a little and Gen Johnson galloped down the lines and our men raised a shout and the enemy were routed and there Gen Johnson fell by far the greatest general we had. we rushed on and surrounded 4 thousand five hundred prisoners. the enemy formed again and about 5 o'cl the battle commenced again but in a short time the enemy gave way again and we followed them until the heavy fire of their gunboats broughts us to a halt then it was dark and once more everything was still and I thanked God that the day was past the victory was ours. We slept in the Yankee camps helped ourselves to a plenty of corn and oats for our horses and then had a fine supper for they had everything that anyone could desire and that in abundance About 9 o'cl that night it commenced raining and it was perfectly horrible to heare the groans of the poor wounded Yankees that lay scattered about in every direction, all of our wounded were carried off during the day. We stayed in the camps where the battle was fought the hardest and when any of us walked about we had to carry a light to keep from falling over the dead that lay around over the field We all that is all that were disposed to do so got plenty of clothes and a thousand little articles out of their camp I got some little things that I found very useful in camp. I have now related to you the principle incidents of the first day. About sunrise on Monday morning the battle began again. on Sunday night the enemy got forty-five thousand fresh troops and they were brought up on Monday our men fought hard and bravely but Gen Beauregard thought as we had whipped them and as the enemy had received such large reinforcements we had better retire so after burning a great many of their tents and carrying off a great many together with a large number of the very finest armes we began to fall back which we did without the enemy's pursuing us at all. Our regiment was then ordered to protect the rear but it was ~~not necessary~~ of no use. I had a fine opportunity of observing the whole battle as we were held in the reserve and only followed up the infantry being placed in the - in a very dangerous position without the pleasure of having to fire a gun we got a good many of our men wounded and some killed and a good many horses killed. We got a great many of the finest kind of cannon we took 5 or six batteries, two or three thousand stand of arms a great many tents and about 5 thousand prisoners I do not think the enemy got but very few of our men prisoners if any at all. On Tuesday all of our army had got to Monterrey except the cavalry we went back to the Yankee camps and they had not advanced any. While near there our company was detached from the regiment to scout we fell in with Col Forrest's regiment and the Texas rangers we soon discovered a regiment of the enemy together with some cavalry formed on a hill not far off. We numbered in all about three hundred we concluded to charge the enemy which we did I we were drawn up in a line under a most galling fire from the enemy a great many of our horses were wounded and some of the men before the charge. We were ordered to the charge and the enemy ran like dogs we got in among them killing 200 and taking 43 prisoners and just behind the regiment we charged was three thousand infantry that opened fire upon us which we did not see at first I shot men with my rifle and pistol until my heart was sick at the slaughter, we were right on them and I shot some that I put my gun within two feet of their brests but when the three thousand infantry opened fire we had to leave very hastily all the officers and everybody says that it was the most gallant and brilliant feat that was performed during the whole battle one fellow made a pass me with his bayonet and only missed me about six inches as I spurred my horse past and in an instant I wheeled and shot him through the breast and he tumbled over like a beef, I took a prisoner and drove him off in double quick time I saw a fellow drive a bayonet into a Texas ranger and shove him clear off of his horse I shot at him just as he ran in to line I was within thirty yards of the enmy's line, and thank God neither me or my horse was hurt I had one of my stirrups shot off in the charge. Old Medoc is the best horse in the world he did not get frightened in the least and would stop whenever I checked him so I could shoot good, we had five or six horses killed and six men in our company wounded none very badly some of the Texas rangers and also some of Col. Forrest's men were killed and wounded, one young man in our company we have never heard of since the charge. I am now in camp safe and sound only I have a slight attack of rheumatism in my left hip caused I think from being exposed for three or four nights past on picket I think I will be well in a short time.

Lou Gay was wounded slightly in the knee Tom Byrne was also wounded in the face I saw Capt Valiant Nelson Warren and Glover on Monday morning how they came out on Monday I do not know they went into the fight soon after I saw them capt Byrne Bail Shelby and Tom Hines got through safe. Lieut. Scott was wounded in the arm. I also saw George Hunt on Monday he was safe up to that time I heard that Gus McAlister got out allright.

I will now tell you about Ike's performance after we had driven the enemy out of their camps Ike went in and loaded himself with clothes and was bringing them along when a shell burst pretty close to him and killed a negro and they say Ike never stopped running until he got almost to Corinth, although he got several little things, got me a writting case and a suit of clothes for himself and some other things. I am now writting on some of the paper he got out of the Yankee camps.

I telegraphed to you this morning

I saw George Helm he is well and safe.

I hope and pray that this war may be brought to a speedy close

Write soon

Give my love to all

Your affect son

A. C. Smith

---

Note. Ike was a negro slave who belonged to the Smith family and went with Alfred Cox Smith as a body servant. Subsequently, after Private Smith was wounded Ike served as body servant to William L. Nugent, son-in-law of Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Smith.

WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY,

MRS. JULIANA HAYES, *President*,
304 N. STRICKER STREET,
BALTIMORE, MD.

Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

MRS. D. H. McGAVOCK, *Cor. Sec.*,
MRS. JAMES WHITWORTH, *Treas.*,
NASHVILLE, TENN.

NASHVILLE, TENN., April 25th 1879

My Dear Mrs Smith.

Your precious letter also the one enclosing check for $100.00/100 just received. You will not think it weakness when I tell you great blinding tears obscured for the time the page & dropping on my knees, heart & soul poured out thanksgiving for this sanctified gift. Yes my dear Christian Sister the Church shall know it all over its vast extent, & I will take your letter to Louisville, if am permitted to go, & read it before the Ex. Association, giving them some insight into the lovely character who left the first bequest to the W. M. Society of our beloved Church. Thank you much for the touching little memoir. I wish you could be with us at Louisville to state in person you the history of this glorified one. I will try to have the money so appropriated as to preserve the name of Helen M. Finlay. It may be in our next boarding school erected in China, a Memorial Hall will be built bearing her name, that like precious ointment will shed its perfume far & near. I would love to dwell longer on this theme that stirs the depths of my heart [illegible] demands my attention & I must close, asking for your prayers for harmony, wisdom & conservative influence at the Ex. Meeting.

In christian affection

Yours sincerely

Willie H. McGavock.

YOKOHAMA * JAPAN *
1888

SHANGHAI
9 SEP 1888

Mrs Myra Smith,
Greenville, Miss.,
U.S.A.

CREEN
OC 1 5 9
M.

Shanghai, China,
Sept. 7th - 1888.

Mrs Myra Smith,
Cor. Sec. Greenville Conf.,

Dear Mrs Smith,

It has long been my desire to furnish the Societies of our Conf. some information respecting the great heathen city of Soochow, that you might be more familiar with the condition of the people, the surroundings of the missionaries; and that you might also have some idea of the work being done here.

"Soochow; The Capital of Kiang Su", a copy of which I send by this mail, briefly throws some light upon these things. A brief review of or extracts from this

might be interesting at one of your meetings.

It would afford me much pleasure to write each Society a long letter to accompany these pamphlets, but I have not time for forty three such letters.

May God's blessing rest upon your efforts to help from the bondage of Satan into the liberty of Christ the nations for which you labor.

Pray for us that the power of God's Holy Spirit may rest upon us.

Yr. co-laborer in the Master's vineyard,

Addie Gordon.

Evidently Grandma Smith asked my mother to send this.gift. I have not, but will look sometime to see if Mrs.Smith left a will. I doubt it, as she had only my Mother as an heir.

LSH

Florence Ala
Oct 26, 1889

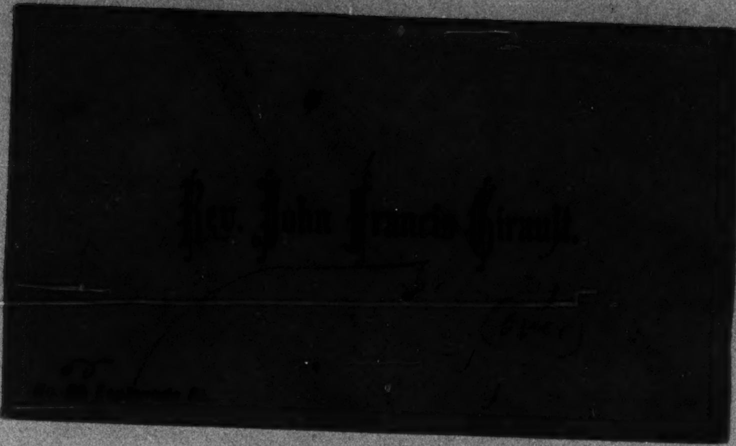
Dear Sister Sommerville:

Yours containing N.Y. Exchange for $\$100^{00}/_{00}$ came to hand two days ago. for which please accept our sincere thanks.

The sum is precious to us because it was given by Sister Smith. We did not expect any thing of the kind when we named our boy for her.

The little fellow is very proud of it, and if he lives it will help to pay for

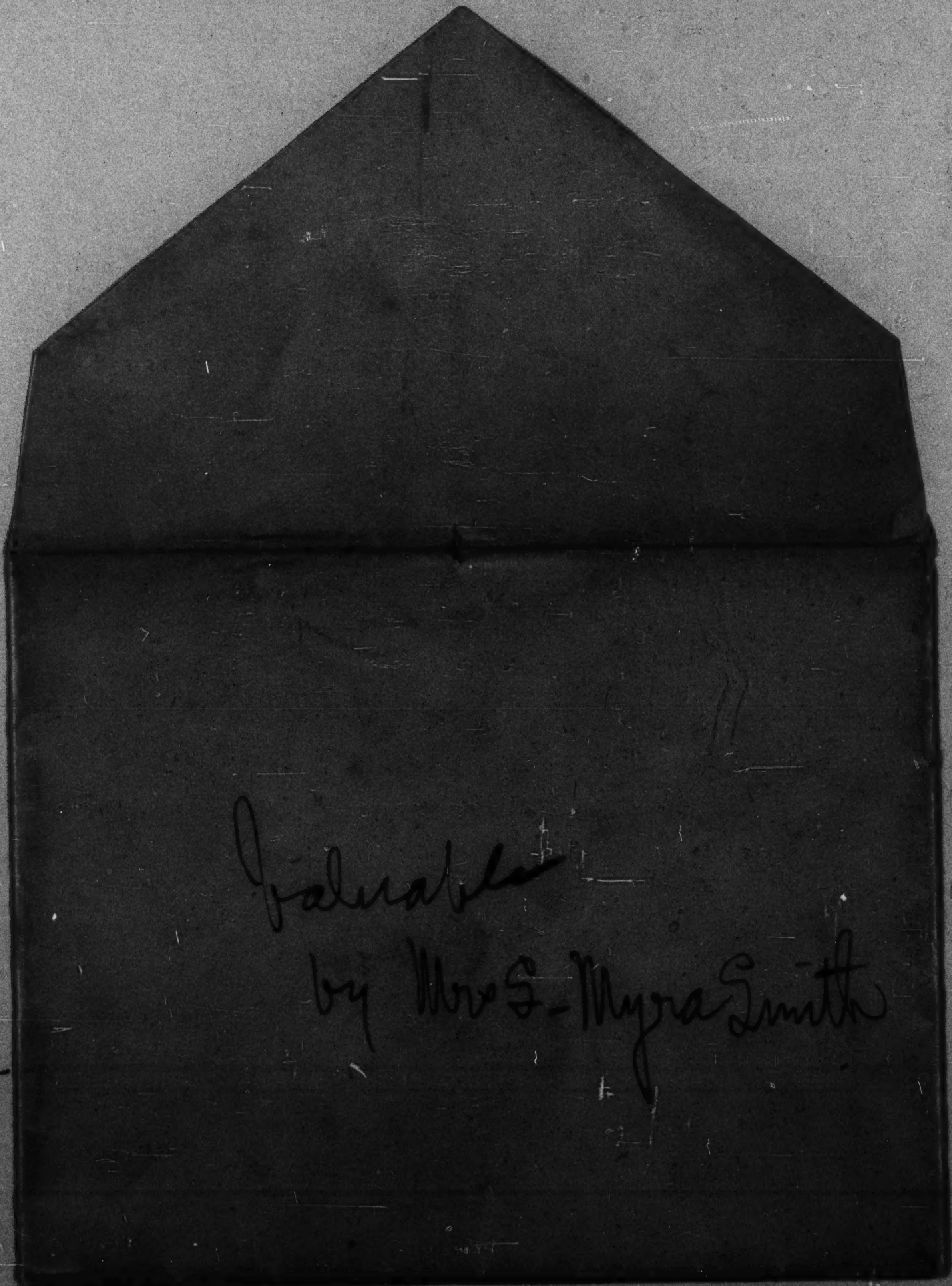
his Education.
We have Sister Smith's picture, and our children have been taught to love her.
We will never forget our Greenville friends, and we send love to all.
Again thanking you for what you have done
I remain your friend,
C S F Moon



Rev. John Francis Girault.

(Over)

[illegible]



Valuable

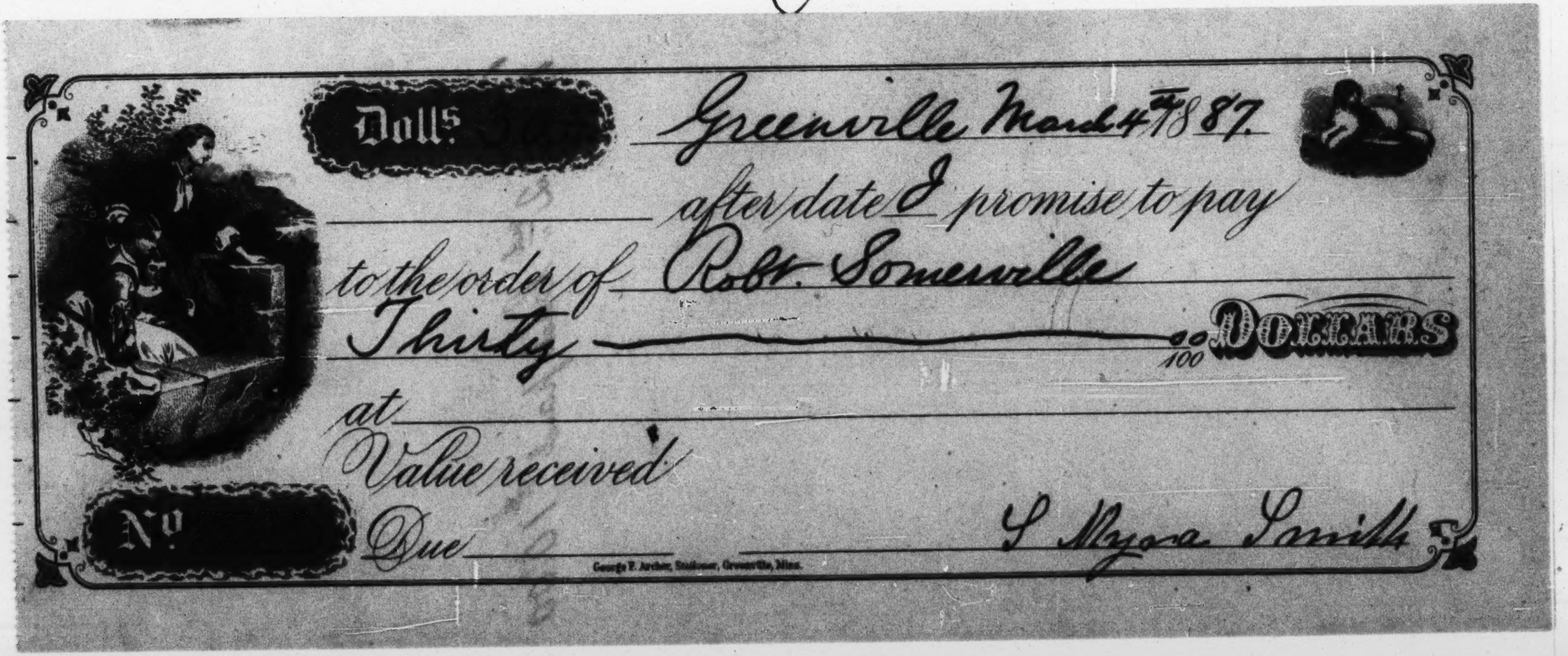
by Mrs S. Myra Smith

God bless you, Myra, with [illegible]
grace. How grateful I [illegible]
[illegible] and [illegible]
[illegible] for [illegible], and [illegible] I have
[illegible]
[illegible]

Valuables
by Mrs E. Myra Smith

The writing in the above promissory note ix that of my father, Robert Somerville, the signature is that of S. Myra Smith. She was unusually independent, for a woman of that day and probably insisted on making this note. As appears on the reverse $10.00 was paid May 2. As will be noted, no date was specified in the note hence the note was non negotiable. My father was a careful business man, so he obviously left the date of payment blank to keep the note from being a complete business instrument. S. Myra Smith died in October, 1887.

LSh 3/1/71



Dolls.

Greenville March 4th 1887.

after date I promise to pay

to the order of Robt. Somerville

Thirty ——— 00/100 DOLLARS

at

Value received

No.

Due

S Myra Smith

George F. Archer, Stationer, Greenville, Miss.

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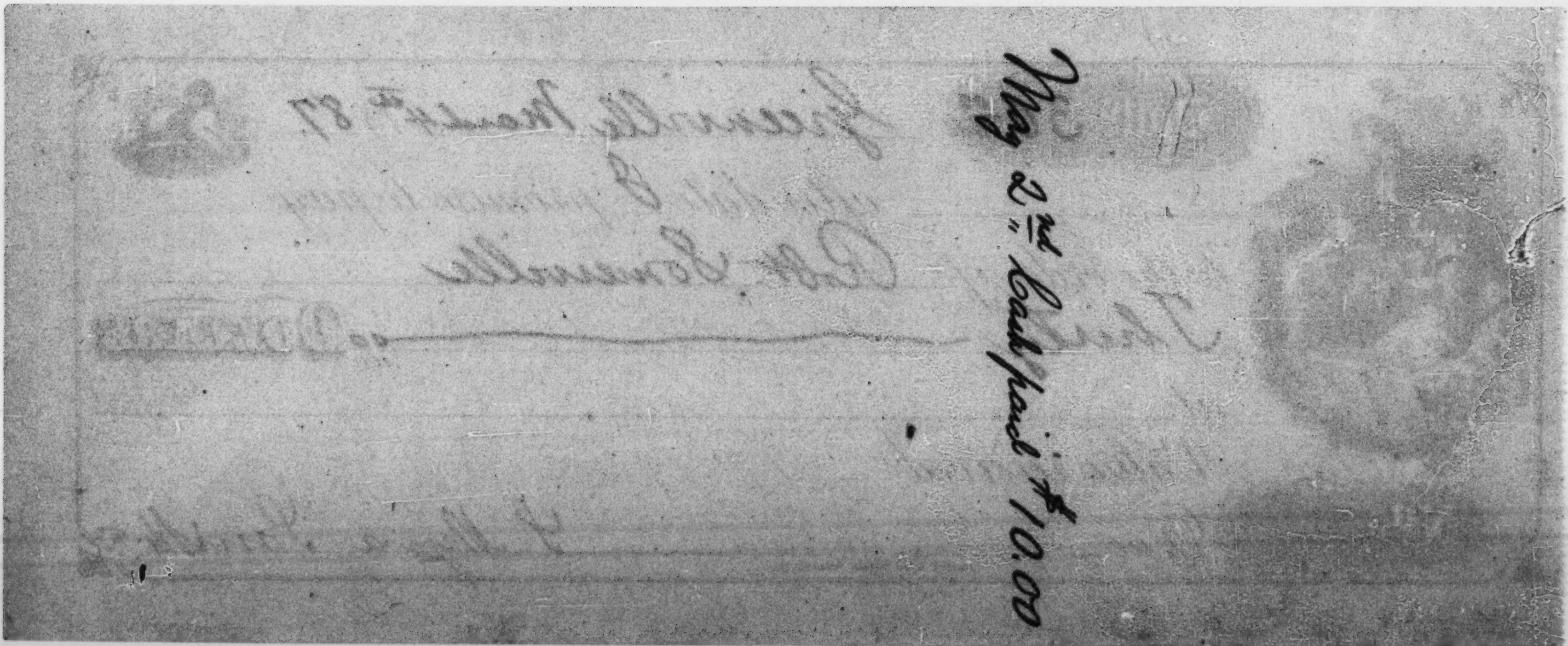

May 2nd Cash paid $10.00

SOMERVILLE-HOWORTH FAMILY

Four verses, ms., probably sung by S. Myra Cox Smith.

Folder 12

S.Myra Smith had a voice described by contemporaries as "sweet as Jennie Lind's". It was a voice of great emotional power from what has been said. From about 1850 she sang only at Church and for weddings, funerals and such solemn occasions, as she would have said. These pages contain verses that she probably used. The one on the blue paper is in her handwriting. The one written in large letters may have been done by her, probably late in her life when her vision was not so good. One of the others may be in her handwriting and one clearly is not, It was intialed by the person who wrote it.

LSH

My rest is in heaven my home is not here
Then why should I murmur when trials appear
Be hushed my sad spirit the worst that can come
But shortens thy journey and hastens thee home

A pilgrim and stranger I seek not my bliss
Nor lay up my treasure in regions like this
I look for a mansion that hands have not piled
I seek for a city by sin undefiled
3 The thorn and the thistle around me may grow
I would not repose me on roses below
I ask not my portion I seek not my rest
Till seated with Jesus I lean on his breast

Though foes and afflictions my progress oppose
They only make Heaven more sweet at the close
Come joy or come sorrow the worst may befall
One moment in glory makes up for it all

No scrip for my journey no staff in my hand
A Pilgrim impatient I press to that land
The road may be rugged it cannot be long
With hope I'll beguile it [illegible] cheer it with song

My grand mother
writing
Mrs S. Myra Smith

My Mother own [illegible]

Tired! Well, and what of that?
Didst fancy life was spent on beds of ease
Fluttering the rose leaves scattered by the breeze
Come, rouse thee, work while it is day
Coward, arise! go forth upon thy way

Lonely! well, and what of that
Some must be lonely; tis not given to all
To feel a heart responsive rise and fall
To blend another life into its own
Work may be done in loneliness work on

Dark! well, and what of that
Didst fondly dream the sun would never set
Dost fear to loose thy way - Take courage yet
Learn thou to walk by faith and not by sight
Thy steps will guided be and guided right

Hard! well, and what of that
Didst fancy life one summer holiday
With lessons none to learn and naught but play
Go get thee to thy task - conquer or die
It must be learned - Learn it then patiently

No help? Nay, 'tis not So
Though human help be far, thy God is nigh
Who feeds the ravens hears his children cry
He's near thee wheresoe'er thy footsteps roam
And He will guide thee light thee help thee home

# Are you coming home to night

Are you coming home ye wanderers
Whom Jesus died to win
All foot sore lame and weary
Your garments stained with sin
Will you seek the blood of Jesus
To wash your garments white
Will you trust His precious promise
Are you coming home to night
Chorus —
Are you coming home to night
a — —
2 V
Are you coming home ye lost ones

Behold your Lord doth wait
Come then no longer linger
Come ere it be too late
Will you come and let him save you
Oh trust His love and might
Will you come while he is calling
Are you coming home to night
3 b—
Are you coming home ye guilty
Who bear the load of Sin
Outside yo'be long been standing
Come now and venture in
Will you heed the Saviours promise

And dare to trust him quite
Come unto me saith Jesus -
Are you coming home to night

Are you coming

VICTORY

1st My rest is in heaven, my rest is not here.
Then why should I murmur at trials severe.
Be tranquil my spirit the worst that can come
But shortens my journey and hastens me home.

2nd It is not for me to be seeking my bliss
Or staying my hope in a region like this
I look for a city not builded by hands
And its glorious temple eternally stands
3rd Afflictions may try me — They cannot destroy
One vision of home turns them all into joy
And the bitterist tears that flow from my eyes
But sweeten my hope of that home in the skies.
4th Let trouble and danger my progress oppose
They can only make heaven more bright at the close
Come joy, or come sorrow, whatever may befall.
One moment in glory will make up for all.
5th A scrip on my back, and a staff in my hand
I march on in haste through an enemy's land
The road may be rough but it cannot be long
And Ill smooth it with hope and cheer it with song.

Please dont tell who wrote this for you it is done so
badly. M. Lett.

1st Oh Jesus, my Saviour, to thee I submit
With love and thanksgiving fall down at thy feet.
The sacrifice offer, my soul, flesh, and blood
To thee my Redeemer, my Lord and my God

2nd. I love thee. I love thee. I love thee my Lord
I love thee my Saviour I trust in thy word
I love thee. I love thee. and that thou dost know.
But how much I love thee I never can show.

3rd. I'm happy. I'm happy. Oh! wondrous account
My joys are immortal I stand on the mount
I gaze on my treasure, and long to be there.
With angels my kindred and Jesus my friend.

4th. Oh! [illegible] Redeemer [illegible]
My life and my treasure my joy and my all:
Thy grace be my theme and thy name be my song
Thy love doth inspire both my heart and my tongue

5th. Oh! who is like Jesus? he's Salem's bright King.
He smiles and he loves me and learns me to sing
I'll praise him. I'll praise him with notes [illegible]
While rivers of pleasure my spirit doth fill.

Ye who wander here below.
Heavy laden as ye go.
Come with grief and guilt oppressed
Come to me and be at rest.

SOMERVILLE-HOWORTH FAMILY

Scrapbook, 1884- , with items added by Nellie Nugent Somerville,
re: S. Myra Cox Smith. See also volumes 8, 19-22, folder 54.

Volume 6

Scrap Book of S.Myra Smith, maternal Grandmother of Nellie Nugent Somerville.

(The pages in the back referring to the London Illustrated News were added after Mrs. Smith's death and evidently by Mrs. Somerville.)

A-50
vol. 6

April 8 - 1928

# THE BIG BROTHER

Issued Weekly by the Big Brother Class of the M. E. Church, South.

[illegible] H. Cason .......................................... Editor

Mrs. Howard Barwick ............... Asst. Editor

**All items for publication should be mailed to the Editor not later than Wednesday.**

## GLEN ALLAN MEETING

Sunday, April the 1st, was the day appointed for our visit to the Glen Allan Mens' Class. It was a beautiful day and three o'clock found us at the Glen Allan Church. The full orchestra was present with the addition of Mrs. Pat Scully, who always adds very much to the performance of our orchestra, but who, unfortunately, can be with us only on special occasions.

In addition there were thirty-five or forty Big Brothers, a most creditable turn out.

The Church at Glen Allan was filled to capacity, people having come as far as 35 miles in order to be present.

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Visits of this kind are good for all concerned. They stimulate the interest of the Big Brothers and enable us to do a good work in encouraging other men's' classes. Mr. Hazie in his remarks spoke of the founding of the Hollandale Class by the Big Brothers some years ago and of the excellent work that it had done. It is things like this that make it really worth while to carry on the work which we are endeavoring to do. The Glen Allan Class, has agreed to visit us at an early date; at which time, Mr. Hazie will conduct the lesson.

Those who were unable to be present at this meeting certainly missed a great pleasure.

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When the Woman's Board of Missions was created in May 1878, the women of the Greenville church were ripe for the work and eager to organize at once. They only waited for direction from headquarters as to details of organization. News traveled slowly then—even telegrams being sent by boat from Vicksburg to Memphis. So while these consecrated eager women were waiting there was time for the great terror that often filled our southern summer to come upon us.

In August every heart trembled when it was known that yellow fever was in our midst. Many left the town—some by boat and some to take refuge back in the country off the highways. Of less than a thousand left in the town three hundred and thirty-eight were buried before the winter's cold stamped out the disease. Of this number heavy toll had been taken from our membership. The beloved pastor, Rev. Tillman Page, and many of those women who had so happily dreamed of the new work. Among these last was Miss Helen Maria Finlay. Now this name might not be especially noted, although she was a devout worker and a wonderful teacher, but for one fact. After her death it was found that she had left $100.00 to the new organization and this was the very first legacy ever bequeathed to the Woman's Missionary Society of the Southern Methodist Episcopal Church. This fact is recognized and has been officially mentioned many times.

When the scattered people came together the little town was a place of mourning for there was no home in which the death angel had not tarried. So nothing was done immediately but on February 29, 1878 the following met in the Methodist Church and formally organized the work; Mrs. H. B. Theobold, Mrs. J. L. Futrell, Mrs. S. Myra Smith, Mrs. W. R. Trigg, Mrs. B. M. Dunn, Mrs. George Manifold, Mrs. Hoover, Mrs.

Radcliffe College Library
Woman's Archives

S. M. Smith

Dec. 25th 1884.

# The Big Brother

Issued Weekly by BIG BROTHERS CLASS of the M. E. CHURCH, SOUTH.

VOL. VIII. GREENVILLE, MISS., APRIL 8, 1928 NO. 27

## NEW TEMPORARY EDITOR

The Big Brothers Paper has been having pretty hard sleding recently, due to the fact that the editor has been continuously ill, and of course, had to neglect this part of this work. We are very sorry to loose Brother Tillotson temporarily as an editor, for we consider him one of the best that we have had.

Last Sunday the class decided to make your humble servant (E. H. Cason) as editor for a spell. Unfortunately the new editor has been ill during the entire week and has hardly been able to attempt the job of editing this paper. Please do not get the impression that this little job caused the illness; for if the real editor is sick and a substitute gets sick just as soon as he gets on the job, and such a scare gets spread abroad, it will take a pack of fox hounds to catch another man for the place.

In view of above, let's not expect much for this week and we will promise to make an attempt to get help enough to get out a fair paper next week.

## ANOTHER S. O. S. CALL

In order to again put this little paper up to its past standard (of Waddy West fame) we earnestly request different members of the class and of the church to hand in something for the paper. Please, Please, Missionary society, Epworth League society and the different organized classes of the Sunday School appoint some one to hand in something concerning your department. If you will do this we will once more have our old time paper, of which we were justly proud.

## DAUGHTER OF O. O. YOUNG SERIOUSLY HURT BY MOTOR

Many Greenville citizens remember Mr. and Mrs. O. O. Young, who made their home here for a few years, leaving here a little over a year ago for Birmingham to make their home. They will regret to learn of the accident to their daughter, Mary Alice an account of which appears in the Birmingham News, Wednesday, as follows:

### Mary Alice Young

Ten-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. O. O. Young, 620 North Forty-Sixth Street, who sustained a probable basal fracture of the skull Tuesday when she was struck by an automobile, allegedly driven by the principal of the school she attended. Her condition Tuesday night was reported at Woodlawn Infirmary to be critical.

The accident occurred at Forty-fifth St. and Fifth Avenue, North, as the child was crossing the street on her way to school. Ralph Martin, principal of Kennedy School, took her to the hospital, where she remained unconscious until late in the afternoon. Mr. Martin said she stepped in front of his car without warning and that the accident was unavoidable.

The members of the class will remember O. O. Young, who several years ago was an active member. The sympathy of the Big Brothers is extended to him and Mrs. Young, who hope their little daughter may recover from this serious accident.

Since the above was written it has been learned that the little girl is very much improved, and hopes are entertained for her complete recovery.

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S. M. Smith

Dec. 25th 1887.

Julius Lengsfield, Mrs. Bettie Shelby, Miss Bettie Finlay, and Miss Catherine McCauley. At this meeting the names of Mrs. A. B. Finlay, Miss Sallie Pelham, Miss Priscilla Finlay and Mrs. W. P. Kretschmar were given for membership although they could not be present that day.

An election of officers resulted as follows: Mrs. H. B. Theobold, President; Mrs. J. L. Futress, Vice President; Mrs. S. Myra Smith, Cor. Secretary; Mrs. B. M. Dunn, Treasurer; Mrs. W. R. Trigg, Rec. Secretary.

Of those whose names were that day enrolled, Miss Priscilla Finlay (Mrs. John Archer) is the only one now living. After two years time Mrs. Dunn resigned and Miss Catherine McCauley was elected treasurer and she faithfully served for twenty four years. Through summer sun and winter cold she went into every Methodist home spreading zeal for mission and "collecting dues." At her death she left $200.00 to the Society, this being our second legacy. Mrs. Theobold resigned about the same time and Mrs. A. B. Finlay was made president. She served as long as her strength allowed—and longer. A beloved woman and a blessing to the work. Mrs. Myra Smith, a woman of great piety and strength of intellect filled her office most acceptably until her death in 1887. She was the first delegate ever sent from our church to a conference. She went by boat to Memphis and thence by rail to Corinth whence she returned on fire with renewed enthusiasm and news fresh from the "field." Mrs. W. R. Trigg was Rec. Secretary for a long period of years and resigned only to return to this office a year or two later. She held it then until her health broke down but she always retained her membership and interest in the Society.

Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Trigg organized the children and never has there been a Juvenile Society where more interest was shown or one that was more ably directed—our chosen name was selected by Mrs. Smith "Swamp Lilies.' A few years later Mrs. D. C. Montgomery organized a young peoples society called "Lilies of the Delta." She was a charming leader and had a wonderful group of wide awake workers for some years. One time she gave a brilliant missionary pageant at which $150.00 was collected in the baskets passed for a free will offering.

Our congregation was small then and never wealthy, but our people were liberal and we held the conference banner for several years. We had good times in our meetings in all three societies and every where there was interest and knowledge of the work. There is not space to mention all the women who have done valliant service for our Master but one name stands out brightly whenever our workers are thought of, Mrs. John N. Dunn has for more than a quarter of a century had charge of the work for our orphan children. She is one of God's saints and we love to do her honor. Her service has been one of the deeds and actual hard work but never a complaint, never a suggestion that some one else should relieve her—and so quietly for years she has done work that few women have the consecration, energy, and courage to continue in.

## PRAYER MEETING

Good people, one and all, we especially urge your attendance at Wednesday night's prayer meeting on next Wednesday, the 11th at 7:30 P. M. The Pastor wishes for this one meeting the largest crowd that we have had for several months. I do not wish to be giving any secrets away, for I am in on the secret; but I will just say, in passing, that you won't be sorry if you come, while you will be sorry if you stay at home. Now that is all that we can say, without being called a tattle tale.

The Pastor has challenged the membership of the Church—especially "The Big Brothers" contingent, to an increased interest in the regular meetings of the church for several weeks, beginning with Easter Sunday. He talks like he is in earnest about it. It is up to us to do our part. Let's do it.!

It occurs to the editor that brother Cunningham's suggestion is good and that it should be supported by the congregation. It's a "mighty good" way to start a revival.

## WHERE TO?

Where and where do we go on our next trip out of town? We met with such a grand reception from our Glen Allan neighbors last Sunday, that we feel encouraged to go again. Let some Big Brother suggest a place. What do you say?

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In addition there were thirty-five or forty Big Brothers, a most creditable turn out.

The Church at Glen Allan was filled to capacity, people having come as far as 35 miles in order to be present.

We have never heard the orchestra render more beautiful selections in a better way and we were all exceedingly proud of them. The singing was joined in by the congregation and as the Big Brothers sang with their usual vigor, the singing was truly inspiring.

Judge Bell, delivered the lesson talk and after an hour the program was concluded.

Mr. C. L. Hazie, the teacher of the Glen Allan Class, welcomed the Big Brothers and at the end of the hour expressed the appreciation of the people of Glen Allan for the visit. Numbers were heard to say that they had not enjoyed a service as much in many years and all were delighted with the musical program.

Visits of this kind are good for all concerned. They stimulate the interest of the Big Brothers and enable us to do a good work in encouraging other men's' classes. Mr. Hazie in his remarks spoke of the founding of the Hollandale Class by the Big Brothers some years ago and of the excellent work that it had done. It is things like this that make it really worth while to carry on the work which we are endeavoring to do. The Glen Allan Class, has agreed to visit us at an early date; at which time, Mr. Hazie will conduct the lesson.

Those who were unable to be present at this meeting certainly missed a great pleasure.

## HISTORY OF THE WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY

When the Woman's Board of Missions was created in May 1878, the women of the Greenville church were ripe for the work and eager to organize at once. They only waited for direction from headquarters as to details of organization. News traveled slowly then —even telegrams being sent by boat from Vicksburg to Memphis. So while these consecrated eager women were waiting there was time for the great terror that often filled our southern summer to come upon us.

In August every heart trembled when it was known that yellow fever was in our midst. Many left the town—some by boat and some to take refuge back in the country on the highways. Of less than a thousand left in the town three hundred and thirty-eight were buried before the winter's cold stamped out the disease. Of this number heavy toll had been taken from our membership. The beloved pastor, Rev. Tillman Page, and many of those women who had so happily dreamed of the new work. Among those last was Miss Helen Maria Finlay. Now this name might not be especially noted, although she was a devout worker and a wonderful teacher, but for one fact. After her death it was found that she had left $100.00 to the new organization and this was the very first legacy ever bequeathed to the Woman's Missionary Society of the Southern Methodist Episcopal Church. This fact is recognized and has been officially mentioned many times.

When the scattered people came together the little town was a place of mourning for there was no home in which the death angel had not tarried. So nothing was done immediately but on February 29, 1878 the following met in the Methodist Church and formally organized the work; Mrs. H. B. Theobold, Mrs. J. L. Futrell, Mrs. S. Myra Smith, Mrs. W. R. Trigg, Mrs. B. M. Dunn, Mrs. George Manifold, Mrs. Hoover, Mrs.

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and divinely written copy;
sketched her on rounds of sick and wounded.
Meantime we must have patience. *Proverb.*
home prior to evacuation, sketch was done by News

## DIVINELY LED.

BY MRS. J. M. CRAIG.

I Stood on the brink of ruin,
But knew not it was so;
Though many came and warned me,
I thought they did not know.

With merry jest and laughter
My lips were running o'er;
My eyes were bright to all things
But the yawning gulf before.

At last a voice louder
Than all the rest cried out:
"Turn back, turn back, thou'lt perish!"
I did not heed the shout,

"Thou fool," I inward murmered,
"Such canting is insane,
Some ancient superstitition
Has turned thy feeble brain.

I can discern no danger,
No gulf appears to me,
And what my eyes are blind to,
Thine surely cannot see."

But still that warning voice
Within my spirit cried,
And still my spirit spurned it,
And still my lips defied.

[illegible] last in desperation
At warnings thus so dire;
Because they would not leave me
For coaxing, threats or hire.

I said, "Though yet I'm doubting,
If thou, by any art,
Can teach to me my danger,
I'll learn with all my heart."

Then by many prayers, and patience,
By many precepts clear,
By truths, 'till then, unthought of,
I soon was taught to fear.

And I saw with altered vision,
My weakness, folly, sin,
Beheld the gulf before me
I'd almost tumbled in.

And my heart could find no pleasure,
My soul could know no rest,
Until I sought the refuge
And safety of the blest.

## Doing and Being.

A young girl had been trying to do something very good and had not succeeded very well. Her friend hearing her complain, said:

"God gives us many things to *do*, but don't you think He gives us something to *be* just as well?"

"O, dear! tell me about *being*," said Marion, looking up. "I will think about *being*, if you will help me."

Her friend answered "God says:

"'Be kindly affectioned one to another.'

"'Be ye also patient.'

"'Be ye thankful.'

"'Be not conformed to this world.'

"'Be ye therefore perfect."

"'Be courteous."

"'Be not wise in your own conceit.'

"'Be not overcome of evil.'"

Marion listened, but made no reply.

Twilight grew into darkness. The tea-bell sounded, bringing Marion to her feet. In the firelight Elizabeth could see that she was very serious.

"I'll have a better day to-morrow. I see that doing grows out of being."

"We cannot be what God loves without doing what He commands. It is easier to do with a rush, than to be patient, or unselfish, or humble, or just, or watchful."

"I think it is," returned Marion.—*Watchman.*

## AN OLD LETTER.

MESSRS EDITORS: In looking the other day through an old book, dingy with age, I chanced to see a letter written by Rev. Francis Asbury more than seventy years ago. It was published in the "*Methodist Magazine* Dublin, Ireland, and that, you know was a continuation of the *Arminian Magazine* first published by the Rev. John Wesley. The letter was written when our church was in its infancy in the Western world, and has from that fact a peculiar interest for us who live in this, the glorious centennial year of American Methodism. The following is the letter.

"AMERICA.

*Extract of a letter from the Rev. Francis Asbury, to Mr. Zachary Myles.*

Buncombe, North Carolina,
Dec. 3rd, 1812,

MY DEAR BROTHER.

All hail in Jesus! Excuse my long delay in answering your letters. I rode by day, and wrote by night. In my letters, I write as a fool, when I say, *we* have (I mean the superintendents in Co.) visited nine annual conferences, and the general conference, with nine camp-meetings. The latter excelled in life, multitudes, and power. While attending those meetings my soul was inexpressibly blest; and in reading Mr. Benson's excellent Life of Fletcher, my soul was brought into God, deeply into love. This has sweetened the toils of between 4 and 5000 miles traveling. With humble surprise, I found that our Western Conferences gave an account of about 12,000 increase. Emigrations, earthquakes, etc., have been made favorable to the work of God. We have high expectations, that the light afflictions will work for our good; that all orders among us will be humbled, and consent to hear the word of God; and that thousands, if not millions, shall see the salvation of the gospel.

We shall find it necessary to appoint another conference in the West, upon Mississippi, and form an annual Episcopal circuit of ten conferences. This circuit, to be travelled in nine months, is about 6000 miles, and reaches completely round the United States. Thus hath God in the space of forty-two years, enlarged our borders.

Now, my friend, let us strive to close life in perfect love, in order to our obtaining perfect glory. Farewell,

F. ASBURY."

The above copy is just as it appears in the *Methodist Magazine*, except the old "S" is not used. I trust it will prove as interesting to the readers of THE ADVOCATE as it is to me.

H. S. SHANGLE,
Pierce City, Mo.

In Bishop Asbury's Journal he recorded himself as having crossed the mountains going south on the 3rd of December, 1812, and spent the night at Killion's where the letter copied above must have been written as next day he went to Samuel Edneys. Killion lived seven or eight miles north-west of Asheville and Edney twenty or more south-east of the same place.

EDS. AD.

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If Satan ever laughs, it must be at hypocrites; they are the greatest dupes he has.

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Aim at depth. A thought is deep in proportion as it is near God.

## GRANDMOTHER READING THE BIBLE.

Hush little feet! go softly
Over the echoing floor,
Grandmother's reading the Bible
There by the open door.
All of its pages are dearer still,
Now she is almost down the hill.

Mellow September sunshine
Round her is gently shed—
Gold and silver together
Crowning her bended head—
While she follows where saints have trod
Reading the blessed book of God.

Grandmother's past the morning,
Past the noonday sun,
And she is reading and resting
After her work is done;
Now in the quiet autumn eves
She has only to bind her sheaves.

Almost through with trial,
Almost done with care,
And the discipline of sorrow
Hallowed by trust and prayer;
Waiting to lay her armor down
To go up higher and take the crown.

No little feet to follow
Over this weary road,
No little hand to lighten
Of many a weary load;
Children standing in honored prime
Bless her now in her evening time.

Grandmother has closed the volume,
And by her saintly look
Peace I know she has gathered
Out of the sacred book;
Maybe she catches through that door
Glimpses of heaven's eternal shore.

—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

## CHRIST FOR ME.

For me he left his home on high;
For me to earth he came to die;
For me he in a manger lay;
For me to Egypt fled away;
For me he dwelt with fishermen;
For me he slept in cave and glen;
For me abuse he meekly bore;
For me a crown of thorns he wore;
For me he braved Gethsemane;
For me he hung upon a tree;
For me his final feast was made;
For me by Judas was betrayed;
For me by Peter was denied;
For me by Pilate crucified;
For me his precious blood was shed;
For me he slept among the dead;
For me he rose with might at last;
For me above the skies he passed;
For me he came at God's command;
For me he sits at his right hand;
For me he now prepares a home;
For me he shall in glory come.

Sel

## Berries and Briers.

One of the surest ways to make home happy is to look on the bright side of things. The boy in this incident not only cheered his mother, but preached a bit of a sermon besides.

A man met a little fellow on the road carrying a basket of blackberries, and said to him: "Sammy, where did you get such nice berries?"

"Over there, sir, in the briers."

"Won't your mother be glad to see you come home with a basket full of such nice, ripe fruit?"

"Yes sir," said Tommy, "she always seems mighty glad when I hold up the berries, and I don't tell her anything about the briers in my feet."

The man rode on, resolving that henceforth he would hold up the berries and say nothing about the briers.—*Southern Churchman.*

## GETTING OUT OF TEMPTATION.

Little Henry had been very sick. When he was slowly recovering, and just able to be up and about the room, he was left alone a short time, when his sister came in eating a piece of cake. Henry's mother had told him he must eat nothing but what she gave him, and that it would not be safe for him to have what the other children had till he was stronger.

His appetite was coming back: the cake looked inviting; he wanted very much to take a bite of it, and his kind sister would gladly have given it to him. What did he do?

"Jennie," said he, "you must run right out of the room away from me with that cake, and I'll keep my eyes shut while you go, so that I shan't want it."

And when I heard of this, 1 thought that there are a great many times when children, and grown up people too, if they would remember little Henry's way, would escape from sin and trouble.

## BETTER WHISTLE THAN WHINE.

As I was taking a walk early in September, I noticed two little boys on their way to school. The small one stumbled and fell; and though he was not very much hurt, he began to whine in a babyish way—not a regular roaring boy cry, as though he were half killed, but a little cross whine.

The older boy took his hand in a kind and fatherly way, and said:

"Oh, never mind, Jimmy, don't whine; it is a great deal better to whistle."

And he began, in the merriest way a cheerful boy whistle.

Jimmy tried to join in the whistle.

"I can't whistle as nice as you, Charlie," said he, "my lips won't pucker up good."

"Oh, that is because you have not got all the whine out yet," said Charlie; "but you try a minute, and the whistle will drive the whine away."

So he did; and the last I saw or heard of the little fellows they were whistling away as earnestly as though that was the chief end of life.

## He Leads Us On.

He leads us on
By paths we did not know.
Upward He leads us, though our steps
be slow,
Though oft we faint and falter in the
way,
Though storms and darkness oft obscure the day,
Yet when the clouds are gone
We know He leads us on.

He leads us on
Through all the unquiet years;
Past all our dreamland hopes, and
doubts, and fears
He guides our steps. Through all the
tangled maze
Of sin, of sorrow, and o'erclouded days
We know His will is done;
And still He leads us on.

And He, at last,
After the weary strife,
After the restless fever we call life,
After the dreariness, the aching pain,
The wayward struggles which have
proved in vain,
After our toils are past,
Will give us rest at last.

—*Golden Hours.*

## Somebody's Mother.

The woman was old, and ragged, and gray,
And bent with the chill of a winter's day;
The streets were white with a recent snow,
And the woman's feet with age were slow.

At the crowded crossing she waited long,
Jostled aside by the careless throng
Of human beings who passed her by,
Unheeding the glance of her anxious eye.

Down the street with laughter and shout,
Glad in the freedom of "school let out,"
Came happy boys, like a flock of sheep,
Hailing the snow piled white and deep;
Past the woman, so old and gray
Hastened the children on their way.

None offered a helping hand to her,
So weak and timid, afraid to stir,
Lest the carriage wheels or the horses' feet
Should trample her down in the slippery street.

At last came out of the merry troop
The gayest boy of all the group;
He paused beside her and whispered low,
"I'll help you across, if you wish to go."

Her aged hand on his strong young arm
She placed, and so without hurt or harm
He guided the trembling feet along,
Proud that his own were young and strong;
Then back again to his friends he went,
His young heart happy and well content.

"She's somebody's mother, boys, you know,
For all she's aged, and poor, and slow;
And some one, some time, may lend a hand
To help my mother—you understand?—
If ever she's poor and old and gray,
And her own dear boy so far away."

"Somebody's mother," bowed low her head,
In her home that night, and the prayer she said
Was, "God be kind to that noble boy,
Who is somebody's son, and pride, and joy."

Faint was the voice, and worn and weak,
But heaven lists when its chosen speak;
Angels caught the faltering word,
And "Somebody's Mother's" prayer was heard.

—*Macmillan.*

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A good part of duty is expressed in the simple imperative, Remember. In the hurry of daily life there are hundreds of things left undone which ought to be done, and in the majority of cases it is not willful neglect, but forgetful neglect, which is to blame.—*Sunday-school Times.*

Our Lord God is like a printer, who sets the letters backward. We see and feel him set the types well, but we cannot read them. When we are printed off yonder, in the life to come, we shall read all clear and straightforward. Meantime we must have patience.—*Luther.*

It is commanded: "Grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." The first part of this command is often referred to, but the second is equally binding, and requires diligent search of the Scriptures and study of the work of redemption.

Dr. Payson once said: "If God were to let down a thread not larger than a spider's, and tell you that by following it carefully it would lead you to heaven, how careful you would be not to break it or lose it."

All trades have their mystery and difficulty; so hath Christianity. A young carpenter giveth more blows, and maketh more chips, but an old artist doth the most and best work.

The things of God which we handle are divine; but our manner of handling is human. There is little we touch but we leave the print of our fingers behind.—*Richard Baxter.*

Look at a stone, over which you have stumbled, only long enough to recognize it quickly when you come that way again.

The key to your life and mine is this, that God is holy, and purposes holiness for you and for me.—*Rev. Dr. Barrows.*

Men are responsible for the light they might have, as well as for that which they actually enjoy.—*Finney.*

Some men are just blind enough not to see their duties, but they can see all their rights very clearly.

Do not let us take the Spirit of God as an instrument; it is we who are his instruments.

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## LEARN TO UNTIE STRINGS.

One story of the eccentric Stephen Girard says that he once tested the quality of a boy who applied for a situation by giving him a match loaded at both ends and ordering him to *light* it. The boy struck the match, and after it had burned half its length, threw it away. Girard dismissed him because he did not save the other end for future use. The boy's failure to notice that the match was a double-ended one was natural enough considering how matches are generally made; but haste and heedlessness (a habit of careless observation) are responsible for a greater part of the waste of property in the world.

Said one of the most successful merchants of Cleveland, Ohio, to a lad who was opening a parcel: "Young man, untie the strings; do not cut them."

It was the first remark that he had made to a new employe. It was the first lesson the lad had to learn, and it involved the principles of success or failure in his business career. Pointing to a well-dressed man behind the counter, he said:

"There is a man who always whips out his scissors and cuts the strings of the packages in three or four places. He is a good salesman, but he will never be anything more. I presume he lives from hand to mouth, and is more or less in debt. The trouble with him is that he was never taught to save.

"I told the boy just now to untie the strings, not so much for the value of the string as to teach him that everything is to be saved and nothing wasted."—*Selected.*

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## TO EVERY MAN HIS WORK.

Remember, He gives especial mission to one, and to another special work, and each is serving Him. One He sends out to active service abroad, another to evangelize at home, another He sends into His study to prepare works for the church. Think of the man who compiled the Concordance of the Bible. Many thought, I suppose, that he spent too much time in writing, and yet how useful a work he was engaged in for the whole church! A man may not be working on our line, but he is all right if he is following Christ, who gives every man his work. Now don't let us be "turning about" to see what this man and that man is to do, and to find fault with them; but let us look to the Lord, to receive our orders from him, and from him only—"Follow thou me." Then, let us remember, he addresses the words to each of us. He addresses you, he addresses me; and after all each one of us will be called before God personally and individually, and some day you will hear—perhaps sooner than you think—the words whispered into your ear—"The Master is come, and calleth for thee." Not the church, not the nation, will appear before the judgment-seat of Christ, but you will. You will have to die, you will have to be judged as to your work by yourself. If you wait for others to do their duty before you do yours, you will be waiting forever. Fancy an army, when the commander would say, "Forward, march," and every one of the soldiers was looking to the right and to the left, to see if the others marched before he did so himself!—*Theodore Monod*

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## ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

BY REV. JOSEPHUS ANDERSON, D. D.

I.

How dark and cold the moral night!
How wide doubt's overflow!
The Church eclipsed gave feeble light,
And hope seemed on the eve of flight,
One hundred years ago.

II.

What close remembrance then to art
Did all religion show—
The Church an actress in her part;
An actress with a frozen heart,
One hundred years ago.

III.

But he, who said, "Let there be light,"
When chaos reigned below,
Arose again in love and might,
And made religion strong and bright,
One hundred years ago.

IV.

In providence, his own right hand
Commenced sin's overthrow.
Raised up a choice, heroic band,
Opened the way, and made them stand,
One hundred years ago.

V.

The pentecostal grace came down,
Which does from Christ outflow,
And tongues of fire, of old renown,
Great power gave their work to crown,
One hundred years ago.

VI.

By sweet experience borne along,
They feared no earthly woe:
By grace insuperably strong,
They filled the air with shout and song,
One hundred years ago.

VII.

Millions prepared and saved in heaven,
And many millions more
Preparing now, attest the leaven
As from the hand of Jesus given,
One hundred years ago.

VIII.

Sing to the Lord! Hosannas sing!
And praise him evermore!
Let songs and shouts arise and ring,
Because of what his grace did bring,
One hundred years ago.

IX.

May Methodism still run her race;
Extend our Christendom;
And myriads bring, with beaming face,
To celebrate her work of grace,
One hundred years to come.

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## TRUSTING.

I do not ask that God will always make
My pathway light;
I only pray that he will hold my hand
Throughout the night.
I do not hope to have the thorns removed
That pierce my feet,
I only ask to find his blessed arms
My safe retreat.

If he afflicts me, then in my distress
Withholds his hand;
If all his wisdom I can not conceive
Or understand,
I do not think to always know his why
Or wherefore, here;
But sometime he will take my hand and make
His meaning clear,

If in his furnace he refines my heart
To make it pure,
I only ask for grace to trust his love—
Strength to endure;
And if fierce storms beat round me,
And the heavens be overcast,
I know that he will give his weary one
Sweet peace at last,

—Whispers of Peace

## STRIKER STOWE'S WAY.

Striker Stowe was a tall, powerful Scotchman, whose position as "Boss Striker" at the steel-works made him generally known. Nearly all the men in his department were hard drinkers, and he was no exception to the rule. But one day it was announced among the workmen that he had been converted, and, sure enough, when pressed to take a drink he said:

"I shall never drink mair, lads. Nae droonkard can inherit the kingdom o' God."

The knowing ones smiled, and said, "Wait a bit. Wait until hot weather—until July. When he gets as dry as a gravel-pit he will give in. He can't help it."

But right through the hottest months he toiled, the sweat pouring off in streams; yet he seemed never to be tempted to drink. Finally, as I was taking the men's time one evening, I stopped and spoke with him. "Stowe," said I, "you used to take considerable liquor. Do n't you miss it?"

"Yes," said he, emphatically.

"How do you manage to keep away from it?"

"Weel, to-day is the twentieth o' the month. From seven till eight I asked that the Lord would help me. He did so, an' I put down a dot on the calendar, right near the twenty. From eight till nine he kep' me, and I put down another dot. From nine till ten he 's kep' me, an' noo I gie him the glory as I put down the third dot. Just as I mark these I pray, 'O Lord, halp me—halp me to fight it off for another hour.'"

"How long shall you keep this up?" I inquired.

"All o' my life," was the earnest reply. "It keeps me sae full o' peace an' happiness that I wouldna' gie it up for ony thing. It is just as if he took me by the hand and said, 'Wark awa', Striker Stowe, I 'm wi' ye. Dinna be fearfu'. You teck care o' yeer regular wark, an' I 'll see to the de'il an' the thirst, an' they shall na' trouble ye,'"—*Henry C. Pearson,*

## Missing at the Prayer-meeting.

The following is a copy of No. 1 of a series of little handbills published under the auspices of the New Orleans Young Men's Christian Association:

"NOT FORSAKING THE ASSEMBLING OF OURSELVES TOGETHER."—HEB. x. 25.

*Ah! and who missed me there?* My Saviour, my pastor, and my brethren and sisters in Christ.

*And what did they miss?* They missed my figure in its usual place, my voice in the sacred song, and the voice of my heart in prayer.

*And what did I miss by my absence?* I missed the blessing of God, the approbation of my conscience, and the love of Christ's friends.

*And why was I missing at the prayer-meeting?* I forgot the hour, and was too far away in body and heart to reach there.

My dear reader, if we love the communion of the saints, if we love the souls of sinners, if we love our own souls, let us never be *missing at the prayer-meeting* again.

## Failure.

(Anonymous.)

Perhaps the most common cause of failure in life is to be found in the relation which subsists between effort and impulse. Few men labor without what they are pleased to call a "motive" or "interest in work." Being interpreted by laws of mental energy, this means that they do not take the trouble to embark in a serious undertaking without "feeling" a strong wish or inducement to do so, and as soon as this wish or inducement fails from any cause, they cease to strive as earnestly as before. The allurement is not in the industry itself, but in its expected or probable reward; and, if this be gained, or the prospect of obtaining it seems to be shadowed by circumstances, interest is lost and enterprise expires. There is no pleasure in the work itself, the sense of satisfaction does not grow with exercise, energy does not beget energy. The motive either springs from a passing mood or the effort is called forth by the attractions of the "result" to be attained; and if on close inspection this does not appear as pleasing as it did when viewed from a distance, it ceases to lure and stimulate the energy. Many a man who fails from "lack of perseverance" as it is called, is simply a creature of emotion—intellectual it may be—who is stirred to action by the fascination of a prospect of success. As soon as this becomes clouded over, or is shut out of his view by a turn in the path he treads, he loses heart and faith. It is a radical fault in character, and one which the young should strive to amend, this work by impulse. Enterprise and effort should be potent in themselves to stir the pulse of youth and to call out its utmost energy. Children are not well when they require to be coaxed or bribed to play, because play is the healthy expression of life in its earliest years. Later on, work is the expression of life; and there is something amiss at the fountain-head of vitality when youth is torpid and seeks ease in indolence instead of enjoyment in exercise. We do not question that special objects are designed to call out special energies. It is natural, and therefore doubtless intended that they should do so; but beneath this specialty of effort, which determines its nature and direction, there is, or ought to be, a strong under-current of force, which must find an outlet in work; and the man who has this force within him, although it may not be well-trained, or wisely aimed, cannot be said to be in himself a failure. The purpose of self-culture should be to develop the love of work for its own sake, not for what it may win in the field of enterprise. The prize may be great or little; the real recompense should be found in the pleasure exercise brings, the true sweetener of labor; not the hope of reward, but the consciousness and proof of power.

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You think it is time you were taken out of the crucible; you have had your share of trial, and you have learned its lesson. Your impatience is proof to the contrary.

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## CUMBERED WITH MUCH SERVING.

Christ never asks of us such busy labor
  As leaves no time for resting at His feet;
The waiting attitude of expectation
  He ofttimes counts a service most complete.

He sometimes wants our ear—our rapt attention,
  That he some sweetest secret may impart;
'Tis always in the time of deepest silence
  That heart finds deepest fellowship with heart.

We sometimes wonder why our Lord has placed us
  Within a space so narrow, so obscure,
That nothing we call work can find an entrance;
  There's only room to suffer—to endure.
Well, God loves patience; souls that dwell in stillness,
  Doing the little things or resting quiet.
May just as perfectly fulfill their mission,
  Be just as useful in the Father's sight.

As they who grapple with some giant evil,
  Clearing a part that every eye may see;
Our Saviour cares for cheerful acquiescence,
  Rather than for a busy ministry.

And yet, He does love service, where 'tis given
  By grateful love that clothes itself in deed;
But work that's done beneath the scourge of duty,
  Be sure to such He gives but little heed.

Then seek to please him whatsoe'r He bid thee;
  Whether to do, to suffer, to lie still;
'Twill matter little by what path He led us,
  If in it all we sought to do His will.

*Exchange.*

## Nibbling at Worldly Bait.

(Zion's Herald.)

The fish that nibbles the angler's bait is generally either caught or sadly mangled by the barbed hook. In this the silly creature is a type of those questionable disciples of our Lord who will conform in some things to the practices of their worldly associates. Most persons of this class, after nibbling awhile at this worldly bait, swallow it, are drawn out of the Church and cast into the Dead Sea of apostasy. Some few escape this evil fate, and live on, half-hearted, and more or less unhappy. But even they are in the "hell of Tantalus," filled with unsubdued desires which they will not surrender, yet cannot, as professing Christians, freely gratify. Foolish souls! sacrificing all real enjoyment on the altar of indecision. They are poor, doomed wanderers from the path beaten into smoothness by the feet of the truly good, who, through the ages, have passed over it to heaven. Holy Scripture says of this path, "The highway of the upright is to depart from evil; he that keepeth his way preserveth his soul." Common sense utters its emphatic amen to this divine sentiment, for who that will not resolutely, uncompromisingly, steadfastly depart from all evil, can reasonably hope to attain to good, to purity, to eternal life? Who that will hide in his bosom the evil which God hates, can reasonably expect to gain the holiness which God loves, and which is the white robe, without which no human soul can abide in the kingdom of his glory?

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In the creation man was made in God's image; in the Incarnation God was made in man's image.—*Watson.*

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## "MY SMOKE-HOUSE."

A man who lives in Albany, and whose business is that of a clerk, said that he had lately built a house that cost him three thousand dollars. His friends expressed their wonder that he could afford to build so fine a dwelling.

"Why," said he, "that is my smoke-house."

"Your smoke-house! What do you mean?"

"Why, I mean that twenty years ago I left off smoking, and I have put the money saved from smoke, with the interest, into my house. Hence I call it my smoke-house."

Now, boys, we want you to think of this when you are tempted to take your first cigar. Think how much good might be done with the money you are beginning to spend in smoke. What would you think of a man who, to amuse himself, should light a paper twenty-five cents and watch it burn? Is it any more sensible to take for your quarter a roll of old, dry, brown leaves, light it, and see it smoke?—*Exchange.*

## We are Safe.

(Mrs. H. W. Smith.)

When I was in England a lady told me a sweet story illustrative of what it is to have Christ between us and every thing else. She said she was wakened up by a very strange noise of pecking, or something of the kind, and when she got up she saw a butterfly flying backward and forward inside the window-pane in great fright, and outside a sparrow pecking and trying to get in. The butterfly did not see the glass, and expected every minute to be caught, and the sparrow did not see the glass, and expected every minute to catch the butterfly, yet all the while that butterfly was as safe as if it had been three miles away, because of the glass between it and the sparrow. So it is with Christians who are abiding in Christ. His presence is between them and every danger. I do not believe that Satan understands about this mighty and invisible power that protects us, or else he would not waste his efforts by trying to get us. He must be like the sparrow—he does not see it; and Christians are like the butterfly—they do not see it, and so they are frightened, and flutter backward and forward in terror; but all the while Satan cannot touch the soul that has the Lord Jesus Christ between itself and him.

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Are we ready to take the place where we can best serve? If so, it matters not what may be our ability if we can hear the Master say—"You have done what you could;"—"Well done," Let us rise and be going!

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*chman.*

God.

## "TO-MORROW."

I remember once, when in company with a lady who was then a foremost leader of society in this country, that I, being young and foolish, refused petulantly to undertake some simple duty which awaited me.

"Some other time!" I pleaded. "To-morrow will do as well."

Mrs. C—— turned suddenly. "'To-morrow?'" she said. Her face was not apt to betray emotion, but now it showed sharp pain. "'Some other time?' I wish I could keep those excuses from the lips of every young man or woman! Let me tell you a little circumstance of my own life, and you will understand why I say this.

"About fifteen years ago, I found in one of the poorest quarters of this city a woman, whom I had kmown as a child. She was the daughter of a planter in the county in Virginia in which I was born. We had gone to the same little school, played and grown up together.

"She had married some scapegrace, and was now a childless widow, miserably poor, but too proud to accept any aid. She occupied a decent room in the neighborhood of the abattoir, and supported herself by making dresses for the butchers' wives and for servant-girls. They were poorly made, for she was no seamstress.

'She had no associates, but these women. I tried in vain to induce her to come to my house. All I could do was to go once or twice a week and sit with her for an hour or two, recalling the dear old home gossip and jokes; laughing together, or crying out of full hearts. I was her only friend, the one only trace left of her old life, and I knew what my visits were to her.

"In the winter of 1870 her health failed rapidly. I was absent in Virginia. I went purposely to the old homestead, where her uncles still lived, gathering up every scrap of information which I thought would touch or please her; I brought copies of photographs of her brothers and mother; and more than all, brought a cordial invitation from her uncles to come to them and spend her remaining days at home.

"It was early on a rainy November day when I returned to the city. I was tired with the journey. I thought of C—— however, and began to prepare to go to her; but, looking out at the rain and mud I said, as you did just now, 'To-morrow will do; some other time,' and sat down by the fire.

"The next day I went. A scrap of black muslin was tied on the handle of her door. 'Yes,' the landlady said, 'she sunk very slow, and she has been watching for you every day. All day yesterday she sat by that window looking down the street, and saying now and then, "Something tells me she'll be sure to come to-day."'"

Mrs. C—— stopped abruptly, wiping the tears from her pale face. "I cannot tell you what this has cost me since then. It is the one lost opportunity to which I cannot become reconciled. It is the feeling that she is gone, and that I can never make it up to her—never ask her to forgive me!

"When I hear those words, 'To-morrow! To-morrow?" it is with a sharp pain, hopeless and bitter."

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The earth is fringed and carpeted not with forests, but with grasses. Only see that you have enough of little virtues and common fidelities, and you need not mourn because you are neither a renowned hero nor a saint.

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## "A Little Bird Led Me."

(Northwestern Christian Advocate.)

Under the cool shade of the oak-trees, Thomas, the wood-cutter, and his grandson Joe, had been eating their lunch. Carefully gathering the crumbs, the old man threw them far out on the grass, and then both waited till first one bird, then another, hopped down for their share of the feast. "It was a little bird like that that showed me the way to God, Joe. I'll tell you about it. I was a grown man, with a wife and little children—your mother was the baby then—before I ever thought much of God, or my duty to him. It was one night, while I sat in the door-way resting, I heard your grandmother singing, as she rocked her baby to sleep,

> Jesus, Lover of my soul,
>   Let me to thy bosom fly,
> While the waters near me roll,
>   While the tempest still is high.

It set me to thinking of my sins, of death, of meeting God, and for days my heart was full of fear. I was coming through the woods one night when a great storm came on; the wind blew, the trees crashed, the rain came in gusts, and it was all I could do to keep my feet. At every flash of lightning my heart trembled for fear I might be called to meet my God. Then I saw a bird flying around with pitiful cry. On a low branch was an empty nest, torn and drenched; on the ground were her crushed eggs. There seemed no refuge for her from the blinding storm, till, by a flash of light, I saw her dart under a great rock which was near, and I knew she was safe. Then the words of the song came back to me, and I prayed aloud, as I hurried through the storm and rain,

> Jesus, Lover of my soul,
>   Let me to thy bosom fly,
> While the waters near me roll,
>   While the tempest still is high.

And he heard me, Joe; and, through Him who said, 'I am the way,' I am not afraid to meet my God. So you see it was a little bird that led me to the Lord."

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## FOLLOW COPY.

It is a rule in all printing offices that the compositors shall set up the type just as the manuscript is written. In view of this fact the *Children's Messenger* gives the following anecdote:

A short time since a lad in a printing office received from his master a list of Scripture questions and answers to be set up and printed. In the progress of the work the lad turned aside and asked the foreman if he should "follow copy;" that is set up just as it is written. "Certainly," said the foreman, "why not?" "Because the copy is not like the Bible, and it professes to be the language of the Book." "How do you know it is not like the Bible?" "Sir, I learned some of these verses at a Sunday school ten years ago, and I know that two of them are not like the Bible." "Well, then, do not 'follow copy,' but set them up as they are in the Bible." The lad got the Bible and made it "the copy"—his guide and pattern.

"Follow copy," children, wherever you find it according to the Bible, but do not stir a step when you find it differs. Through all your life make the Bible your one copy. Look to your words, your actions, your doctrines and your practices; see that all are according to the Bible, and you will be all right. Take nothing for your rule, either in religion or in daily life, but what is like that great unerring and divinely written copy.

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## AT LAST.

An open grave; the mournful gathering;
  The last sad look upon a peaceful face;
The flow of solemn music, soft and low;
  Dust unto dust, its final resting place,
Mingled, in one confused and dream-like whole,
Passed, as a flood of waters, o'er my soul.

He was my friend; the current of his life
  Beside mine own its changeful course had run;
Yet, in the undertow of mortal strife,
  With unseen foes, he stood or fell alone.
Curious or unconcerned I watched the fray,
And, when I should have strengthened, turned away.

Not that my heart was cruel, or that I
  Sinned more against him than other men;
I only passed the little actions by
  Which might have made his burdens lighter then;
In this I was not always kind and true;
Not what I did, but what I failed to do.

I did not see as clearly then as now,
  The purpose of his life, the conflict sore
Through which it led; I saw not how
  His soul in darkness fought; yet when 't was over,
So oft I found him bruised and in the dust;
He saw as well, and almost ceased to trust.

Thus in the shadow of a cloud he passed,
  Unknowing those about him, and alike unknown.
God clears away the mists of earth at last,
  And lets us see the work his hand has done;
Holds forth his child that all the world may see
"Whate'er he did to him was done to me."

Too late! Alas, of what avail that now
  Our unsealed lips the well-earned praise bestow!
Unheeding lies the weary heart and brow
  Which once a word of ours had set aglow;
No longer now, his soul cast down and bruised,
Craves at our hands the pittance long refused.

O oft-repeated lesson hard to learn!
  O Christ, make clear to us thy words again;
Help us, from out our cloistered lives, to turn
  In loving service to our fellow-men.
As freely we receive, so may we give;
Not when we mourn the dead, but while they live.

—*John Harvey.*

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## *REST.*

BY L. M. LATIMER.

"And to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fullness of God."—Ephesians iii, 19.

I prayed to have this love of Christ;
  For, O! I longed to know
The breadth and length, and depth and height
  Of Jesus' love below.
He came and swept away my props
  On which I leaned with pride;
For only into *emptied* hearts
  Comes Christ the crucified.

He humbled to the dust my pride,
  And yet the bruised reed
He did not break—so tenderly
  He heals the hearts that bleed.
The Saviour could not enter in
  A heart so full of sin;
I wept when his clear light revealed
  The vanity within.

The calm so sweet has come at last,
  The poor tossed heart finds rest,
The tempest drove the wearied bird
  Into the sheltering nest;
The storm without is just as fierce,
  The blast is at its height,
But all within is calm and still—
  At evening time 'tis light.

For this new life, so sweet, dear Lord,
  What can I say to thee?
I never dreamed that thou couldst give
  Such perfect rest to me!
For years I heard thy pleading voice,
  O, cast your care on me!
And yet I know not how to trust
  Those weary cares to thee.

More heavy grew the burdens there—
  The weight I could not bear;
Helpless I cast them at his feet,
  The burdens and the care;
And O, the quiet peace and joy,
  The fullness of his love!
*Who* cast their *every* care on him
  Will taste the joys above.

—New York Evangelist.

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Dr. Martin once said: Our Lord is like a printer who sets his type backward. We see and feel him set the types, but here we cannot read them. When we are printed off yonder in the life to come, we shall read all clear and straightforward. Meantime we must have patience.

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## Private Prayer.

(Christian Weekly.)

There is the greatest need that the Christian regularly observes his hours of private communion with his Father in heaven. There can be no spiritual strength where the closet devotions are neglected. The reason why so many Christian lives are so feeble is to be found just here. These believers—and believers they are—do not wait upon the Lord. They permit themselves to drift along upon the current of events; they do not address themselves to the duty and the privilege of seeking from God the strength they need. Hence they are feeble, both as concerns the bearing of temptation and the performing of service. They are not spiritually armed and equipped as they ought to be. How many weaklings there are in the Church where there ought to be strong men!

When we put God to the proof, testing his promise, we shall find that it stands sure! They that wait upon him *shall* renew their strength. The strong Christians—not by any means those who make the most noise in the world—are those who go to the true Source of strength, and who go constantly. Their strength is renewed from day to day. The promise is fulfilled in them, "As thy days thy strength shall be." They mount up with wings as eagles, they run and are not weary, they walk and do not faint. Strong, soaring, glorious flights of spiritual endeavor are theirs. Theirs it is to run in the way of God's commandments, putting forth the highest efforts of spiritual energy. Theirs it is to walk the path that leads to life with the unconscious ease, with the absence of any sense of exertion, of the vigorous man, as he goes toward his home.

But let us remember that to renew our strength we must wait upon the Lord.

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## SELF-CONTROL.

There is no kind of person so rare as the one who is lord of himself.

We met the other day an amusing illustration of this sad truth.

"The first few days of January," said a tobacconist, "trade is very dull with me. I do not sell more than half as many cigars and cigarettes as usual."

"It's the bad weather, I suppose," suggected the customer, as he lighted his cigar.

"No," replied the dealer in the weed, "it is not the weather; it is the good resolutions. On New Year's day a great many men 'swear off,' and for some days a good portion of them keep their resolution; but toward the middle of the month they come dropping in, and by the first of February I have about as many customers as usual."

Probably a few succeed in breaking themselves of the habit, but there are always young men coming under the yoke, and thus the average of smokers is kept up.

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Hearers are of four sorts: the sponge, which swallows up every thing and returns nothing unless squeezed; the funnel, which allows that to escape at one end which it receives by the other; the filter, which allows the liquor to escape and retains the dregs; the sieve, which rejects the chaff and retains nothing but the wheat.—*Jewish Proverb.*

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hey on rounds of sick and wounded.

home prior to evacuation, sketch was

## THE THREE ANGELS.

I saw a picture once in some old transept of a country church, done in stained glass, through which the streaming light revealed its beauty. It was in memory of one whose mortal course had ended, placed there ere love for him had vanished from the earth. The lower part displayed a broken tomb, above, three fair, loving angels, with female forms and golden wings bore tenderly the dead man upwrrds to where the light of God appeared, which fell upon his face just quickening into life. I looked, and as I looked I thought I understood the story.

Soon as the man was born the first good angel came to him in the guise of a loving mother. She made his earliest experience to be one of unselfish affection. She told the infant boy, soon as his mind began to dawn, of love incarnate, and the wondrous tale of the Lord Christ, and thus from very earliest years she strove to guide his footsteps in the path of life.

He grew to manhood. Round about his heart uprose the twining weeds of youthful folly, and gaiety, the magnet of the soul drew him aside. Full soon he put away a mother's heavenward influence. Just then another angel crossed his path, a messenger from God, a maiden pure and fair. To win her love he followed her. She led him to the house of prayer, and there he heard the words of wisdom. Before her sweet affection all the charms of sinful worldly pleasure waned away. She laid her gentle touch upon his nature's hidden spring, and guided him until he found the path of peace.

Love led to wedded life make fragrant by sweet piety. Then came the fierce heats of the world's conflict, and as he strove in deadening scenes of commerce his heart grew faint and he forgot his God. And that presperity which comes from gaining wealth was his. But as he entered deep and went along the dark recesses of the mines of gold he left the light behind, and lost his view of heaven. Another angel then was sent, a lovely baby girl, with calm blue eyes like a clear sky at break of day. Her tiny fingers clung around his heart. But a brief time she stayed on earth, and then returned to that bright home from whence she came. But her pure beauty had awoke a silent chord within his heart, and long-forgotten music came again. Her advent and departure was to him a heaven-sent melody calling him away He heard the message, and he sought his God. Once more heaven's light was on his path, and so again he lived the holy life until the summons came to rise to immortality. There on the golden pavement,near the throne, whence pure and perfect light is poured out, he discerned that holy mother, wife and babe, were angel visitants from God.

And let this solemn truth be fully learned. Our God has many ranks of angel messengers to guide his erring sons on earth. And there are fallen angels, too, who come in similar forms. When our sisters fail in holiness their mission is accursed. Most awful is the state of that poor soul, and there are many such, whose angels have been changed to demons. Let men beware what female friends they choose where choice is left. No greater powers for good or ill can work on human souls than those of gentleness and beauty. When these delight in sin they shut the pearly gates of heaven and drive men into outer darkness. Go, thou who knowest the love of holy women, and devoutly bless thy God for the loftiest angel ministry. Know, too, for this thou must account at last. Let all such sweet and gentle influence be to thee as heaven-sent music calling to a better land.—*J. Hunt Cooke.*

## STRIVE TO DO GOOD.

Strive to do good, be it ever so slowly;
Though success should not always thy efforts attend.
And the blessings we scatter alway in life's pathway,
Will bear a rich harvest of joy to the end.

Go to the chamber which sickness hath darkened,
Light be thy footsteps and gentle thy voice:
There let thy hand soothe the pillow of anguish,
And with sweet words of hope bid the sufferer rejoice.

Go to the house where sorrow hath entered,
Where death may have severed affection's fond chain,
And thrown o'er loved hearts the dark pall of bereavement,
There to do good ye will strive not in vain.

Go to the sister, who, wronged and forsaken,
Shrinks at the finger of scorn and neglect:
Speak gently, for kindness may soothe and reclaim her,
Back to the pathway of peace and respect.

Go to the brother who, fainting and weary,
Sinks in despair 'neath the burden of life.
The encouraging grasp of the warm hand of friendship
Will cheer and help nerve him again for the strife.

Go to the poor, and if fortune has blessed thee,
Share thy abundance with those that have not:
Remember 'tis God who in kindness hath given
Exemption to thee from their desolate lot.

Strive to do good; if the tongue of detraction
And foul breath of scandal are busy with fame,
Thine is the power, with gentle rebuking,
To shield from derision an absent one's name.

Strive to do good both in word and in action,
They are deeds which the angels delight to record,
And we know that the promise is sure and abiding—
He that gives to the poor doth lend to the Lord.

Strive to do good, be it ever so slowly.
Happy are they who not vainly have striven,
Though earth should deny thee the meed of welldoing,
Strive on, thy reward awaits thee in Heaven.

*Iowa Citizen.*

## THE INFIDEL'S GRAVE.

A young German countess who lived about a hundred years ago was a noted unbeliever, and especially opposed to the doctrine of the resurrection. She died when about thirty years of age, and before her death gave orders that her grave should be covered with a solid slab of granite; that around it should be placed a square block of stone, and that the corners should be fastened to each other and to the granite slab by heavy iron clamps. Upon the covering this inscription was placed: "This burial place, purchased to all eternity, mnst never be opened." All human power could do to prevent any change in that grave was done, but a little seed sprouted, and the tiny shoot found its way between the side stone and the upper slab and grew there, slowly but steadily forcing its ways until the iron clamps were torn asunder and the granite lid was raised, and is now resting upon the trunk of the tree, which is large and flourishing. The people of Hanover regard it with almost a kind of superstition, and speak in the lowest tones of the wicked countess, and it is natural they should, for, as I stood beside that grave in the old church-yard, it certainly impressed me more deeply than I can express.—*Ex.*

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Nathan Bangs succeeded Joshua Soule in New York as Book Agent in 1820, and Martin Ruter was made Book Agent at Cincinnati, receiving 43 votes out of 85; Marcus Lindsey, 41. The career of Dr. Bangs became eminent from this date. Besides his invaluable labors in gathering historical materials he entered the field of authorship, and though not brilliant was one of the most useful of those who wielded the pen in the service of his Church. For many years, without salary or help, he acted as Missionary Treasurer and Secretary, drawing up the reports and shaping the operations of the new society.

Joshua Soule, after two years in the pastorate at New York, was transferred to Baltimore, and in these cities his great ability as a preacher was felt and acknowledged. The power of his presence was about this time illustrated by an incident. With a Quaker he was to take ship from Baltimore to New York. His friend was on board before him, and met him at the wharf. "Horrid! such profanity! Officers and crew are swearing at every breath. Let us take passage in another packet, lest this one sink." "Come with me," said Soule, "and you shall not hear another oath." With his demure companion he walked among the crew and exchanged salutations with the captain and mate; quietly strolled about deck and enjoyed the cabin. As they were going ashore the Quaker whispered, "Joshua, I perceive that the spirits are subject unto thee."

## THE CLOUD LIFTED.

The day is rough and stormy,
The sunbeams faint and few;
All things without are dreary,
And I am dreary, too.

I know not why it is, Lord,
But O my heart is cold!
I cannot hear thy voice, Lord,
As in the days of old.

I do thy work, as usual,
But in a lifeless way;
I tell the old, old story,
But feel not what I say.

I pray, but get no answer,
O Lord, my soul is vexed,
My heart is sorely troubled,
Most grievously perplexed.

Why is it, Lord? O tell me!
I cannot bear to be
Much longer in the darkness;
Wilt thou not speak to me?

My child, why art thou idle?
Thy brooding cast away;
For some in deeper sorrow
Are needing thee to-day.

Go thou and do thine utmost
To comfort and to cheer;
Explain that I, their Saviour,
Wilt all their troubles hear.

Then, be thyself the bearer
Of things they greatly need,
And whisper, ere thou leavest,
That God is love indeed.

And as thou homeward turnest,
With rapture thou shalt say,
"My Saviour, O I thank thee,
The clouds have passed away!"

—*Charlotte Murray.*

## A COSTLY THING.

The following story exhibits the costliness of the drinking habit:

A gentleman was walking in Regent's Park, in London, and he met a man whose only home was in the poor-house. He had come out to take the air, and excited the gentleman's interested attention.

"Well, my friend," said the gentleman, getting into conversation, "it is a pity that a man like you should be situated where you are. Now, may I ask how old you are?"

The man said he was eighty years of age.

"Had you any trade before you became penniless?"

"Yes, I was a carpenter."

"Did you use intoxicating drink?"

"No, O no. I only took my beer; never any thing stronger; nothing but my beer."

"How much did your beer come to a day?"

"O, a sixpence a day, I suppose."

"For how long a time?"

"Well, I suppose for sixty years."

The gentleman had taken out his notebook, and he continued figuring with his pencil while he went on talking with the man.

"Now, let me tell you," said he, as he finished his calculations, "how much that beer cost you, my man. You can go over the figures yourself."

And the gentleman demonstrated that the money, a sixpence a day, for sixty years, expended in beer, would, if it had been saved and placed at interest, have yielded him nearly eight hundred dollars a year, or an income of fifteen dollars a week for self-support.

## MR. WESLEY'S LETTER.

At the recent Conference in Leeds, Dr. George Osborn, the retiring President, read a letter from John Wesley which has not hitherto been published. Some of our exchanges have copied this letter, prefacing it with the remark that it was written to President Osborn himself. As Mr. Wesley died on the 2d of March, 1791, over 91 years ago, Dr. Osborn would have been a centenarian indeed if he had been the "Dear George" addressed by Mr. Wesley. Dr. George Osborn is not a young man, being now in the fifty-third year of his ministry, but he was not born when Mr. Wesley died. Who the "Dear George" was, we cannot say, but the letter is a good one:

DEAR GEORGE: — What you said was exactly right. The work of God is undeniably instantaneous with regard to sanctification as well as justification, and it is no objection at all to this that the work is gradual also. Whatever others do, it is your duty to exhort believers to go on to perfection, and to encourage them to expect it by simple faith. This is the preaching which God always has blessed and always will bless to them which are upright in heart. Dear George, your affectionate brother,

JOHN WESLEY.

## A Camp Meeting—An Experience.

After a pleasant jaunt of thirteen miles to the eastward from DeSoto, on the Mobile & Ohio railroad, in company with pastor J. C. Brogan, and a rest of an hour in his attractive home, the writer reached Union Camp Ground at three o'clock P. M., October 17. About an hour later Rev. J. A. Godfrey came dashing into camp behind his spirited ponies covered with dust, though in fine spirits, improved in health and looking the veteran that he is of more than two-score years of hard service for the Master.

It was a pleasant surprise to find a well-built tabernacle with appointments of comfort for preacher and people, and more than a half-score of tents well filled with intelligent people awaiting the first service. And while there were only three itinerant preachers present, we were aided in the pulpit by the finest corps of local preachers I ever saw; were not only blessed with consistent lives that made their pulpit ministrations acceptible, but whose reading made them intelligent leaders of the Lord's host. The have read Watson and Wesley's writings with care and great diligence, and as they applied the thoughts of these wonderful men to the unfolding of God's blessed word, one could but feel that it was "a feast of fat things, a feast of wines on the lees, of fat things full of marrow, of wines on the lees well refined." It is also gratifying to note that the honorable representative of this county (Clark) was added to this noble band of local brethren on Saturday by the unanimous vote of the largest Quarterly Conference this writer ever saw assembled. Seventeen members and all present, and taking an intelligent interest in the church.

And while the congregations were large and serious and the preaching was pointed and searching, there was not a conversion nor addition to the church until Monday night. But toward the close on Tuesday night there were twenty-five conversions, seventeen accessions, eleven heads of families pledged to hold meetings organized among the young men, and twenty-one young persons pledged to read the New Testament through by April 1. I do not think I ever saw a pastor so universally loved, and few in our Conference have so many to love them, (as has Bro. Brogan. Over six hundred children in his Sunday-schools, and these all loving and praying for him because of the interest he takes in their souls, and their parents loving him because he is leading their children to Christ and making intelligent Christians of them. Who among us will be able to look upon his crown in glory?

As it was the last Quarterly Conference, there was considerable effort made to settle up in full with the pastor. Among these who were contributing I observed a local preacher paying, as I thought, quite liberally. I knew he was a poor man and did not think it quite right, for he preaches every Sabbath, baptizes more children, preaches more funerals, marries more couples, than any man in all that country, and I thought he should be excused.

He divined my thoughts and laughingly said: "Its a free will offering, and I will tell you why I make it. A few years ago when I offered to pay my quarterage the steward said no, you do enough without helping to support the pastor. I thought so too, and put the money in my pocket. The next year I bought sixty bushels of corn, for which I paid one dollar and twenty-five cents per bushel. The next year I *would* pay my usual quarterage, and that fall I sold eighty bushels of corn. So for several years I paid regularly and made all the corn I needed, until I began to think that experience a mere accident, and when the steward demonstrated with me a second time I again put the money in my pocket and felt easy. But the very next year I bought a hundred bushels of corn. So from that time on I have paid my quarterage and have not had to buy any corn and never expect to while I do my duty."

I could but ask myself the question, Is there no connection between cause and effect? Is not the withholding of a support from the Lord's ministry the cause of so many failures and the countless troubles, some people suffer one way and another? "Bring ye all the tithes into the store-house, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it."

### *TAKE IT TO GOD.*

Hast thou a care within so deep
It chases from thine eyelids sleep?
To thy Redeemer take thy care,
And change anxiety to prayer.

Hast thou a hope with which thy heart
Would feel it almost death to part?
Entreat thy God that hope to crown,
Or give thee strength to lay it down.

Whate'er the care that breaks thy rest,
Whate'er the wish that swells thy breast,
Spread before God that wish, that prayer,
And change anxiety to prayer.

## A Full Life.

Many persons are concerned to see how much they can get out of life; only a few to see how much they can put into it. Life is sifted over and over again, for the few grains of profit there may be in it; it is pumped dry for its last drop of pleasure; but who fills it with kind words and good deeds? Who looks over the fields to spy out the vacant corners and abandoned hedgerows, and plant the seeds of virture there? Who seeks to fill it with great achievements and paint it with beauty and crown it with glory? Alas! the many will only sow to-day what they expect to reap to-morrow; only a chosen few have patience to wait for the eternal harvest. T. C. READE.

A man's craving may be a temptation as well as his possession, and there may be as much "love of the world" in a poor man as in a rich one. "Hard indeed it is for those who trust in riches," whether they trust in the riches they have, or the riches they crave, "to enter into the kingdom of heaven."—*Lynch.*

## WHISTLING IN HEAVEN.

You're surprised that I ever should say so?
Just wait till the reason I've given
Why I say I shan't care for the music,
Unless there is whistling in heaven.
Then you'll think it no very great wonder,
Nor so strange, nor so bold a conceit,
That unless there's a boy there a-whistling,
Its music will not be complete.

It was late in the autumn of '40;
We had come from our Eastern home
Just in season to build us a cabin,
Ere the cold of the winter should come;
And we lived all the while in our wagon
That husband was clearing the place
Where the house was to be; and the clearing
And building it took many days.

So that our heads were scarce sheltered
In under its roof, when our store
Of provisions was almost exhausted,
And husband must journey for more;
The nearest place where he could get them
Was yet such a distance away,
That it forced him from home to be absent
At least a whole night and a day.

You see, we'd but two or three neighbors,
And the nearest was more than a mile;
And we hadn't found time yet to know them
For we had been busy the while.
And the man who had helped at the raising
Just stayed till the job was well done;
And as soon as his money was paid him
Had shouldered his ax and was gone.

Well, husband just kissed me and started—
I could scarcely suppress a deep groan
At the thought of remaining with baby
So long in the house all alone;
For, my dear, I was childish and timid,
And braver ones might well have feared,
For the wild wolf was often heard howling,
And savages sometimes appeared.

But I smothered my grief and my terror
Till husband was off on his ride,
And then in my arms I took Josey,
And all the day long sat and cried,
As I thought of the long, dreary hours
When the darkness of night should fall,
And I was so utterly helpless,
With no one in reach of my call.

And when the night came with its terrors,
To hide ev'ry ray of light,
I hung up a quilt by the window,
And almost dead with affright,
I kneeled by the side of the cradle,
Scarce daring to draw a full breath,
Lest the baby should wake, and its crying
Should bring us a horrible death.

There I knelt until late in the evening,
And scarcely an inch had I stirred,
When suddenly, far in the distance,
A sound as of whistling I heard.
I started up dreadfully frightened,
For fear 'twas an Indian's call;
And then very soon I remembered,
The red man ne'er whistles at all.

And when I was sure 'twas a white man,
I thought, were he coming for ill,
He'd surely approach with more caution—
Would come without warning, and still,
Then the sounds, coming nearer and nearer,
Took the form of a tune light and gay,
And I knew that I needn't fear evil
From one who could whistle that way.

Very soon I heard footsteps approaching,
Then came a peculiar dull thump,
As if some one was heavily striking
An ax in the top of a stump;
And then, in another brief moment
There came a light tap on the door,
When quickly I undid the fastening,
And in stepped a boy, and before

There was either a question or answer,
Or either had time to speak,
I just threw my glad arms around him
And gave him a kiss on the cheek.
Then I started back, scared at my boldness,
But he only smiled at my fright,
As he said, "I'm your neighbor's boy, Elick,
Come to tarry with you through the night.

"We saw your husband go eastward,
And made up our minds where he'd gone,
And I said to the rest of our people,
'That woman is there all alone,
And I'll venture she's awfully lonesome,
And though she may have no great fear,
I think she would feel a bit safer
If only a boy were but near.'

"So, taking my ax on my shoulder,
For fear that a savage might stray
Across my path and need scalping,
I started right down this way;
And coming in sight of the cabin,
And thinking to save you alarm,
I whistled a tune just to show you
I didn't intend any harm.

"And so here I am, at your service;
But if you don't want me to stay,
Why, all you need do is to say so,
And should'ring my ax, I'll away."
I dropped in a chair and near fainted,
At the thought of his leaving me then,
And his eye gave a knowing bright twinkle
As he said, "I guess I'll remain."

And then I just sat there and told him
How terribly frightened I'd been,
How his face was to me the most welcome
Of any I ever had seen;
And then I lay down with the baby,
And slept all the blessed night through,
For I felt I was safe from all danger
Near so brave a young fellow and true.

So now, my dear friend, do you wonder,
Since such a good reason I've given,
Why I say I shan't care for the music,
Unless there is whistling in heaven?
Yes, often I've said so in earnest,
And now what I've said I repeat,
That unless there's a boy there a-whistling,
Its music will not be complete.
—*Harper's Magazine.*

## THE HIGHLANDER'S PRAYER.

A Scotch highlander, who served in the first disastrous war with the American colonies, was brought before the commanding officer one evening charged with the capital offense of being in communication with the enemy. The charge could not well be preferred at a more dangerous time. Only a few weeks had elapsed since the execution of Major Andre, and the indignation of the British, exasperated almost to madness by this event, had not yet cooled down. There was, however, no direct proof against the highlander. He had been seen in the gray of the twilight stealing out from a clump of underwood that bordered on the forests which at that period covered the greater part of the United Provinces, and which, in the immediate neighborhood of the British, swarmed with the troops of Washington. All the rest was mere inference and conjecture. The poor man's defense was summed up in a very few words. He had stolen away from his fellows, he said, to spend an hour or two in secret prayer.

"Have you been in the habit of spending tours in secret prayer?" sternly asked the officer, himself a Scotchman.

The highlander replied in the affirmative.

"Then," said the officer, drawing out his watch, "never in all your life had you more need for prayer than now; kneel down, sir, and pray aloud that we may hear you."

The highlander, in the expectation of instant death, knelt down. His prayer was that of one long acquainted with the appropriate language in which the Christian addressed his God. It breathed an imminent peril, and earnestly implored the divine interposition in the threatening danger—the help of him who in times of extremity is strong to deliver. It exhibited, in short, a man who was thoroughly conversant with the scheme of redemption and fully impressed with the necessity of personal interest in the advantages it secures, had made the business of salvation the work of many a solitary hour, and had in consequence acquired much fluency in expressing all his various wants as they occured, and his thoughts and wishes as they arose.

"You may go, sir," said the officer, when he concluded; "you have, I dare say, not been in correspondence with the enemy to-night."

"His statement," he continued, addressing himself to the officers, "is undoubtly correct. No one could have prayed so without a long apprenticeship; fellows who never attend drill always get ill at review.'
—*Hugh Miller.*

sketched her on rounds of sick and wounded.

home prior to evacuation, sketch was done by

## "Ye Want Nothing But the Fire."

The ministry of Rev. Burnish Brighter produced a sensation in Ease-in-Zion. His preaching became popular. The invitation committee, with few exceptions, thought they had made a fortunate hit in securing such a man for the circuit. Certainly he was not the kind of man Father Damper wanted. He was ornate, both in person and in preaching. His garb was faultless in its ecclesiastical cut, and his sermons were like his garments, prepared and finished with much care; only, as in his attire the tailor was as manifest as Rev. Burnish Brighter, so in his discourses there was not the sermon only, but the sermon-maker; or perhaps a better illustration of the reverend gentleman's sermons would be a well-trimmed pleasure garden laid out and kept very nicely, beds and borders full of flowers and colors, but nothing natural; that is to say, the work showing more of the hand of man than of the hand of God.

Nevertheless, Rev. Burnish Brighter was a popular man. The local newspaper frequently gave glowing reports of his service, and congratulated the Methodists of Ease-in Zion on having secured a pastor whose gifts commanded such an important influence in the town.

Elias Power was a close observer of Mr. Brighter's ministry. He believed it to possess qualities which, if ruled and vitalized by the Holy Ghost, would make his preaching powerful, both to the edification of the church and the salvation of sinners. He felt that mental glow was substituted for the "unction of the Holy One," and believing as he did that no preaching in the absence of Divine influence could be right in its aims or satisfactory in its effects, he was greatly exercised in mind upon the subject. He determined to seek an interview with his pastor, in the hope that an honest conversation with him might lead to good results. After special prayer that he might be enabled to approach his minister wisely and lovingly; that nothing should escape his lips to chafe or irritate, but that their mutual conversation might be overruled to the divine glory, he went and was duly introduced to Rev. Burnish Brighter in his study.

"Good morning to ye, sir," said Elias; "ye must forgive me taking up yere time, for I know it's precious; but something in my heart has been pressing me so hard I could not rest without coming to ye."

"What is it, Mr. Power?" asked the minister.

In that moment Elias followed the example of Nehemiah, who, when questioned by the Persian King, said, "So I prayed unto the God of heaven." The lips were silent; nevertheless, communication passed between his uplifted soul and heaven. In the strength of the heavenly answer he replied:

"I've been praying for ye, sir, ever since we came to Ease-in-Zion, that God would do for ye what St. Paul asked the people to pray God to do for him, namely: open to him 'a door of utterance;' I've been trying on my side to get that door to open to ye, and I thought, if ye tried on yours, it would open all the sooner."

"I thank you very much," said the minister, "that you pray for me; I hope you ever will. But do you think my sermons too short, that you pray for utterance?"

"No, no!" replied Elias; "good milk is made no better with watering, nor good meat with over-roasting. A short shot will often hit the bull's-eye when a long one flies wide of it."

"Then you complain of my language?" asked the minister.

"I don't," said Elias, "I find no fault with what ye say; yere words are right enough."

"Then do you object to my thoughts, Mr. Power? Do you consider my mind too feeble to deal with Divine things?"

"No, sir, I am sure ye don't spare yere brains to find us thoughts."

"Then what is the 'utterance' you so much wished to be opened to me?"

"It's the utterance of the Holy Ghost," replied Elias; "ye come into the pulpit with nice fuel, and ye lay it very nicely—plenty of shavings, plenty of timber, plenty of coal; but forgive me, sir, if I say—ye never get it fired, and so no heat comes out of it. Don't ye think that if ye sought for the fire as much as for the fuel ye would preach all the better for it? Ye know, sir, the timber burns just as well, and throws out as much heat, when used a little in the rough, as when it's placed so smooth? Ye want nothing but the fire, sir, nothing but the fire!"

"Are you quite sure," asked the Rev. Burnish Brighter, "that you judge me fairly in thinking my ministry to be destitute of fire?"

"Ay, sir; but when is a sermon well prepared without fire?

"Then do you really think," inquired the Rev. Burnish Brighter, "that thoughtful, brillant preaching is powerless without the fire?"

"I do," said Elias; "ye may build a sermon as ye build a machine—every bit of brass and steel so polished that ye may see yere face in it; the water's in the boiler, and the coal in the tender, but the piston never moves inside the cylinder, and why? Because ye have no fire, and therefore we have no power. Without fire to boil the water and bring the steam, yere beautiful engine is as helpless as a cold tin kettle; and without the unction of the Holy Ghost yere thoughtful preaching will have no spirit and life in it. But don't mistake me, sir. God don't want weak preaching, and the people don't want it. The more thought ye can put into yere sermons, the more fuel for the fire, but the preaching of man's thoughts without Divine fire is preaching of impertinence."

The conversation impressed the minister. He felt that, although Elias was plain-spoken he was, nevertheless, an honest and a godly man. He thanked him for his visit, and promised to consider further the subject of this conversation. Elias asked to be allowed to pray, and he did pray until that little study was felt to be hot with the fire about which they had been talking. He then departed, but with doubts as to the impression made upon his pastor.

For some time after Elias Power had taken leave of Rev. Burnish Brighter the minister sat motionless, his arms folded, his head upon his breast, his eyes closed, his meditations absorbing his entire being. After awhile he turned to the unfinished manuscript which was lying on the desk, and wrote in it where he had broken off to receive Elias:

"Ye want nothing but the fire, nothing but the fire!" He then fell upon his knees, with his manuscript before him, and wept until his half-written sermon was soaked with tears, sobbing again and again:

"Lord Jesus, I want nothing but the fire, nothing but the fire!"—London Christian.

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*"For God hath not appointed us to wrath, but to obtain salvation by our Lord Jesus Christ, who died for us, that, whether we wake or sleep, we should live together with him. Wherefore comfort yourselves together, and edify one another, even as also ye do."*

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Dr. Jacobus relates the following: "A few years ago I visited the late venerable Cesar Malan, of Geneva, Switzerland. He said: 'You Americans hang your heads like a bulrush, and do not rejoice in hope.' I answered: 'Doctor, we believe in Christ's work and word, and in Christ himself; but we distrust our own hearts.' 'Ah!' he said, 'It is quite the same. You do not rejoice in God.' On taking leave I said: 'To-morrow I must go to Chamounix and Mont Blanc.' 'Ah!' he said; 'I will give you a note to a gentleman there who will serve you there on my account.' 'Thank you, Doctor,' I replied; 'that is a great favor. I am very happy.' '*Ah!*' said he, '*you are already very happy! Then you believe!*'"

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## SELF-CONTROL.

The following paragraphs are culled from "Mothers in Council."

"One day when I was a very little girl, I was watching my mother making strawberry preserves. I can see the great kettle of boiling liquid now, clear as rubies. Beside the stove stood a large milk-pan containing some squash for 'company' pies, with plenty of milk and eggs in it. 'Now, Bridget,' said my mother at last, in a satisfied tone, 'it is done; take the kettle off.' This was accomplished, and then, with almost incredible stupidity, the 'help' actually emptied the strawberries into the squash! My mother turned her head just too late. She was quick and impulsive, but there escaped from her mouth only a despairing, 'Oh, Bridget!' Then as she saw the girl's instantly regretful face she uttered no angry reproaches, no useless lamentations. No doubt when my tired mother, who was not strong (I lost her at fifteen), went up-stairs to rest she felt disheartened, and thought that her preserves and squash, her time and labor, had all been wasted; but probably she never did for me a more valuable morning's work than when she gave me that unconscious lesson in sweet self-control.

"Insanity is said to be increasing to an appalling extent. In some of its forms it is defined as 'an uncontrollable desire'—as for stimulants, dipsomania; for acquisition kleptomania. In how many instances this uncontrollable desire might have been checked by a wise, strong mother in early life. The switch-tender moves the rail on a curve but an inch, and turns the crowded train easily to right or left; but, if he allow the locomotive to pass that point, not all the strength of man can make the train swerve from the wrong track. The superintendent of one of our largest lunatic asylums has said that the insanity of his patients, in a far larger number of cases than most people dream, is directly traceable to a want of the habit of self-control.

"Mothers little realize, he says, the paramount importance of teaching self-control to children, if they would save them from ending their days in a hospital for the insane.

"Will you pardon me if I draw another illustration from my own experience? On the night of the Portland fire, one of the family to which I belong was dangerously ill with disease of the heart. All realized that any exhibition of fear by us might be fatal to him, and we resolved that no loud, excited voice should be heard in the house. It was wonderful how the necessity for outward self-control steadied and helped the household during that night of terror. Even our servants caught the contagion of calmness and quiet and worked with a coolness that was amazing, as the household goods were hurriedly packed amid the lurid glare of the rapidly approaching flames and the falling of cinders. We thought at the time, as we calmly spoke to one another in low tones, that a single loud cry would have broken the spell and ruined all our plans.

"If only every day in our often too hurried and worried lives we would take but fifteen minutes for retirement for quiet self-recollection and prayer, strength and calmness would surely come to us.

"Keeping close to the Sinless One is the only way for human nature to gain and retain self-control, for with His help all things are possible."

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## THE NEED OF REPEATED QUICKENINGS.

The following is an extract from an article by the beloved Henry Belden, given a number of years ago in the Guide to Holiness. It concerns those blessings—not ordinary, but extraordinary—which they who are already entirely sanctified occasionally have, or desire to have, and which seem so necessary to keep them from relapsing into comparative nothingness, and also to keep them up to the high-water mark of usefulness. Bro. Belden calls them "baptisms," and "repeated quickenings." The latter term we greatly prefer, because they do give a greater degree and excellency of spiritual life; and we are not sure that they are "baptisms," for there is but one "baptism." The same baptism, however, may be repeated. Read the extract carefully, and see if it does not accord with your experience; and never assume, positively and necessarily, that one has backslidden from holiness because he tells of a newly inspired want of the Spirit's power on his heart, in a special manner.

"Baptisms of the Spirit are refreshing, quickening, spiritual impulses, given at any state of the Christian life. These baptisms are, and from the nature of the case, must be occasional. I have been blessed with many baptisms of the Spirit. In all cases, after a time, longer or shorter, the impulse of these baptisms was gone. Then, after a season of quiet, I could feel a conscious need of another quickening. I would seek for it and obtain it, whenever I sought for it perseveringly.

"Let me now add, that I found by long continued observations, that the experience of many other esteemed Christians was similar to mine, it is of some importance to add, that in some cases the answer to my prayer has been given gradually, and I have realized that the blessed Holy Spirit was coming upon me more and more, by degrees, for several days. I am glad to say these things for the benefit of any who may feel their need of the baptism of the Spirit.

"Let me say a word about two mistakes which are made in reference to this matter. The first is, the idea which seems to have settled down upon the minds of some who have been led into an experience of purity, that after such an experience they may steadily abide there, without any further baptisms of the Spirit. It almost inevitably brings them into a state of deadness and formality. While in this world we must have repeated quickenings of the Spirit, for our spiritual life and for fruit-bearing. The other error is one of distrust or anxiety, and often an undue regard for self-gratification. The baptisms of the Spirit are not given for that purpose. When we seek for the Spirit it should be for God's glory, and for fruit-bearing."—*Harvester*.

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It is a very common thing for Christians to pray that the Lord will *add* his blessings to their work, as if they went ahead and the Lord followed after! A Christian's daily prayer should be that he may know what the Lord would have him to do. A Christian's daily work should be the doing of what the Lord sets him at. There is never any doubt about the blessing when that order of service is observed.—*Sunday-school Times.*

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Christians doubt because they are walking dubiously.

## THE NEED OF ABUNDANT LIFE.

What do we mean by "deepening of spiritual life?" Not deepening of the life of God, but deepening our hearts to receive more of God. It is said that M. Lesseps talks of deepening the Suez canal. There is something there which is taking the place of water, and has to be carried off. So we have, as it were, to shovel up the earth out of our hearts, and God will help us to do it. Then they will be deeper. Then, too, light, and love, and joy, and God can flow into them with a mightier and deeper current. All the stones hindering this must be thrown away. Each one, for himself, has to see what it is that prevents the life of God from flowing through his soul freely.

We need it for ourselves; we need it for the church. We speak of the prosperity of the churches, and we have it at heart. But no amount of alteration of forms, or methods, will give prosperity to the church i we have not spiritual life in abundance in every member of it. We want union in the church. But we may have meetings to promote this, reports, addresses, etc., and it all will be to no purpose, unless there is plenty of spiritual life. That was a good illustration used by the writer who compared our denominations to the little pools on the sea-shore, standing each one alone, and shut off from all others, when the tide was out; but when the tide came in they were all filled up. We will love our own church, and do more for it than for others; but we will also love all the brethren.

Then, as to the question of religious knowledge. We are bound to advance in knowledge, and intelligence of the Bible, This is the first condition of spiritual life. But to search after knowledge without having life would be as absurd as it would be for a man who wanted to know about animal life to begin by killing the animals, to dissect them. We cannot understand what the apostles mean without having life. What can a dead church teach us of theology? If we want to advance, we must be full of the life of God. We shall then love one another, and understand each other, and work together, and be ready to give up whatever we may find out to be wrong, and realize that we are "one body," and members one of another.

Also, for the sake of the world we need this abundance of life. When the world sees us half alive, and half-alive means half-dead, without any energy or joy, how can it be drawn towards Christ? They say, if that is christianity, we will have none of it. Take the case of our young men who are drawn by the world. It is full for them of all that is bright; full of apparent life and motion. And if they do not see in us abundance of life, power and happiness, will they be drawn? Surely not.

Nothing attracts the young so much as life. Children will rather have a live mouse than a stuffed horse.

Numbers of great questions resolve themselves into the deepening of spiritual life. Take the cry of the poor at the present day. It is truly said that the remedy is to bring them to see a new ideal of life, and how they may realize it.

You want to bring up your family for God. You want your sons and daughters to be as godly as your father and mother were; it may be you are sorrowing because piety is dwindling down and becoming less and less with each generation. Have abundance of spiritual life. Come and ask Christ to give it to you, out of his fulness, and your children will perceive and feel

Finally, we need this life not only for ourselves, not only for the church and the world, but first of all for God himself. How often we leave God out of sight as we look over the list of our motives! If we have abundance of life we enable God to show what he can do. If we have it not, it is as much as to say we will not let God glorify himself through us. But if we wish for it, we have only to ask God to take every hindrance out of the way. We have an instinct within us that, if we are to possess it, the self-seeking life must end. If the life of God comes in, the life of self cannot continue. This fulness of life is a life which has God for its object, comes from and flows towards him, transforming us into the likeness of Christ, not by destroy our personality, but by bringing heart, body, and mind into fellowship with him.—*By Pastor Theodore Monod, in The Life of Faith.*

## *THE DEAR LITTLE HEADS IN THE PEW.*

BY MRS. M. E. SANGSTER.

In the morn of the holy Sabbath,
  I like in the church to see
The dear little children clustered,
  Worshiping there with me.
I am sure that the gentle pastor,
  Whose words are like summer dew,
Is cheered as he gazes over
  The dear little heads in the pew.

Faces earnest and thoughtful,
  Innocent, grave and sweet,
They look in the congregation
  Like lilies among the wheat.
And I think that the tender Master,
  Whose mercies are ever new,
Has a special benediction
  For dear little heads in the pew.

Clear in the hymns resounding
  To the organ's swelling chord,
Mingle the fresh young voices,
  Eager to praise the Lord.
And I trust that the rising anthem
  Has a meaning deep and true.
The thought and the music blended,
  For the dear little heads in the pew.

When they hear, "The Lord is my Shepherd,"
  Or "Suffer the babes to come,"
They are glad that the loving Jesus
  Has given the lambs a home,
A place of their own with his people,
  He cares for me and for you,
But close in his arms he gathers
  The dear little heads in the pew.

So I love in the great assembly
  On the Sabbath morn to see,
The dear little children clustered,
  And worshiping there with me;
For I know that my precious Saviour,
  Whose mercies are ever new,
Has a special benediction
  For the dear little heads in the pew.

—Advance.

A Wesleyan preacher, now in heaven, when speaking of a period of spiritual declension in his early life, remarked, "Some say that backsliding commences at the closet door. Mine began *within* the closet. I was less in earnest when there." If his experience is typical of that of backsliders generally—and we incline to the opinion that it is—would not that disciple whose secret prayers are becoming more and more formal, less and less productive of conscious communion with God, do well to ask himself very seriously, "Toward what point is my spiritual life tending? In what but the complete alienation of my affections from my Redeemer can these dying devotions end?"

## IN THE SECRET OF HIS PRESENCE.

In the secret of His presence
  I am kept from strife of tongues;
His pavilion is around me,
  And within are ceaseless songs!
Stormy winds, His word fulfilling,
  Beat without, but cannot harm,
For the Master's voice is stilling
  Storm and tempest to a calm.

In the secret of His presence
  Jesus keeps, I know not how;
In the shadow of the Highest
  I am resting, hiding now!

In the secret of His presence
  All the darkness disappears:
For a sun that knows no setting
  Throws a rainbow on my tears.
So the day grows ever lighter,
  Broadening to the perfect noon;
So the way grows ever brighter,
  Heaven is coming, near and soon.

In the secret of His presence
  Nevermore can foes alarm;
In the shadow of the Highest,
  I can meet them with a psalm:
For the strong pavilion hides me—
  Turns their fiery darts aside—
And I know, whate'er betide me,
  I shall live because He died!

In the secret of His presence
  Is a sweet. unbroken rest:
Pleasures, joys, in glorious fulness,
  Making earth like Eden blest:
So my peace grows deep and deeper,
  Widening as it nears the sea,
For my Saviour is my keeper,
  Keeping mine and keeping me!

In the secret of His presence
  Jesus keeps, I know not how;
In the shadow of the Highest,
  I am resting, hiding now!

## ENOUGH TO POISON A PARISH.

A little Protestant girl, being asked by a priest to attend his religious instruction, refused, saying it was against her father's wishes.

The priest said she should obey him, not her father.

"Oh, sir, we are taught in the Bible, 'Honor thy father and thy mother.'"

"You have no business to read the Bible," said the priest.

"But, sir, our Saviour said, 'Search the Scriptures'" (John 5: 39).

"That was only to the Jews, and not to children, and you don't understand it," said the priest, in reply.

"But, sir, Paul said to Timothy, 'From a child thou hast known the Holy Scriptures'" (2 Tim. 3: 15).

"Oh," said the priest, "Timothy was being trained to be a bishop, and was taught by the authorities of the Church."

"Oh, no, sir," said the child: "he was taught by his mother and grandmother."

On this the priest turned her away, saying she "knew enough of the Bible to poison a parish."

—Never get discouraged because good things get on so slowly here, and never fail daily to do that good which lies next to your hand. Do not be in a hurry, but be diligent. Enter into the sublime patience of the Lord. Be charitable in view of it. God can afford to wait; why can not we, since we have him to fall back upon? Let patience have her perfect work, and bring forth her celestial fruits.—G. Macdonald.

## KEEP THE SOUL ON TOP.

Little Bertie Blynn had just finished his dinner. He was in the cozey library, keeping still a few minutes after eating, according to his mother's rule. She got it from the family doctor, and a good rule it is. Bertie was sitting in his own rocking chair before the pleasant grate fire. He had in his hand two fine apples—a rich red and a green. His father sat at a window reading a newspaper. Presently he heard the child say: "Thank you, little master."

Dropping his paper, he said: "I thought we were alone, Bertie. Who was here just now?"

"Nobody, papa, only you and I."

"Didn't you say just now, 'Thank you, little master?'"

The child did not answer at first, but laughed a shy laugh. Soon he said: "I'm afraid you'll laugh at me if I tell you, papa."

"Well, you have just laughed, and why mayn't I?"

"But I mean you'll make fun of me."

"No, I won't make fun of you; but perhaps I'll have fun with you. That will help us digest our roast beef."

"I'll tell you about it, papa. I had eaten my red apple, and wanted to eat the green one, too. Just then I remembered something I learned in school about eating, and I thought one big apple was enough. My stomach will be glad if I don't give it the green one to grind. It seemed for a minute just as if it said to me, 'Thank you, little master;' but I know I said it myself."

"Bertie, what is it Miss McLaren has been teaching about eating?"

"She told us to be careful not to give our stomachs too much food to grind. If we do, she says, it will make bad blood that will run into our brains and make them dull and stupid, so that we can't get our lessons well, and perhaps give us headaches, too. If we give our stomachs just enough work to do they will give us pure, lively blood that will make us feel bright and cheerful in school. Miss McLaren says that sometimes, when she eats too much of something that she likes very much, it seems almost as if her stomach moaned and complained; but when she denies herself and doesn't eat too much it seems as if it were thankful and glad."

"What more did Miss McLaren tell you about this matter?"

"She taught us a verse one day about keeping the soul on top. That was'nt just the words, but it's what it meant."

At this, papa's paper went suddenly right up before his face. When, in a minute, it dropped down, there wasn't any laugh on his face, as he said: "Weren't these the words, 'I keep my body under?'"

"Oh, yes! that was it; but it means just the same. If I keep my body under, of course my soul is on top."

"Of course it is, my boy. Keep your soul on top, and you'll belong to the grandest style of man that walks the earth."

d her on rounds of sick and wounded.

home prior to evacuation, sketch was done by

## Woman's Missionary Society, of North Mississippi Conference, in Session at Sardis.

### ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

Ladies of the North Mississippi Conference Woman's Missionary Society:

In the name of the Sardis auxiliary, in the name of the good people of Sardis, I bid you welcome. Your coming is like a benediction to us.

One welcome—honest and kindly—wells up from every heart, by every hearthstone, in this our "greene countrie towne." That you may feel this welcome in all its fullness, is our dearest wish. You are the representatives of a cause, grander than ever thrilled the heart of crusader of old. Your commission dates back, back through the dead and gone years of dead and gone centuries, to the time when it fell from the lips of the risen Christ, as he walked with his sorrowing disciples among the lilies of Galilee. "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." If woman, in all the ages that have passed, has not sprung joyfully forward to receive this communion, let us be sure, dear friends, the fault was not her's. "Last at the cross, and earliest at the grave," only the iron bands of custom and conventiality, could have enthrall her so, that with dumb lips she must stand apart, while ever a reproachful cry rang in her ears: "Why stand *ye* here all the day idle?"

Let us rejoice, friends, that our hands are unbound, for behold! "the fields are white with the harvest."

On every flower-scented breeze that sweeps across our sunny South here and there, comes to our ears a wail of distress from the ignorant, the guilty, the miserable. Imperial China, hoary with age, and teeming with the millions of the unsaved—her women and children, caste-bound in degradation, unspeakable stretches out her fettered hands to the young America, with the emploring cry: "Come over and help us."

From the land of the Brahmins, where over three hundred millions of gods are worshiped by more than one-half the human race, from all the sun-steeped isles of the orient, from the heart of the dark continent, from the America that lies south of us, where the iron heel of priestcraft has left its ruthless mark, from the halls of the Montezumas, where the gods of the Aztecs have crumbled into dust, there comes the same wailing cry.

Shall we listen to it, or shall we close our ears and steel our hearts against it—soothing our consciences as best we may. Our societies are yet in their infancy, our numbers are comparatively few--a few years agone, and the Woman's Missionary Society existed not. But in the light of these few years of its existence, let us thank God and take courage.

Our cause, the woman's cause, is rising slowly, but surely, like a grand edifice, under the eye of the Master Builder, and ere long—let us hope—we shall see it in all its stately and beautiful proportions.

There will be no sound of hammer or ax, no blare of brazen trumpet; but a mansion, "royal, rich and wide," will be dedicated to the God of missions.

This is the picture we joyfully portray. There may be another and a darker side. We may feel the pangs of that "hope deferred, which maketh the heart sick." The reapers we send forth to their sultry toil, may send back the despairing cry: "The harvest, truly, is plenteous, but the laborers are few." And when we joyfully expect the "harvest home," the sheaves they send in may be both few and small. But there is a consciousness in work done, however humble and lowly, for duty's sake that brings its own reward. In the beautiful language of Jean Ingelow:

"What though unmarked the happy workman toil,
And break unthanked of man the stubborn clod;
It is enough, for sacred is the soil,
Dear are the hills of God.
Far better in its place the lowliest bird
Should sing aright to him the lowliest song,
Than that a seraph, strayed, should take the word
And sing his glory wrong.
Friend! *it is time to work*
I say to thee,
Thou dost by much all earthly good excel,
Thou and God's blessings are enough for me,
My work! my work! Farewell!

Will you allow me again to welcome, thrice welcome you to our hearts and homes.

MOLLIE V. DUVAL.

SARDIS, Mississippi.

### RESPONSE TO ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

It is with grateful pleasure that I come before you, and in the name of my sisters here assembled, thank you for your kindly greeting, thank you for your Christian hospitality. We are glad to meet with our sisters of Sardis, and now let me ask you to join us in one earnest, heart-felt prayer of thanksgiving to our adorable Redeemer that he left us that new, best commandment, for in it is embodied the germ out of which springs all of our missionary zeal and Christian activity. We have left our homes and said to the cares and duties of our every-day life: "Stay thou there while I go up yonder," and shall I say worship? Yes. I think I may say it, for if the Spirit of true, sincere worship be not in our hearts, we will fail in our work, the work we have before us at the present time.

What a privilege this annual gathering together, and how full of meaning. Down where I live, the question is constantly being asked: What is all this work for? What does it all mean? My sisters, we may not fully comprehend and appreciate what it all means, for it is written: "Here we see through a glass darkly, here we know only in part." This much we do know, however. We do know, and I dare to assert, the Holy Spirit impresses our every heart that it means we are called to a life of systematic, self-denial and unceasing work. When our General Conference, in session at Atlanta, took up the subject of "woman's work for woman," and after due deliberation, organized a woman's missionary society, making it a part of the regular working machinery of our beloved church, do you not believe the Holy Spirit moved them to do it? Assuredly it did. And I shall never forget the joy that filled my heart when the news reached me. Before the war my hands were full. Missionary work among our plantation negroes, was occupation for hands, head and heart. By the war, that door was closed seemingly forever. In a few short years of sad bereavement, I found myself with more time at my disposal than anything else. Now here seemed to be opened up a new way to work, but, alas! the sad fact was here before me, that I was now too old to go. Just here let me say a word to you young ladies: Some of you may doubtless have five talents, all have two or one. May I ask what you are doing with them? Do you ever stop and think of the work laid at your door? The call to go is to you, the old can not go, even the middle aged not often. The Master's call: "Go, work in my vineyard," is as imperative to-day as when he said to those women: "Go tell my brethren." The work will be done. Oh! see to it that your crown of rejoicing be not placed upon some other brow. I said before we believe our commission is from God. We believe the time had come when our woman's work was needed. What beauty and harmony in all of God's arrangements! how unlike our imperfect ways; and yet, imperfect as we are, we are the very instruments God would use just now at this period of time, in the developing of his divine plans, since then God has committed this work so largely to our hands, shall we slacken our diligence because of discouragement? Shall we not rather take them as the greater proofs that our work is of God? But, my sisters, I read of a zeal that is not according to knowledge. Let this admonish us that while we all may be workers, we may not all be leaders. Let us try to cultivate that true humility that would make us, in love, each esteem others better than ourselves. Let us ever remember to pray for our executive officers and forbear criticism. Pardon me, I say this to you in love, as I would say it to myself. I remember well the time when my impatient spirit would make me put forth my hand to steady the ark of God, and I thank him that now he helps me to leave all in his gracious hands.

What a delightful and soul-inspiring thought it is to me, and I believe to you, yea to our sisters all over our Southern land, that so many earnest, consecrated hearts, so many willing hands, are doing the same work, gathering up the tithes and trying to induce others to look at their duty as the Holy Spirit has led us to see it. Let us never grow impatient when others do not seem to appreciate this their higher privilege; only let us be deeply grateful to our heavenly Father that through his divine assistance we have been enabled to realize it to some extent at least, and ask of him daily, that as the demand upon our time and energies increases, our zeal may be so quickened as to make us in every way equal to the demand.

I have had an earnest desire to meet you. I feel like sitting at the feet of some of you, at least that I may hear and learn as to the best plan to carry forward our work. I feel my inability to take part in the official business of this meeting. We all have this encouragement; that Christ has been made unto us wisdom as well as sanctification; therefore let us enter upon the duties before us, not in the strength of our own understandings, but in the confident expectation that wisdom from above will be given, for the promise is ours. May the Holy Spirit be in our midst, we ask it for Christ's sake.

MRS. MYRA SMITH.

GREENVILLE, Mississippi.

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Give to God the first fruits. You come to commune with Him at the close of a day of toil and care with a fevered frame, confused mind, and distracted nerves.

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THE NEED OF REPEATED QUICKENINGS.

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## TO A FRIEND IN AFFLICTION.

Rev. Wm. MUNFORD, in Baltimore Gazette.

I know in grief like thine how more than vain
All comfort to the stricken heart appears,
And as the bursting cloud must spend its rain,
So grief its tears.

I know that when thy little darling's form
Had freed the angel spirit fettered there,
You could not pierce beyond the breaking storm
In your despair.

You only knew those precious eyes were dim,
You only felt those tiny lips were cold,
You only clung to what remained of him
Beneath the mold.

You could not see the tender hand that caught
Your little lamb to shield him from all harms,
You missed him from your own, but never thought
Of Jesus' arms.

But ah! young mother, look! the gate unbars,
And through the darkness, smiling from the skies,
Are beaming on you, brighter than those stars,
Your darling's eyes.

'Tis said that when the pastures down among
The Alpine vales have ceased to feed the flocks,
And they must mount where yet the grass is young,
Far up the rocks;

The shepherd takes a little lamb at play,
And lifts him gently to his careful breast,
And with its tender bleating leads the way
For all the rest.

That soon the mother follows in the path,
Then others go, like men with faith and hope,
And soon the shepherd gathers all he hath
Far up the slope.

And on these everlasting hills he feeds
The trusting fold in green that never palls,
Look up! Oh, see! Your little darling leads—
The shepherd calls.

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## AT NIGHTFALL.

The day is done, dear Lord, the weary day;
And I have tried so hard to do thy will,
And faithfully the tasks thou gav'st, fulfill!

The little ones are sleeping; all the day
The restless feet have hurried to and fro,
The childish voices ceaseless in the flow.

Thou knowest, dear Lord, thy work I try to do,
To train these treasures thou hast lent me
Till thine own image in their hearts may be.

I strive to guard from harm my garden fair;
The sweet home garden with its tender blooms,
Its promised fruitage, and love's rich perfumes;

But, spite of all my care, the hedge is poor;
The crafty foxes creep in unaware,
And little sins despoil my garden fair.

So all the day I've labored, watched, and prayed,
To lead the little souls to thy dear feet,
And guard lest sin should dim their whiteness sweet.

Now they are nestled 'neath thy wings to rest;
But I am tired, so tired, dear Lord, to-night,
Too spent and weary e'en to pray aright.

To-morrow's tasks arise before my sight;
But oh, my Lord, they are so heavy grown,
I faint, and fall; I can not walk alone!

Bear thou my burdens, be in weakness strength;
Take in thy arms the children of my care,
So that thy blessing all their lives may share.

I lay me down to sleep with peaceful heart;
Strength will be given for all the morrow brings,
Till, by-and-by, our earth souls shall find wings!

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Why should I start at the plow of my Lord that maketh deep furrows on my soul? I know he is no idle husbandman, he proposeth a crop. O that this stony, withered, barren ground were made fertile.

## Saved by a Song.

### A TRUE STORY OF THE WESTERN FLOODS.

"Mamma," said Nellie Andrews, coming in from the front gate one bright Spring morning, "Mr. Brown says he will come for you in an hour to go to town."

"I don't know," said her mother, hesitatingly. "I don't like to leave you and Dot all day. I would take you to Mrs. Hill's, but they have whooping cough there."

Mrs. Andrews went to the door and looked out. The bright sun glinted on the foaming waters of the river, and the little white home nestled among the sand-hills. It had been raining constantly for weeks, and this Spring sunshine freshened everything.

"Oh, mamma," continued Nellie, "do go; you have been wanting your things for so long. I am a big girl now, and can take care of Dot. You'll see how well I'll get along."

"Well, dear, remember I leave Dot in your charge; keep her safe till I come."

"Yes, mamma, indeed I will."

Reluctantly Mrs. Andrews stepped into Farmer Brown's old market chaise; she had never felt such an unaccountable misgiving on leaving home.

She looked back at her darlings until a turn in the road hid them from sight, and it was a pretty picture on which her eye rested. Nellie, with her wind-tossed curls over her face, was holding four-year-old Dot up in her arms that she might catch the last glimpse of "mamma" as she vanished from sight.

"Who knows," sighed Mrs. Andrews "what may happen before I get back? I believe I am a little superstitious today."

Little did that mother know how sadly her heart would beat with pain and anxiety before she saw her loved ones again.

"Now," said Nellie, turning back into the house, "Let's play I am keeping house, and you are my little girl."

And the ten-year-old housewife busied herself with all sorts of trifles of work. The day passed quickly, the children had their simple lunch, and the afternoon waned.

Dot grew tired, and Nellie cuddled her in her arms like a veritable mamma, and she fell asleep. Then she took her seat by the window, hemming her towel and singing softly to herself.

A loud muttering sound aroused her, and looking out, she found the big drops were beginning to fall from the fast darkening sky. Faster and faster came the rain; louder and louder grew the thunder peals, until the frail house shook beneath the angry storm.

Then came a shock which waked Dot, and with a cry she started up.

"Where's mamma? Dot wants mamma."

Nellie flew to the child, saying:

"Come to sister, darling, mamma will come soon."

And praying that her words might come true, she sat down in the low rocking-chair, with the little trembling arms clinging about her neck. Her own heart was beating with terror, but Dot was in her charge; she must be brave for Dot's sake.

"Don't you remember, dearie," she said, "when Jesus was asleep on the sea, and the disciples were afraid of the storm, and came and waked him up, how he said to them, 'I am here, you needn't be afraid,' and he will take care of us just the same if we ask him."

"Will he, really, sister?"

"Yes, really. He says, 'Nellie, Dot, I am here;' don't that sound good?"

"Yes, it does," said the little one, and she lay quiet for a while, with her head on Nellie's shoulder.

The darkness deepened, but Nellie kept the child interested by lighting the fire, putting on the kettle, and making the room bright and cheery for mamma's home-coming. The kettle sang, and the candles gleamed from the window, where Nellie had placed them to light her mother home, but still she did not come.

The rain still poured, and Dot became tired and fretful. Nellie gave her her simple supper of bread and milk, and put her to bed.

Released from the strain that had been upon her for hours, faithful Nellie dropped her head upon the chair and cried piteously.

"Where was mamma? Had everybody forgotten her, and would the [illegible] never stop?"

Suddenly she seemed to hear a voice saying:

"I am here, and will take care of my little Nellie."

And she remembered how she had told Dot of the dear Jesus, who came to his frightened companions when they trembled before the fury of the storm. He would hear her also if she called him. And kneeling down she prayed him to be with her in her loneliness. Then lying down with Dot's hand clasped in hers, she fell into the trusting sleep of childhood.

Hours after, it might have been, she was awakened by a dull, heavy sound against the door, and springing up to open it, Nellie cried:

"Oh, mamma! I am so glad you have come! It has been so long without you!"

But what was it that came rushing in at the open door, defying the child's little strength? Swirling, whirling, in came the raging yellow water, instead of the expected loving mother.

Nellie's feet and ankles were covered, but with a God-given thoughtfulness she shut the door instantly, and turned to the room again, where lay her still sleeping sister. She went to the window and looked out. The rain had ceased, the moon was full, and up and down, far as she could see, only water, yellow water everywhere, rising, steadily rising. It was almost up to the window-frame now, and it was only a question how long the frail wooden door and window could bear the stream before the house would be flooded and they swept away.

"What must she do? What could she do?" she almost screamed with terror, but the thought of Dot sealed her white lips; above all, she must not frighten the baby; these few hours of terrible responsibility were fast making a woman of her.

Suddenly she thought of the stairs, and gathering the sleeping child in her arms she went softly up the steps. Dot did not waken; only clung to her, and murmured, "Mamm-, mamma." She laid the baby on the bed, and kept the awful vigil alone.

"Oh, for one kiss from mamma before the terrible waters swallow her up!" The hot tears flowed silently as she prayed as she had never prayed before.

So the long night wore away; the candle flickered and flared, and then died down in its socket. Suddenly there came a heavy sound from below, which Nellie knew must be the breaking up of the furniture.

Dot was wide awake now, and she said, plaintively:

"Will mamma come for us, sister?"

What a pang those words sent to Nellie's heart, as she asked the question to herself inwardly! But steadfastly she replied:

"If mamma don't, darling, Jesus will."

"Then," said the child, dreamily, "I wish he would come quick," and she dropped asleep again.

Swish, swash, came the water upstairs, slowly, surely, steadily upward. Nellie held Dot closely in her arms, hoping she would wake no more.

But she did, and this time it was with a loud cry:

"I want mamma, oh, where's my mamma?"

It was more than Nellie could stand; she sobbed aloud and shook with nervous terror. Dot screamed louder still with fright. Then Nellie, with a silent prayer for help, controlled herself with a mighty effort, and said:

"Don't cry, baby, and sister will sing to you."

Tremblingly she began:

Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on his gentle breast.

The words calmed her, and she felt as though she was indeed resting on his tender bosom, while nearer the waters rolled.

With the first gleam of morning a boat with two oarsmen might have been seen rowing up and down the river, searching for the sufferers of that awful night.

"That's a deserted house; no use going there," said the elder of the two; "it rocks so now, in five minutes it will be down."

"Hush! listen," cried the younger, resting on his oars, as a childish voice, clear and distinct, rang out across the waters.

Nellie sang on till the end of the verse,

There shall my soul find rest.

"Father in Heaven," said the man, reverently, "there's a child in there," and he thought of his own babies asleep in their cribs at home.

A few steady strokes brought the boat with its eager rowers up to the little window-sill, and he called loudly:

"Who's there?"

Nellie rushed to the window, now almost faint with despair.

"Come, my little maid," said the boatman, "no time to talk," and he reached out his arms for her.

But she drew back.

"No, Dot first," and catching up the little one she hastily wrapped her in a quilt, and relinquished her charge to the strong arms that waited without. The sight of the two, the motherly air of the elder, scarce more than a baby herself, and the tangled curls and tear-stained face of the younger, almost unmanned him. But there was not a moment to lose.

"Please, sir, won't you take me to my mamma?" said Dot, reaching out her little arms.

"Yes, my sweet, I will," and he lifted her into the boat. Nellie followed. "Now, Ben, quick; be off!"

Not twenty yards were passed before the old house shook, tottered, and fell into the waters, leaving no trace behind. Nellie trembled, and hid her face in her hands.

"Never mind, little one, you are safe. You see Jesus sent me for you."

Farther out in the stream was a steamboat where all night had been a company of good men and women, who were ministering to the sufferers whom the boatmen brought to them. They took the children, and kind hands fed and warmed them, but Dot's continued cry was:

"Won't you take me to my mamma?"

Soon after this another boat's company, containing a distracted-looking woman, a weeping Rachel calling for her children, came down the river.

"Where was the house?"

"It was just here," said Mrs. Andrews.

"A white house with green blinds, ma'am?"

"Yes, yes," said she, eagerly.

"Well, that went down an hour ago," answered a man from another boat.

"O God! where are my babies?" cried the unhappy woman.

"A boat went by with some rescued children, taking them to the steamboat yonder," said another.

Trembling with doubt and fear, the mother climbed upon the deck, asking for her little girls from every kindly face. At last the weary search was interrupted by a cry from within of:

"Mamma! Oh, my mamma!"

And in a moment Dot was clasped close in the loving arms, and Nellie was clinging to her mother's neck, saying:

"Oh, mamma! I did try to keep her safe till you came, and Jesus took care of us both."—Christian at Work.

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The Rev. Dr. Wm. Adams, in his famous address of welcome to the Evangelical Alliance, said: "It has been said, whether by poetry or science it matters not, that there is a certain point in the upper air in which all discordant sounds of the earth, the rattle of wheels, the chime of bells, the roll of the drum, the laugh of the child, the moan of the beggar, meet and blend in perfect harmony." So in their highest experience Christians become one, all sects are united.—*Christian Intelligencer*.

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No man can have fellowship with God who does not first find it in Christ. Why? Because Christ is man's only way of coming to God, and because Christ is God's only way of coming to man.

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## READING THE APPOINTMENT.

Then a mist came o'er my vision as the Bishop still read on,
And the veil that hides the future for a moment was withdrawn,
For I saw the world's Redeemer far above the Bishop stand,
On his head a crown of glory and a long roll in his hand.
Round his throne a countless number of the ransomed, listening, pressed,
He was stationing his preachers in the City of the Blest.
Some whose names were most familiar, known and reverenced by all,
Went down to the smaller mansions back against the city wall.
One who took the poorest churches miles away from crowds and cars,
Went up to a throne of splendor with a crown ablaze with stars,
How the angels sang to greet him, how the Master cried "Well done,"
While the preacher blushed and wondered where he had such glory won.
Some whose speech on earth was simple, with no arguments but tears,
Nothing novel in their sermons for fastidious, itching ear,
Coldly welcomed by the Churches, counted burdensome by all,
Went up to the royal mansions and were neighbors to Saint Paul.
Soon the Master called a woman, only known here in the strife
By her quiet, gentle nature, though a famous preacher's wife,
Praised and blessed her for the harvests she had garnered in the sky,
But she meekly turned and answered—"'Twas my husband, Lord, not I."
"Yes," the Master said, "his talents were as stars that glow and shine,
But thy faith gave them their virtue, and the glory, child, is thine!"
Then a lame girl—I had known her—heard her name called with surprise,
There was trembling in her bosom, there was wonder in her eyes.
"I was nothing but a cripple, gleaned in no wide fields, my King,
Only sat, a silent sufferer, 'neath the shadow of Thy wing,"
"Thou hast been a mighty preacher, and the hearts of many stirred
To devotion by thy patience without uttering a word,"
Said the Master, and the maiden to His side with wonder pressed—
Christ was stationing *His* preachers in the City of the Blest,
And the harp-strings of the angels linked their names to sweetest praise
Whom the world had passed unnoticed in the blindness of its ways.
I was still intently gazing on that scene beyond the stars
When I saw the Conference leaving, and I started for the cars.

—*Dr. Hough, in Zion's Herald.*

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her were inaccurate, *News* sketched her on rounds of sick and wounded.

home prior to evacuation, sketch was done by

Mattingly & Moore

## What Influence has Woman's Work upon the Cause of Missions?

BY MRS. EUNICE FOSTER.

(A paper read at the anniversary of the Shreveport Auxiliary of Woman's Foreign Missionary Society.)

The object of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society has been defined as threefold, viz.: "To give outcome and enlargement and contentment to thousands of Christian workers at home, to contribute to the evangelization of heathen women and children, and to send to the foreign field lady missionaries, giving them not only temporal, but moral support by womanly sympathy and prayers." The question before us involves the two last points named. Have we succeeded in the object in view, and in what measure?

The cause of missions is one which takes pre-eminent hold of our sympathies and our interest as women. It appeals to all the emotions of tenderness and pity which are our greatest strength.

It has been often reiterated that our position in society to-day is due to the religion of Jesus, that from the bondage of slaves Christianity has lifted us at least "as high as man's heart," that we sit as queens at home, where once we crept as things to be scorned and trampled and despised. In our common womanhood and motherhood we weep for—we should burn to work for the hopeless heathen woman, who carries the disgrace of her sex as a heavy burden through the weary years, and who bewails the same fate for the few of her girl babies who are not cast out to perish or butchered before her eyes. Looking at the pathetic picture of her degradation in every land where our Jesus is unknown, we acknowledge our vast indebtedness, and after generations of inertia we come at last, desiring to bring the spikenard and the alabaster box of ointment, all the treasure we have, and anoint his holy feet with the anointing he loves best, the outpouring of a love which can not go longer without expression.

The avenues for womanly effort are widening as the world grows, no longer a redundance, we find a niche in which we may work, and not only "broider" the curtains of the sanctuary, but plume the wings of those who bear the glad tidings of peace and speed them over the world.

Statistics are frequently wearisome, but the statistics of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society are the voices of inspiration, the grand reveille of success, calling our forces to fresh and glad effort, they are the trumpet tones of angels, bidding us God-speed, they are the sign and seal of the Holy Spirit attesting the work to be of God. Let us look at a few of these grand records for a moment.

The woman's missionary societies now in successful operation number 48; of these, 37 are in the United States, 4 in Canada, 4 in England, 2 in Germany and 1 in Sweden. But we will speak only of our own branch, considering the work of this as in some measure an exponent of others.

The Woman's Missionary Society, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, has just completed its fourth *quadrennium*, having been organized in 1879. The following mission fields have been entered by the society: China, Brazil, Mexican Border, Central Mexico and Indian. Twelve missionaries are in the employ of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. Three boarding-schools have been established, ten day-schools in operation and six Bible women supported. In the home work, 31 Conference societies have been organized, 1,189 auxiliaries formed and 30,785 members enrolled.

The amount of money raised from January, 1879, to January, 1883, is $83,636. The disbursements of the Woman's Board of Missions for the last quarter amounted to $18,229, total receipts, $25,751 for the quarter. What mammoth proportions the work has assumed!

These are but the main outlines of the work accomplished. Consecrated women all over the land are devoting time, talent and energy to the cause, results are rolling in magnificently, the echoes are resounding in eternity, the work is spreading

> "Like a shaft of light across the land,
> And like a lane of beams athwart the sea,"

leading in the nations to our Lord and to his Christ. Our hands are feeble, and our efforts seem small, but when we note the aggregate does it not enlarge and enthuse our hearts with an overflowing, uprising cry of gratitude that our little offerings are so honored, that our Lord accepts the will and not the measure of the deed, and like the widow's cruise they are increased in the giving? Surely the Lord is with us, and the Woman's Missionary Society, perhaps our first public thank-offering to him, is accepted and made wonderful in might in his hands.

But while we consider these results and feel encouraged thereby, shall we not also remember how inadequate and unworthy has been the individual effort for the most part. The cause is not vital in our minds—alas! it has not always penetrated so far as the *heart*—it is a foreign interest in more senses than one. We can not realize that the unite of money and of influence contributed can grow into anything of use, much less to a power which may convert the world. Yet these half-hearted gifts have been accepted by our loving Father who knoweth our frame and remembereth we are dust; as we take the imperfect efforts of our little children when their unskilled hands offer them, so he takes ours for far more than they are worth and glorifies them.

Oh! my sisters, if we could realize the power of individual effort, the necessity of individual exertion, the guilt of individual indifference, we should stand appalled at ourselves. No sacrifice would be too great to lay upon this altar, no self-abnegation too incomplete to bring to such a purpose. The petty pleasures and indulgences which steal so much of our time and thought and—shall I say money?—would seem lighter than vanity; nay, work, would seem sinful in the abuse if not in the use.

"High as heaven, and wide as the earth, is the atmosphere of holy opportunity," if we pass through this radiant realm all unconscious and unheeding, its crystal gates close upon us at last, leaving us in the darkness and despair of self-condemnation. The world is opening to us and bidding us go forward, is pointing to the work which woman only can do, is pleading with us to be strong enough and self-abnegating enough to aid in the dreadful struggle against the powers of darkness.

And this should not be a vague effort with undefined aim. All we need is to be enthused with the work, and for this enthusiasm we require only information. The few statistics we have noted to-day are enough to set us on fire, and they are but solitary gleamings from the rejoicing harvest fields. We need not go farther than the work of our Southern societies, to follow their missionaries and see what they are accomplishing, to note the upspringing of the seed bearing an hundredfold, we need but listen to the glad shouts from over the sea telling how wonderfully God is working, we need but read the single report of the revival in Japan, a real, old-fashioned Methodist revival, to be filled with the inspiration of hope, and to be aroused to do our share of the Lord's work in a narrow corner perhaps, but still our part of the vineyard.

> "Think you he looks for headed wheat
> Out of your plot of garden ground;
> Think you he counts as incomplete
> Service that from such scanty bound
> Yields him the tithing he has found?
> Yet if the plot is yours to till
> Tithe him the anise and cummin still."

And it may be when he comes he shall say: Well done, good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful over few things—enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

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## THE HELPING PRAYER.

"The monk was preaching: strong his earnest word;
From the abundance of his heart he spoke
And the flame spread; in every soul that heard
Sorrow and love and good resolve awoke
The poor lay brother, ignorant and old,
Thanked God that he had heard such words of gold.

"'Still let the glory, Lord, be thine alone'—
So prayed the monk, his heart absorbed in praise;
'Thine be the glory: if my hands have sown
The harvest ripened in thy mercy's rays,
It was thy blessing, Lord, that made my word
Bring light and love to every soul that heard.

"'O Lord, I thank thee that my feeble strength
Has been so blessed; that sinful hearts and cold
Were melted at my pleading—knew at length
How sweet thy service and how safe thy fold;
While souls that loved thee saw before them rise
Still holier heights of loving sacrifice.'

"So prayed the monk, when suddenly he heard
An angel speaking thus: 'Know, O my son,
Thy words had all been vain, but hearts were stirred
And saints were edified and sinners won
By his, the poor lay brother's, humble aid,
Who sat upon the pulpit stair and prayed."

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## A HOLY LIFE.

A holy life is made up of a number of small things; little words, not eloquent speeches or sermons; little deeds, not miracles nor battles, nor one great heroic act of mighty martyrdom, make up a true Christian life. The little, constant sunbeam, not the lightning; the waters of Siloam "that go softly" in the meek mission of refreshment, not the "waters of the river, great and many," rushing down in noisy torrents, are the true symbols of a holy life. The avoidance of little evils, little sins, little inconsistencies, little weaknesses, little follies, indiscretions and imprudences, little foibles, little indulgences of the flesh; the avoidances of such little things as these go far to make up, at least, the negative beauty of a holy life.—*Bonar.*

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Let the ground of all our religious action be obedience. Examine not why it is commanded, but observe it because it is commanded. True obedience neither procrastinates nor questions.

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THE NEED OF REPEATED QUICKENINGS

## Plain Speaking.

One will not be ashamed of what to him is real vital *truth.* Talking and acting religion timorously and mincingly, instead of in a plain, manly way, has made skeptics accuse Christians of not believing what they profess, and ministers of not believing what they preach.

Mr. Hastings, of the Christian Publishing Company, related some time since the following incident of an interesting winter in Troy, New York, about thirty years ago:

The pastor of one of the churches there became dissatisfied with his own religious life, and the religious life of his people, and entirely changed the style of his sermons. Instead of "prophesying" smoothly, as he felt that he had done, he began to speak boldly. Instead of paraphrasing the gospel timidly and cautiously, he began to preach it plainly.

This direct way of working cost him something at first; and terrified his careful friends, But it was only because it was *new.* The result was as full of blessing as was the result of the great change in the preaching of Chalmers. Ideling Christians became wide-awake and busy, and wicked men forsook their ungodly ways. The first movers called the laggards forward, and those who felt the love of God strong within them visited their neighbors to bid them "come."

Two of these visitors called at the office of an eminent lawyer, a man who had long been a professed follower of Christ, and a church officer, but who had buried his active piety in the ambitious cares of business. They waited some time, seeing him very much occupied, and then arose to leave without telling their errand.

"Don't go," he said, looking up from his writing. "I'll be with you directly."

Very soon after he laid down his pen and locking the office door sat down beside them.

"I know what you have come for," he said, "and I can fancy what your thoughts are. The tempter tells you, 'Now that Mr. C. is an elder, and a very busy lawyer. You are younger men than he. Be modest, and handle him carefully.' My friends, I want you to do no such thing, but tell me honestly just what you think of J. P. C. Don't mince the matter."

"Well, then," said one, "since you encourage us to be frank, I think J. P. C. is more anxious to be an eminent lawyer than he is to be an eminent Christian.

"*It is true!*" exclaimed the lawyer.

After that there could of course, be no restraint or reserve between him and his visitors. They kindly talked over his delinquencies with him; and at parting he charged them not to forget him in their prayers.

From that hour Lawyer C.'s professional ambition was chastened and made always secondary to his zeal for Christ. He lived a bright example of fidelity and godly devotion. The Christian friends who had spoken so faithfully to him seemed peculiarly dear to him ever afterwards. He not only respected them for their plainness, but treated them as loving brothers.—Watchman.

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An intelligent workingman who had declined to work on the Lord's day was asked by his employer, "Did not our Lord himself say that the Sabbath was made for man?" "Yes, sir," was his reply, "the Sabbath was made for man, and, therefore, not to be taken from man."

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The three questions of Bernard are worth asking in any enterprise: 1. Is it lawful? May I do it and not sin? 2. Is it becoming me as Christian? May I do it, and not wrong my profession? 3. Is it expedient? May I do it, and not offend my weak brother?

## THE MASTER IMPULSE.

In this, it seems to me, we have the secret of a Christian life. A man is a Christian when the master motive of his life is love of Christ, when that is the germ which assimilates and co-ordinates all its forces. Jesus Christ is the central form of Christianity, and he who loves him supremely is adopted into the family of the redeemed. Sometimes in reading the New Testament we wonder at the absolute self-assertion of Christ. He claims a place in the heart above that given to the most sacred of human relationships. "He that loves father or mother more than me is not worthy of me: and he that loveth son or daughter more than me is not worthy of me." (Matt. x: 37.) The reason is that for the man to belong to Christ at all, the love of Christ must be the desire which crystallizes his life; the co-ordinating germ which determines what he shall be. Wheat and tares may grow together in the field; but if the tares are more than the wheat, if the tares are assimimilating to themselves the forces of the earth, and leaving to the wheat only a starveling and sickly growth, you cannot properly call that "a wheat field." *One* must be first; "No man can serve two masters." The stream cannot flow both ways at once. One must be first in the Christian heart. "God will put up with a great many things in the human heart," says Mr. Ruskin, "but there is one thing he will not put up with in it—a second place. He who offers God a second place offers him no place." ("Lectures on Architecture," p. 162.)—*Rev. Geo. E. Horr, Jr.*

## A NOBLE OFFERING.

The superintendent of one of the street car railways leading out of New York into the country, told a touching story to a friend the other day which found its way into a city paper:

Sitting alone in his office one day, a strange gentleman entered, who proved to be an officer in the army. He carried a little box in his hand. After some hesitation, he said, conquering great agitation:

"I have a favor to ask you. I had a little boy, and I've lost him. He was all the world to me. When he was alive, my wife used to search my pockets every night, and whatever loose change she found, she would put away for the baby. Well, he's gone. Here is the box. We talked the matter over, and came to the conclusion we could not do better than to bring the money to you to pay the fares of poor, sick children out of town during the summer. It would please him to know that he is helping to save the lives of other poor children. As soon as the box is empty, we will fill it. While we live, we will keep up the bank."

The box has been twice emptied and filled, and hundreds of sick or dying children have owed to this dead baby their one breath of fresh air this summer.

How much more tender and true is such a memorial of the beloved dead, than a pretentious monument, or even a painted church window, beautiful though they be. In England, it is a frequent practice to build and furnish a life saving station on the coast, in remembrance of a friend who is gone, and, in this country, memorial beds in hospitals are becoming a usual way of keeping in memory those we have lost.

Surely, if the dead can look back on earth, they are better pleased to know that ind, living deeds are done in their name, han to see them emblazoned on cold stone n forgotten grave-yards.—*Youth's Com- anion.*

## NOT LOST.

All is not lost when our ships go down
That we've freighted with hope and launched with care,
And watched with pride as they sailed away
When the sea was smooth and the wind was fair,
And looked for long when they came not again,
But were wrecked far out on the billowy main.

All is not lost; we may send out more
That will weather the gales till the storms be past,
And with colors flying and with sails unfurled
Will gallantly steer into port at last;
And their coming at length will surely repay
The anxious watching and weary delay.

All is not lost when our best laid schemes
Suddenly crumble and turn to decay;
When we build our plans on the shifting sands
And the tides come in and wash them away.
If our plans are unwise and we see them collapse,
We will build with more prudence next time, perhaps.

All is not lost when we bear out our dead,
Under the sod in their coffins to lie,
Then sadly return to our desolate homes
To weep and to mourn as the days go by—
And we miss the sound of their coming feet
And listen no more for their voices sweet.

All is not lost, for us they yet live;
We know that earth's farewells, though bitter, are brief;
In God's good time we shall clasp them again
In a land unshadowed by care and grief;
For earthward they look, and stand and wait
To welcome us in through the Heavenly gate.

Say not then in despair that all is lost
When the fairest hopes of life fade away;
Think not the bright visions that dawn on us here
Are but mocking mirages to lead us astray.
There are songs in the night, and a golden ray
To light up the gloom of the darkest day.

—*Mrs. M. S. Offutt, in Detroit Free Press.*

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How few persons actually discover and develop the wonderful resources of power that God has laid into their souls. Most people are like some fields, on whose surface harvests are gathered, or thorns grow rank and wild, while deep beneath, neglected and undeveloped, lie rich beds of shining coal, or untold mineral wealth. If God did not sometimes drill his artesian wells, and sink his deep shafts down into the souls of men, with the instruments of affliction and adversity, how little would men ever discover of that wonderful interior of the human soul, "Man know thyself." Test your powers. Use your talents. Glorify God, and bless the world.

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Cheerfulness is commendable, but it is well to stop short of frivolity in your intercourse with the unconverted. The world demands that a Christian should at least be dignified. Besides, it is not good for the mind or the soul to be frivolous. You lose your self-respect, and others their respect for you and your profession.

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It seems to me that a soul which sincerely desires to belong to God never looks to see whether a thing is small or great; it is enough for it to know that he for whose love it is done is infinitely great, and that it is his due to have all creation solely devoted to his glory, which can only be by fulfilling his will.—*Fenelon.*

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—A lady gives in the the Heathen Woman's Friend the following "seven reasons why I (every Christian woman) shall belong to the Woman's Missionary Society:"

1. Chiefly, as women, we must do this work in behalf of the heathen women or it can not be done.

2. In the sphere of our operations we are working with the highest wisdom, according to the soundest principles of philosophy and policy, among the women and children at the very foundations of society.

3. Because of the providential openings for this work.

4. By affiliating with this society we practically acknowledge *our special obligation to Christ as women.*

5. Because of the perfect harmony of this society with all working organizations of the church.

6. It commends itself to us by its simple terms of membership. By so little, or so many aggregated littles, it proposes to accomplish so much. Two cents a week is its easy requistion.

7. You are summoned to this work by its efforts upon the women of the church. It has given them something to think of worth the thinking; to talk of worth the talking; to do worth the doing.

* * * It is solving the problem of woman's place and work in the church. It is answering practically the question, What she may do for Jesus.

## WHAT WILL YOU SAY?

What will you say when you are called to account for all the opportunities of usefulness which you have wasted in utter disregard of all warning and admonition?

What will you say when you are called to account for all the harm that you have done in selfishly seeking your own pleasure without regard to the welfare of others?

What will you say when you are called to account for the perversion and abuse of the influence and talents committed to you?

What will you say when you are called to account for a wasted life, no fragments of which can ever be recalled?

What will you say when time is gone and eternity is at hand, and you have to look upon what you might have been, but now can never be, only because you would not?

What will say when you come to realize that all your hopes are wrecked in chasing troubles on the waves, and to be sensible that you have no one to blame but yourself?

What will you say when you wake up to the fact that the world which you now love too well, is gone, and that God whom you have now forsaken, has at last forsaken you?

Reader, think of these things.—*Selected.*

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While Dr. Dashiell was at the hospital, and the seriousness of his disease was disclosed by a professional examination, he told a ministerial friend that he "began to look about him for a plank on which to cross the river." "I thought," he said, "of my life which I have presented to God; but though I had tried to live well, that is not sufficient. I then thought of my labors for the Church, which had been arduous, but they were not sufficient to span the river. I then turned my thoughts to Calvary, and behold! the river was bridged by the Atonement, so that I could walk triumphantly over."

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I asked the Lord that I might grow,
In faith and love and every grace,
Might more of His salvation know
And seek more earnestly His face.

I hoped that in some favoured hour
At once He'd grant me my request
And by His love's constraining power
Subdue my sins and give me rest.

Instead of this He made me feel
The hidden evils of my heart,
And let the angry powers of hell
Assault my soul in every part.

Lord, why is this? I trembling cried.
Wilt Thou pursue Thy child to death?
"'Tis in this way," my Lord replied,
"I answer prayer for grace and faith."

"These inward trials I employ
From self and pride to set thee free,
And break thy schemes of earthly joy
That thou mayest seek thine all in Me."

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sketched her on rounds of sick and wounded.

Mattingly & Moor

## [illegible]ING THE APPOINTMENTS.

BY REV. ALF. J. HOUGH.

I was sitting in a wing-slip, close beside the altar rail,
When the Bishop came in softly, with a face serene, but pale,
And a silence indescribably pathetic in its power,
Such as might have reigned in heaven through that "space of half an hour,"
Rested on the whole assembly as the Bishop rose and said:
"All the business being finished, the appointments will be read."

Not as one who handles lightly merchandise of little worth,
But as dealing with the richest, most important things of earth,
In the fellowship of Jesus, with the failings of a man,
The good Bishop asked forbearance—he had done his best to plan
For the glory of his Master, trusting him to guide his pen
Without prejudice or favor; and the preachers cried, "Amen!"

"Beulah Mountains—Henry Singer"—happy people, happy priest,
On the dainties of the gospel through the changing year to feast;
Not a church trial ever vexed them, all their preachers stay three years,
And depart amidst a tempest of the purest kind of tears.

"Troubled Waters—Nathan Peaceful"—how that saintly face grew red!
How the tears streamed through his fingers as he held his swimming head!
But his wife stooped down and whispered—what sweet message did she bear?
For he turned with face transfigured as upon some mount of prayer.
Swift as thought in highest action, sorrow passed and gladness came
At some wondrous strain of music breaking forth from Jesus' name.

"Holy Rapture," said the Bishop, "I have left to be supplied."
And I thought—You couldn't fill it, Mr. Bishop, if you tried,
For an angel duly transferred to this Conference below
Wouldn't know one-half the wonders that those blessed people know,
They would note some strain of discord though he sang as heaven sings,
And discover some shortcomings in the feathers of his wings.

"Grand Endeavor—Jonas Laggard." Blessed be the Lord! thought I;
They have put that Bro. Laggard where he has to work or die,
For the church at Grand Endeavor, with its energy and prayer,
Will transform him to a hero or just drive him to despair.
If his trumpet lacks the vigor of the gospel's charming sound,
They will start a big revival, and forget that he's around.

"Union Furnace—Solon Trimmer"—what a Bishop that must be!
They have got the kind of preacher that will suit them to a T;
Metho-Congo-Baptist—Uni—in one nature, blithe and bland,
Fire or water, hell or heaven, always ready on demand.
"Consecration—Jacob Faithful"—hand in hand the two will go
Through the years before them bringing heavenly life to earth below.
"Greenland Corners—Peter Wholesoul"—but he lost his self-control,
Buttoned up his coat as if he felt a cold wind strike his soul,
Saw the dreary path before him, drew a deep breath, knit his brows,
Then concluded to be faithful to his ordination vows.

In the front pews sat the fathers, hair as white as driven snow—
As the Bishop read the appointments they had filled long years ago,
Tender memories rushed upon them, life revived in heart and brain
Till it seemed that they could travel their old circuits o'er again.

"Happy Haven—Joseph Restful"—how the joy shone in his face
At the thought of being pastor for three years in such a place!
"Hard-as-Granite—Ephraim Smasher"—there the stewards sat in row,
And they didn't want that Smasher, and he didn't want to go.
"Drowsy Hollow—Israel Wakim"—he is sent to sow and reap
Where the congregations gather in the interests of sleep.
As they sit on Sabbath morning in their softly cushioned pews
They begin to make arrangements for their regular weekly snooze.
Through the prayer a dimness gathers over every mortal eye;
Through the reading of the Scriptures they begin to droop and sigh;
In the hymn before the sermon, with its music grand and sweet,
They put forth one mighty effort to be seen upon their feet;
Then amidst the sermon, throbbing with the gospel's sweetest sound,
They sink down in deepest slumber and are nodding all around.
But I guess that Bro. Wakim, on the first bright Sabbath day,
When he preaches to that people, and is heard a mile away,
Will defy both saint and sinner on a breast to lay a chin
Till he strikes the strain of "lastly;" and I'll warrant him to win,
For by all who ever heard him it is confidently said,
If 'twere possible to mortal, he would wake the very dead.

Then a mist came o'er my vision as the Bishop still read on,
And the veil that hides the future for a moment was withdrawn,
For I saw the world's Redeemer far above the Bishop stand,
On his head a crown of glory, and a long roll in his hand.
Round his throne a countless number of the ransomed, listening, press'd—
He was stationing his preachers in the city of the blest.
Some whose names were most familiar, known and reverenced by all,
Went down to the smaller mansions back against the city wall.
One who took the poorest churches miles away from crowds and cars
Went up to a throne of glory with a crown ablaze with stars.
How the angels sang to greet him! how the Master cried, "Well done!"
While the preacher blushed and wondered where he had such glory won.
Some whose speech on earth was simple, with no arguments but tears,
Nothing novel in their sermons for fastidious, itching ears,
Coldly welcomed by the churches, counted burdensome by all,
Went up to the royal mansions and were neighbors to St. Paul.
Soon the Master called a woman, only known here in the strife
By her quiet, gentle nature, though a famous preacher's wife,
Praised and blessed her for the harvests she had garnered in the sky;
But she meekly turned, and answered, "'Twas my husband, Lord, not I."
"Yes," the Master said, "his talents were as stars that glow and shine;
But thy faith gave them their virtue, and the glory, child, is thine!"

Then a lame girl—I had known her—heard her name called with surprise,
There was trembling in her bosom, there was wonder in her eyes.
"I was nothing but a cripple; gleaned in no wide field, my King;
Only sat a silent sufferer 'neath the shadow of thy wing!"
"Thou hast been a mighty preacher, and the hearts of many stirred
To devotion by thy patience without uttering a word,"
Said the Master, and the maiden to his side with wonder press'd—
Christ was stationing his preachers in the city of the blest,
And the harp-strings of the angels linked their names to sweetest praise
Whom the world had passed unnoticed in the blindness of its ways.

I was still intently gazing on the scene beyond the stars
When I saw the Conference leaving, and I started for the cars.

—Zion's Herald.

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Of the necessity of a change of heart Bishop Taylor used to say, "If there be a crack in a bell, there is no possible way of repairing it; it must be cast *anew*."

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## Death of Rev. W[illegible]ke.

DIED, in the Methodist Parsonage in Greenville, Mississippi, of congestion, on Tuesday evening, September 27th, 1870,

**WILLIAM WINANS DRAKE,**

Pastor of the Methodist Church in Greenville, and Presiding Elder of the District.

We are overwhelmed with the sense of a great public calamity. Author of Life—King of Death—we bow in reverent awe before this dispensation of Thy power. The wisdom that doeth all things well has given us no clue to elucidate the inscrutable mystery which has so suddenly removed the sentinel from his post upon the watch towers of Zion, and left the dismayed citadel in sackcloth and ashes. The strong staff is broken and the beautiful rod. The shepherd has been smitten, and the flock with bowed heads weep for the early dead. A strong man of the Lord, a Prince of the house of David, has been stricken in the vigor of his beautiful life. The Captain of the Host has surrendered to the shaft of the death-angel, and the sable plume of bereavement waves from the battlements where the faithful leader stood to war with principalities and the powers of darkness in high places.

The eloquent voice is dumb, and the tongue of wisdom has ceased to utter the deep counsels of God. Elder Drake is dead! Why, oh, why, Omnipotent and All-Wise, through what supreme appointment of Divine love hast thou seen fit to remove him from the evil to come? Are the vials of wrath to be opened, and hast thou taken the upright from the fear of the terrible times of thy visitation? Or will the grave open its dumb mouth and speak more eloquently than did the living lips of him who lies therein? Alas! we cannot pierce the mystery which strikes down the morning star, but stand with veiled faces and weep for the beauty lost to mortal sight.

The beloved Pastor of the Methodist congregation in Greenville, the Presiding Elder of this District, Mr. Drake was one of the most useful men in this community, and his death is a loss not only to the denomination of which he was so bright an ornament, but is severely felt by all. He was beloved by everybody, and the news of his dangerous illness was heard with the deepest solicitude. The melancholy announcement of his death carried a pang to every heart, and in every face was seen the expression of a voiceless woe.

Mr. Drake was a man of singular sweetness of [illegible] of life, [illegible] an affability of nature [illegible] as [illegible] cordial, he won the [illegible] esteem of all with whom he [illegible]. He was too [illegible] to suffer [illegible] feeling [illegible] ate him from [illegible] who [illegible] Master's cause. [illegible] one of the youngest ministers [illegible] the Conference [illegible] [illegible]sibilities of the office of presiding elder were committed to him. For four years he had held the pastorship of the church in this place, and we may truly say that he built it up in the Lord. The beautiful temple in which the Methodists now worship is the creation of his zeal, and the monument of his devoted effort. It is redolent with the music of his presence. From its altar his prayers went up to God for the salvation of his fellow citizens. From its pulpit his warning voice admonished, his yearning spirit was poured out in eloquent and tender supplication for the people he loved so well. One of the last sermons that we heard him preach was from this text—"Turn ye, for why will ye die?" It comes to us now, with startling emphasis, as a voice from the tomb. Was it prophetic? Did the eloquent young apostle feel then that he spoke as to dying people, and that soon for him the veil would be lifted, and the ineffable brightness of His Father's kingdom be revealed unto him? Perhaps, even then his soul had a glimpse of futurity, and he saw the host descending which was to bear his ransomed spirit home.

Always earnestly engaged in the work of the Lord, the summons found him with harness on. In the house where he had so often preached and prayed, and where he had gone in and out before the people for three years—in the parsonage, which was once the church, weeping friends stood around his dying bed. It was a hallowed spot that chamber in which the young soldier of the cross lay dying. He was where the hymn of praise and the sound of prayer had so often risen in sweet incense from his lips. And it was meet that from this consecrated spot his spirit should mount the path his prayer of faith had marked.

Elder Drake leaves to his bereaved family and sorrowing friends the sweet and precious memory of a life spent in the devoted service of God, and to his children the example of noble self-denial and tender love which will long keep his memory green in the hearts of all who knew him.

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A heart rejoicing in God delights in all his will, and is surely provided with the firmest joy in all estates; for if nothing can come to pass beside or against his will, then cannot the souls be vexed which delight in him and have no will but his, but follow him in all times and in all conditions, not only when he shines brightly on them, but when they are clouded. That flower which follows the sun does so even in dark and cloudy days: when it does not shine forth, yet it follows the hidden course and motion of it. So the soul that moves after God, keeps that course when he hides his face, is content; yea, even glad at his will in all estates, conditions or events.—*Abp. Leighton.*

## Self-Denial for Christ's Sake.

The ADVOCATE, of July 16, has a letter from Willie Lagrone, son of a preacher in the North Mississippi Conference, saying, "We boys are learning to smoke. If it is wrong for boys, is it not for preachers."

This declaration and question recalls recollections of my youth. Fond of the odor of tobacco smoke when a child, but restricted from its use by parental authority while a minor, for Christ's sake I obeyed my parents, but resolved upon indulging the appetite when I attained my majority. Twenty-one found me junior preacher in the city of N——, amidst most auspicious surroundings to commence the habit. My senior was a slave to the pipe. All the ministers resident or near by, gave encouragement by personal example.

The birthday anniversary would happen in the second month, and then I would be free—free to smoke. But alas! just before the day of liberty, I called at the home of a widow blessed with three promising sons. She unburdened her troubled heart to me in about this manner: "Bro. Downer, what am I to do? Here are my three little boys just contracting the use of cigarettes. They are good boys, and love me. I tell them that it is wrong and injurious for them to smoke, and the eldest has just replied: 'Mother, you don't know about it. There can be no harm, for there is our pastor, Bro. W., our presiding elder and good Dr. W., whom every body loves—they all smoke, and they would not do it if there was any harm in it.' "

I forgot my reply, owing to the controversy going on within my own heart. I do not forget the reply of my heart to him whose temple my body was. For Christ's sake I will not smoke. No mother's heart shall be pained by my use of tobacco, and no boy shall be able to say, "I date my physical ruin to the example set me by Bro. Downer in the matter of smoking tobacco." I can say to Willie, "My dear boy, I have never regretted my resolution. I could tell you of several ministers sacrificed upon the altar of smoke, and many others hastening to premature graves. For Christ's sake practice self-denial. Give God the benefit of any doubt.

ROBERT B. DOWNER.

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Think of the day, the humbling, affecting, overwhelming day, when the cup of cold water will reappear as an ingredient in the everlasting glory.—*James Hamilton, D. D.*

There is blessed peace in looking for nothing but our daily task and our portion of Christ's cross between this day and the appointed time when we shall fall asleep in Him.—*Bishop Wilberforce.*

Usually the eyes of the Christian should be directed forward; it is foolish to try to live on past experience; it is a very dangerous, if not a fatal habit, to judge ourselves to be safe because of something that we felt or did twenty years ago.—*Spurgeon.*

And when it is all over, and our feet will run no more, and our hands are helpless, and we have scarcely strength to murmur a last prayer, then we shall see that instead of needing a larger field, we have left untilled many corners of our single acre, and that none of it is fit for our Master's eye, were it not for the softening shadow of the cross.—*Edward Garrett.*

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## HAVE YOU DECIDED.

Who can help admiring the noble character of Joshua? He had such a courageous spirit; he made up his mind as to what was true and right, and then he stuck to it, and no one could turn him. See him, the old gray-headed warrior, gathering together the elders of Israel at Shechem, and calling n them all, princes, judges and rulers, to hesitate no longer, between the strange gods of Canaan and the one true God—"Choose ye this day whom ye will serve." But, whatever their choice, it will make no difference to Joshua—"As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord." (Josh. 24: 15)

Sometimes you see a lad in a school or a workshop following this noble example and letting his companions know and see that he has decided for Christ. I wish there were more such. But I find so many who want to wait a little longer—they can't make up their mind just yet.

"There is plenty of time for me," says a young girl as she comes away from the Bible class on Sunday afternoon. "Teacher wants us to decide at once, but surely there is no such hurry—I must think about it some day, I know, but not now—I can't decide."

"I can't decide," says the raindrop, as it comes down, "whether I will fall on the meadow or in that garden among the flowers or out on the wide ocean. I can't make up my mind." "I can't decide," says the streamlet, as it rushes out of the mountain, "whether I will flow towards the great river, yonder, or whether I will go straight down that valley and into the sea at once." But the raindrop comes on, and so does the streamlet: while they are hesitating they are coming on—on—*somewhere*! Presently it is too late to choose. They would not decide in time, and now it is no use deciding; they have gone too far—they can't change their course *now*.

Take care, young people! Take care, boys and girls! Your life is just like that falling raindrop—just like that rushing stream. You can't decide which way your life shall go, but all the time it is going on. Is it going towards heaven or towards hell? Do you not know? Haven't you decided yet which way it shall go? If you don't choose now, suppose the time should come when you can't choose!

He would be a foolish captain who should start on a voyage without making up his mind where to go to. Suppose another vessel meets him, "What, ho! captain, whither bound?" "Don't know." "Well, but do you know where you are steering for?" "Don't care." "Why, if you don't look out, you will be among the icebergs presently." "Oh, never mind, perhaps I shall change my course." Absurd as this seems, isn't it a true picture?

"Out on an ocean, all boundless, we ride,
Borne on the waves of a rough, restless tide."

but, whether we are going east, or west, or north, or south, or going to the bottom, we cannot tell. We have not decided.

I can't think what you young people are waiting for. Do you expect your hearts to get softer? I fear you will find the world a hard place, and the longer you are in it the harder your hearts will get. Do you expect it to be easier, by and by, to become a Christian than it is now? Is it easier to bend the sapling or the oak tree? Just ask any of your friends who were converted late in life and see what they say. You won't find so very many, for comparatively few are brought to Christ in old age. Or, do you only mean to wait a little longer? But what right have you to think that God will wait any longer at all?—T. B. Bishop.

sketched her on rounds of sick and wounded.

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## UNSPOKEN WORDS.

The kindly words that rise within the heart.
And thrill it with their sympathetic tone,
But die ere spoken, fail to play their part,
And claim a merit that is not their own.
The kindly word unspoken is a sin—
A sin that wraps itself in purest guise,
And tells the heart that, doubting, looks within,
That not in speech, but thought, the virtue lies.

But 'tis not so; another heart may thirst
For that kind word, as Hagar in the wild—
Poor, banished Hager—prayed a well might burst
From out the sand, to save her parching child.
And loving eyes that cannot see the mind
Will watch the unexpected movement of the lips.
Ah! can you let its cutting silence wind
Around that heart and scathe it like a whip?

Unspoken words, like treasures in a mine,
Are valueless until we give them birth;
Like unfound gold their hidden beauties shine
Which God has made to bless and gild the earth.
How sad 'twould be to see the master's hand
Strike glorious notes upon a voiceless lute!
But oh! what pain when, at God's own command
A heart-string thrills with kindness, but is mute!

Then hide it not, the music of the soul,
Dear sympathy expressed with kindly voice,
But let it like a shining river roll
To deserts dry—to hearts that would rejoice.
Oh, let the sympathy of kindly words
Sound for the poor, the friendless, and the weak,
And He will bless you! He who struck the chords
Will strike another when in turn you seek.

—*From The Humbler Poets.*

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## PRAY FROM THE HEART.

Without the heart prayer is a wretched mockery. Do not say: "I read my collect this morning;" you may read fifty collects and be none the better; do not say: "I went through the prayer which I learned from a godly mother;" you may go through it twenty thousand times, and yet never pray once. Unless the heart speaks with God, thou has done nothing for thine own good with all thy paternosters or other goodly words; nay, thou mayest have done something to thine own hurt in all this pretence of praying. I fear that much so-called public prayer is nothing better than presumptuous sin.

If your child should come to you and ask a favor in an affected voice, would you notice him? If, instead of saying, "Dear Father, I want so and so," he should take up a book and intone such words as these, "Dearly beloved father, I have to request of thee that thou in thy great affection wilt give unto me such and such things," you would not regard his nonsense. You would say, "Come, boy, what do you want? Tell me plainly;" and if he continued to intone, you would drive him out of the room, perhaps with the aid of your foot, I fear that this praying in sing-song is the most fearful mockery God ever hears. Fancy Peter, when he was beginning to sink, intoning, "Lord, save me." When the heart really gets to speak with God, it cannot talk in affected tones: it throws such rubbish overboard.

But cannot a man pray with his heart and yet use a written prayer? Certainly he can Many have done so for years. If you cannot walk without your crutches, I would sooner you walked with them than not at all. Still, it is not the best words put together by the most devout men that ever lived, nor the holiest language composed extemporaneously by yourself, that can make up prayer if the heart be gone.—*Spurgeon.*

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Men do not blunder into holiness accidentally. "The kingdom of heaven is likened unto a man seeking goodly pearls."

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LETTING DOWN THE NETS.—We must go to God's work *with great expectation.* When we go, let us expect that we shall have that which he promises. Have you ever noticed why it was that Peter's net broke when there was the miraculous draft of fishes? I never observed it until the other day; you will find it in Luke. The Lord said to Peter, "Launch out into the deep, and let down your *nets* for a draught." You remember Peter's answer, "We have toiled all night and taken nothing; nevertheless at thy word we will let down the *net.*" Christ told him to put out all his *nets*, but he said, "We will let down *the net.*" What was the consequence? Why, the net broke, there was such a multitude of fishes. If he had only taken his Lord at his word, and put out *all* the nets, though the ingathering was great, it would have been greater still. I suppose he argued, "Well, the Master says, Launch out into the deep and let down your nets. It is not very likely that we shall catch much. We will put down one net at all events, just to please him," and the consequence was that the one net broke. Oh! out with all your nets, for the Master says it.—Rev. A. G. Brown.

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A WAY TO SETTLE SCANDALS.—Dr. M. D. Hoge, of Richmond, Va., tells of two Christian men who "fell out." One heard that the other was talking against him, and he went to him and said: "Will you be kind enough to tell me my faults to my face, that I may profit by your Christian candor, and try to get rid of them?" "Yes, sir," replied the other, "I will do it." They went aside, and the former said: "Before you commence what you think wrong in me, will you please bow down with me and let us pray over it that my eyes may be opened to see my faults as you will tell them? You lead in the prayer." It was done, and when the prayer was over the man who had sought the interview, said: "Now proceed with what you have to complain of in me." But the other replied: "After praying over it, it looks so little that it is not worth talking about. The truth is, I feel now that in going around talking against you, I have been serving the devil myself, and have need that you pray for me and forgive me the wrong I have done you." Dr. Hoge tells the story well, and here and there in almost every community is a man or woman who might profit by it.

# Praying Down the Still-House.

BY REV. A. A. E. TAYLOR, D. D.

About the begining of this century pioneer emigrants were crossing the Alleghanies and settling in the forests and valleys not far beyond. They cleared off the woods and began to work up their farms, raising some wheat, oats and rye, but a great deal more corn. The latter grain was attractive not only for its solid qualities as a food, but particularly for its liquid stimulus. The Indians who still lingered in the vicinity were as fond as the whites of the fire-water, and were thoughtlessly treated to the cup ofttimes to secure their goodwill. The settlers did not reflect on the danger to an idle race, having few luxuries, of introducing to them the fascination of strong drink.

Intemperance had not become such a vivid object-lesson to our fathers as it has grown to be with us. There was a popular and constant use of liquor, among both men and women, that made the old-fashioned sideboard little better than a bar.

In order to secure a plentiful supply of whisky, it was the custom often to build on the edge of two adjoining farms, for the services of the owners of both, a small log cabin, perhaps twenty or thirty feet square, covered with rough clapboards, to be used for the distillation of liquor, known as the still-house. The writer well remembers one of these old buildings as it stood in his childhood, after its use had been long changed as he is about to relate. Its crevices between the logs were chinked with mud, and the old oaken door swung round on great wooden hinges. It had a single window with small, dingy panes of glass, and it was neither plastered nor ceiled. It was then used as a storehouse for farm tools, the wheelbarrow, the grindstone, harness, odds and ends, and faced, from directly across the road, the old farm house where a certain grandfather had lived in early days.

Although drinking was a popular and almost universal custom in that day, there were still many good people who lamented its prevalence and looked with fear and sorrow upon its dangers. Among these was a pious and brave Christian woman, the mother of a growing family of sons, whose husband was a justice of the peace—there being no judges in those regions—and therefore exposed to severe and constant temptations. On the back part of their "place," where it touched the farm of a brother, stood the old still-house with its death-dealing devices. This wise woman had gently sought to secure its removel or stop its work by earnest and faithful protest against its seductions. She had steadfastly warned her boys, whom she ever drew near to her in loving confidence, against the lurking serpent of the still. But as these youths drew toward manhood and the perils increased, her anxiety became so great that, securing the co-operation of one or two of them with that of two daughters, she carried the subject as a special petition to the throne of grace, begging that the Lord in his own way would remove the curse. The sideboard had been banished before this with the consent of her husband, but he would not hear to the destruction of the still. Long weeks and months did the little band, together and apart, lift up their secret prayer against their enemy, it not being deemed wise under the circumstances to make open demonstrations against it.

It was not known by what instrumentality or agencies the end finally came about. The brother who had a joint interest in the building and business had to be consulted and to agree to the removel. This agreement, however, was somehow effected, And one famous Saturday morning, soon after daybreak, without previous announcement or any statement of plans, the boys were summoned to hitch several yoke of oxen to the heavy-wheeled wagons and to load the latter with log-chains, ropes, and certain heavy timbers provided. All hands were directed to move over to the still-house. None of them knew, nor did the mother know, what was to be done. Arriving at their destination, they found similar teams and wagons with the young men from the brother's farm already on the ground. It was evident that prayer had found an answer. Under the quiet lead of the father himself the contents of the still-house were speedily removed. Old-fashioned tructs, with their heavy, creaking wooden wheels, were duly arranged under the strong sills of the cabin, the ox-teams were duly attached, and in a merry and noisy procession they slowly dragged the heavy load toward the homestead. By the time for the noon-meal the old still-house, converted to better uses, stood on firm foundations in good society near by the farm-house, where it lingered many a long year.

The women at home had caught word early in the day of the joyful movement, and a royal dinner for sons and cousins and all hands was spread under the huge oak tree by the side of the house, and the feast that followed became a matter of pleasant tradition to children and grandchildren. But there was no whisky at that board, then or ever after; the father, who was a remarkably reticent man, said nothing at that time or later, so far as is known, not even to his wife, upon the action of the motives or influences that led to it, No one at the table spoke of it except about the mere incidents of the work. It was supposed that he had somehow learned of the prayer meetings. But it was recognized by all as the glad beginning of a reformation, and by the few who saw behind the scenes it was hailed with tearful gladness as the direct answer of prevailing prayer.

All these sons lived to become earnest Christian men, and nearly all were officers in the Church. The husband gave up his drinking habits and ended his days as a consistent and faithful follower of Christ. And at the feet of the good old grandmother, one of the most devout and holy woman of the olden time, did the grandchildren love to sit in after days and listen to the story of the praying down of the old still-house. —Christian Weekly.

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## *THANKSGIVING ODE.*

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Once more the liberal year laughs out
O'er richer stores than gems of gold;
Once more with harvest-song and shout
Is nature's bloodless triumph told.

Our common mother rests and sings,
Like Ruth, among her garnered sheaves;
Her lap is full of goodly things,
Her brow is bright with Autumn leaves.

O favors every year made new!
O gifts with rain and sunshine sent!
The bounty overruns our due;
The fullness shames our discontent.

We shut our eyes, and flowers bloom on;
We murmur, but the corn-ears fill;
We choose the shadow, but the sun
That casts it shines behind us still.

God gives us with our rugged soil
The power to make it Eden-fair,
And richer fruits to crown our toil
Than Summer-wedded islands bear.

Who murmurs at his lot to-day?
Who scorns his native fruit and bloom?
Or sighs for dainties far away,
Beside the bounteous board of home?

Thank Heaven, instead, that Freedom's arm
Can change a rocky soil to gold;
That brave and generous lives can warm
A clime with Northern ices cold.

And let these altars, wreathed with flowers
And piled with fruits, awake again
Thanksgivings for the golden hours,
The early and the latter rain!

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## THE KING'S MESSAGE.

MRS. MARY M. ANDEESON.

I looked from my window at midnight,
And said, "Perhaps He will come
And call me to follow, ere morning's light
Breaks over yon mountain dome.
And joyful will be the summons," I thought—
"Forever to dwell with Him."
His presence seemed throbbing through all the night
And filling my heart to the brim.

I lay on my pillow and dreamed of Him,
And then, in a moment's space,
I knew that He stood at the foot of my couch,
For I saw the light of His face.
"Dear Lord, Thou art calling for me," I said;
"I'm ready, yes, ready to go!
I've waited and watched for Thy welcome step,
And Thy wonderful love I know."

And then He spoke, and the sound of His voice
Was sweeter than music's tone,
And "Where are the souls thou hast won for me?"
He said, "Dost thou come *alone?*"
I could not speak, for a wave of grief
Rolled over my troubled soul,
And my life stood out to my startled gaze
As an empty and useless scroll.

The service I'd rendered and thought so great,
Seemed naught, while He waited there,
And He gently said, "Hast thou borne my name
To those who are sunk in despair?
The fields are all white. Hast thou gone abroad
And toiled through the heat of the day?"
I covered my face with my trembling hands;
"Have pity, dear Lord, I pray.

"I'll carry Thy message, Thy words of love,
If Thou wilt but go with me,
And hold me, and give me the strength I need;
My soul must be *filled* with Thee."
Then gently He said to my troubled heart,
"My joy and my peace be thine!
Go, carry my message, and have no fear;
The strength and the power are *mine.*

"And lo! I am with thee to love and to bless!"
He vanished, and who may know
The wonderful light that around me spread,
More fair than the morning's glow.
He's ever beside me, and I must speak
His message so full and free
Till hearts are awakened and humbly cry,
"Here, Master, am I; send me."

*Prattsville, Ala.*

## Inherited Faults.

(Hope Ledyard, in Christian Union.)

When the children of Israel insisted on having a king to reign over them God gave them their way, but showed them by the thunder and rain, which came suddenly upon them, his anger and displeasure. Then "all the people greatly feared the Lord," and cried out, "we have added unto all our sins this evil, to ask us a king."

Did Samuel—who loved his people most fondly, comfort and excuse them? No, indeed; he said first a quieting word—"Fear not," as if to remind them into *whose* hands they had fallen; but added, "ye *have* done all this wickedness," and then urged them to do the only thing that remained to be done—follow the Lord closely from that time forth.

I suppose every wife and mother, indeed, every Christian, has her seasons of sudden and overwhelming conviction of her sins, or, it may be, mistakes. A sudden and unlooked for calamity, perhaps, opens the eyes of her soul; or it may be a hasty recriminating word from one when she has thought her friend places her own actions before her in a new and hateful light. The sight is almost unbearable; indeed, unless we treat ourselves as faithfully as Samuel treated the children of Israel, we will only suffer awhile and then grow more blind, more hardened.

Has such an hour come to you, my friend? Down on your knees. "Go, tell Jesus." He will say, "you have done all this, my child; yet it is past now, lay it upon me, and only remember it so it may make you more watchful, more careful to follow closely."

I know an old lady who is the center of a most devoted family circle; all agree in thinking well of her. No matter what happens, all bring their joys and sorrows to her that she may share them. To tell the truth, though no relation, I had taken a trouble of mine to her; I ended my complaint with saying, "And the worst is, it is true—all of our family have this failing. I see no hope for me."

The dear old lady laid her hands in her lap a moment—those hands that are always busy for some tired mother—and said, "Come, my dear, I think you need to hear about a great trouble I went through twenty—no, thirty-odd years ago. Stay; it is quite a long tale, so you must sit down on my lounge—my son Charles bought that only last month for me—and I'll bring my cologne—Mary always keeps me in cologne." So lying there in the darkened room I heard this true tale. May it help some one else as it has helped me.

"I had been married about fifteen years, and though I had many comforts and blessings, six lovely children, a pleasant and well-furnished home, and some very warm friends, I think I was the most utterly miserable woman the sun shone on. My mother, though a very good, estimable woman, was a most uncomfortable person to live with. Ever since I could remember there had been quarrelings and bickerings at home; her friends were constantly estranged from her; some of her children would seldom visit her; as they found it only brought them into hot water. And now my husband was constantly telling me, if any thing vexed him, 'You are just your mother over again.'

"My husband, like all of us, had his own faults; and though I had been his wife for fifteen years I had not learned to accommodate myself to them. He liked a woman to be yielding, to not express her opinions, to let him rule alone. I was vehement, determined in expression, yet too yielding in action (which goes for nothing, my dear, with most men, if you have expressed any obstinacy), and terribly impulsive of speech. In vain I tried to be different; perhaps I succeeded for a week, and then a day's failure would undo all, and my efforts were unrecognized. The particular event that made me so utterly miserable was that one day—I shall never forget it—my sister had been provoked with me, a friend had heard of an indiscreet speech I had made and quietly told me I was not a 'safe friend;' and my husband, vexed because I had tried to shield my eldest boy from a severe punishment he was about to inflict, had quoted a letter from his brother which said I was, like all my family, 'most uncomfortable to live with.'

"My child, I hope you will never know such utter misery as I endured. I remember every little event of that day. The children quarreled, it seemed to me, as never before; the servant was provokingly disobedient, and I reproved her before my husband, which elicited another taunt, and I went to bed to cry quietly half the night. The morning brought its cares, and I forgot my trouble a little in getting the children off to school, washing my baby and putting her to sleep; but then came my quiet time, and all the shame and agony came back. It was not the first time of suffering, but it was the most intense. Before I used to ask God to help me do better, and try to excuse the past. 'I did my best—they were not just,' I would say. But this time, thank God, in my utter misery I threw myself on my knees, and, like Hezekiah, I spread that letter before the Lord. I told him I felt that I was 'uncomfortable to live with,' that I was 'just like my mother.' What could I do? He had made me—would he help me? A feeling of peace and comfort, of a Presence, came at once; but I had often felt that; I wanted some special word. Now, dear, I don't think we have any right to open the Bible hap hazard and take a text as sent us from God; but still I have always felt that my Bible did not open by chance to the latter part of the twelfth chapter of first Samuel. I read it at first with no hope of any 'word' coming from that source, but when I came to that heart-broken cry of an impulsive, stiff necked people, and then read Samuel's answer, I felt that there was the word of the Lord to me. Then I resolved to let every thing else go—friends, accounts, housekeeping—and try above all else to make every one about me happy—my husband first of all. I took a sheet of paper and wrote down what he disliked in me. I tell you it was not a pleasant task. Shall I show it you? The paper is so worn and broken I can hardly unfold it, but I know the list by heart: 'A loud voice; giving any orders when he is near; interference; argument; fault-finding; talking of economy; impatience when we are likely to be late for an engagement; reminding him of his duties; refusing the children any thing; "tidying up."'

"For a full year I read that list every night, and confessed every failure to my God. I had a way, when very earnest with the children, of raising my voice, and I found at last that to cure it I had to get up and go to the child in question and whisper to him. I remember how it startled the children! When my husband was home I let him rule the children altogether; and after a time found it relieved me of much trouble, and the unjust and harsh punishments became less frequent. On holidays and Sundays I let tobacco and burnt matches lie about, coats be flung on the sofa, and said and did nothing; but my husband soon found how different things looked, and began to be a little more careful, and I trained the children so carefully that they left nothing about. Don't think that all this was done at once. It was a long, hard fight, and to this day I fight my old fault-finding, outspoken nature. Charlie, my eldest boy, brought his little girl here last week, and I saw two or three things going wrong in her bringing up; but I knew, *with my nature*, I could not let myself speak of them, so I spoke only of the good that I saw; and here to-day comes a note from Charlie asking my advice about one of the very faults that I had noticed! I hope this has not tired you, dear, but you seemed so utterly discouraged that I wanted to show you how much worse I was and what God has wrought. Every time I have not followed closely, the old habits assert themselves."

I will not try to add any words to my dear friend's recital; but when I hear people wondering how she is so unlike the rest of her family, and listen to the praises of her husband's relations, who once dreaded her so much, I understand what a victory hers has been, and pray that I may profit by her experience.

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## THE SCENT OF A FLOWER.

The scent of the flower is a wonderful thing!
It plays round the heart like the zephyrs o
spring;
So subtle, so soft, so resistless its power,
No monarchy rules like the scent of a flower.

Some odors so blend with past happier years
They move us like melodies breathing through
tears;
For they bring back the faces and forms that
are cold,
And walks in the wild woods 'mid sunsets of
gold.

A fragrance exhales from a flower that I know,
(Dear pledge of a love in the sweet long ago),
When tastes were more simple, and purer our
pleasures,
And gifts of fresh blossoms were holiest treasures.

One eve, when the dew on the leaves glittered
bright,
He proffered the prize with a tender "Good
Night;"
And my spirit grew faint with ecstatic emotion,
For I felt in that flower lay a life-long devotion.

He is gone—yet the scent of that delicate
flower
Still holds me with all the old passionate
power;
And oft my sick heart would lie down in despair
But that mercy divine melts my sorrow in
prayer.

"Consider the lilies." Lord, grant us to be
By the field and the garden brought nearer to
Thee;
To read in sweet blossoms Thy goodness and
power,
And an infinite love in the scent of a flower.

*The Quiver for March.*

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CONTINENTAL TEMPERANCE.—Robert J. Burdette thus remarks on continental temperance:

If there is one passage in the letters of American travelers in Europe more tiresome than another, it is this: "During our six weeks' stay in Paris we did not see a single drunken person." Then they travel through Switzerland, Germany, Austria, Italy and Spain, and all France, and still they do not see a drunken person." They attribute the sobriety of the people to the fact that everybody drinks wine and beer; drink it at all time, and lots of it, with no high license and prohibition nonsense to bother them; consequently they never get drunk. Well, now, the only inference one can draw from these remarkable letters is that either the writers themselves were blind drunk all the time they were in Paris, or the Parisian drunkard is a most successful hider. Because, while our travelers last year did not see a single instance of drunkenness in Paris, the official police records state that the police of Paris saw and arrested, on an average, one hundred and fifty people every day between January 1 and April 30, for being drunk on the streets. So many drunkards are not arrested in New York, and yet these travelers of ours always contrast the sobriety of Europe with the excesses of America. It is just as well to bear in mind the official report while reading these letters, and perhaps if the writers drank less and thought more, they would remember that official returns will not always agree with letters from the guide-book.

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Did you ever climb a spruce-tree after its gum? You probably brought down more gum than you had reckoned for; not only gum in your mouth, but gum on your hands, gum on your trousers, and how it all stuck when you tried to remove it! There are some things in this world that stick worse than gum, and one is the influence of a bad book. How the bad thoughts it suggests will glue themselves to a reader! If they could only be washed out, soaped out, sanded out, and scoured out! But there they are to stick and stay. The best way to manage a "spruce-gum" tree is not to climb it.

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A thankful spirit has always fresh matter for thankfulness. To praise God for the past is the sure way to secure mercies for the future. Prayer and praise live or die together.—*Romaine.*

"Drowsy Hollow—Israel Wakim"—he is sent to

RCIAL APPEAL

MORNING, JUNE 13, 1943

AMUSEMENTS

## He Leadeth Me.

In pastures green? Not always; sometimes He
Who knoweth best, in kindness leadeth me
In weary ways, where heavy shadows be—

Out of the sunshine soft and bright,
Out of the sunshine into darkest night;
I oft would faint with sorrow and affright—

Only for this—I know He holds my hand,
So whether in the green or desert land,
I trust, although I may not understand.

And by still waters? No, not always so;
Ofttimes the heavy tempests 'round me blow,
And o'er my soul the waves and billows go.

But when the storms beat loudest, and I cry
Aloud for help, the Master standeth by,
And whispers to my soul, "Lo, it is I."

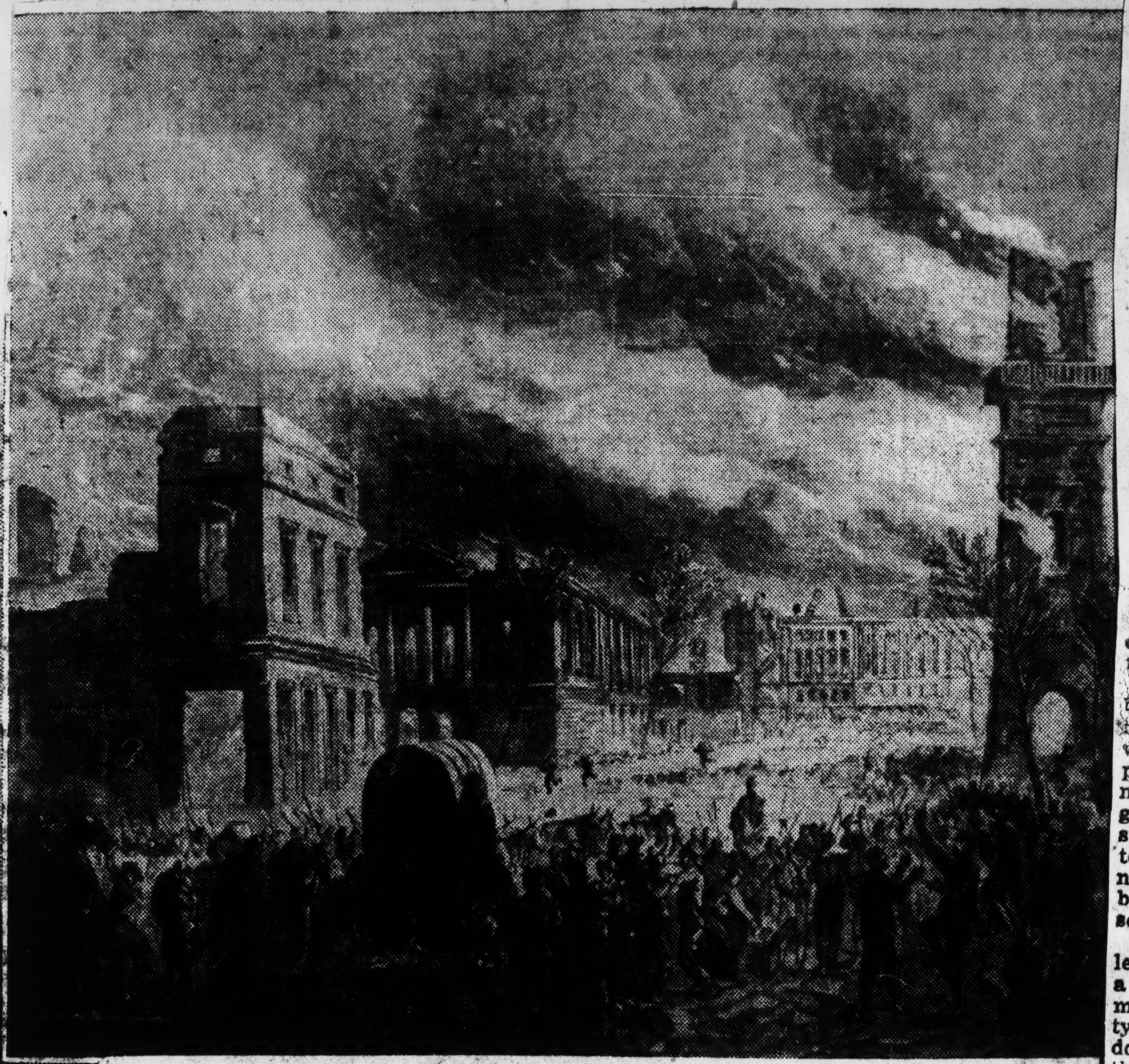
Above the tempest wild I hear Him say,
"Beyond this darkness lies the perfect day;
In every path of thine I lead the way."

So, whether on the hill-tops high and fair
I dwell, or in the sunless valleys where
The shadows lie—what matter? He is there

And more than this; where'er the pathway le
He gives to me no helpless broken reed,
But his own hand, sufficient for my need.

So where he leads me I can safely go;
And in the blest hereafter I shall know
Why in His wisdom He hath led me so.

*Victoria Series No. 12, Lon*



Many of the pictures in the periodicals of Civil War days were pieces of art, wo
ing because of the process of hand engraving used at that time, as evidenced by th
It was published Feb. 17, 1865, in Harper's Weekly and shows the burning of Col

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fire. The loss will exceed $100,000.

The editorial rooms of The Memphis Appeal have been moved to 14 Jefferson, upstairs.

Capt. Rube Haynes today will leave Memphis with his steamer, Florence Traber, for Little Rock.

### 100 YEARS AGO

### Jan. 6, 1843

A copy of the Globe, published in New York, has been received by stagecoach mail. In it is an article taken from a London paper which stated that "the war in China appears to be prosecuted with considerable vigor since the arrival of Sir Henry Pottinger. The expedition entered the Yangtze Kiang River on Nov. 16, 1842, and anchored before a formidable fortification on shore. In two hours the batteries of the enemy (Chinese) were silenced and the English entered the town and drove out the Chinese. On Nov. 19, the city of Shanghai submitted to the English and was given up to pillage."

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Uncle Alfred C. Smith
was in Battle of Shiloh. H.L.S.

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### FIFTY-SECOND ANNIVERSARY OF BATTLE OF SHILOH.

To The Commercial Appeal:

Fifty-two years ago today, the most perfect Sabbath day that ever dawned on this old earth, we were battling the Yankees on Shiloh's bloody plain, about 30,000 strong, against 60,000 or 70,000 Yankees.

It was there that Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston sacrificed his life's blood for our sunny south. And while I was well acquainted in Preston Smith's 154th Tennessee infantry, a member of the 9th Tennessee infantry and well acquainted in the 6th Tennessee infantry, I know only five soldiers living today who were engaged in that battle and all of the big battles of the Army of Tennessee, besides myself—Judge L. B. McFarland of Memphis, Dr. T. R. Menx of Fresno, Cal., Jess Miller of Lonoke, Ark., father-in-law of Joe T. Robinson; F. G. Swain, also of Lonoke, Ark., and Dr. T. J. Walker of Dyersburg, Tenn. Five truer, better men never lived than the five above mentioned.

While there are others living, our numbers are few, still we in our declining years have the satisfaction of bequeathing to our children and grandchildren the fact that more Yankees are drawing pensions today than we had soldiers during the whole war. I feel grateful that I can say to my comrades of the infantry that followed the Army of Tennessee from Bellemonte, Mo., to the surrender in North Carolina, in my old age and decrepid condition, I am still eating three meals each day and sleeping eight hours in every 24, drawing no pension, nor would I have one, and can enjoy a joke as well as I could 52 years ago, and while I have several scars they are all in front and none in the back. Very respectfully,

S. EMORY SWEET.

Memphis, Tenn., April 6, 1914.

"Dear Friends—About sixteen years ago," said Miss Willard last evening, as she came before the audience which completely filled the United Presbyterian Church, "in the long, slow watches of the night, I used to sit beside my father's couch and sing what comforted him more than anything else—

Rock of Ages, cleft for me.

"I remember on one night, when I saw upon his face a peculiar look which I had seen there but once before, and that was when my sister died—he said to me: 'God can change a man's mind, and what I wish now, most of all, is to depart and be with Christ.'

"God can change a man's mind, and only God can change this spirit of ours so that we can receive his truth and love it."

Add then for three-quarters of an hour this gifted woman pressed home upon her hearers, with a force and a directness peculiarly her own acceptance of the Savior. Where did the world look for the evidences of Christianity? Not to the books, not to the carefully preserved records of the Vatican. These evidences were bound in human form. We are each like a leaf from the Bible. Let us remember that our everyday lives are going to build up or break down the faith on which is based humanity's deepest hope.

Into the witches' broth all the ologies of the day are stirred. Voices widely at variance are heard from the pulpit. But if we come down to the central thought in every Christian heart we shall find that the question of Pontius Pilate is the great question of life, "What will you do with Jesus who is called Christ?"

We try to drown this voice in the mad rush for pleasure, in ambition, but it rings out of eternity like a bell, "What will you do with Jesus that is called Christ?"

The answers are as various as when the question was first asked. Some cry, "Crucify him;" others, "Release unto us Barabbas."

Every heart that is normal and sincere must recognize that somehow there is a lack of adjustment between us and that great Father. Besides this taproot of sin, alienation from Father, there are side roots branching out which we call sins. There are three facts which will make all confess the need of this adjustment.

The first is pain, which in an hour might come upon the broadest shoulders in this house and make the strongest man the most miserable of creatures. There is the plowshare of bereavement, which cuts through living hearts. Dear friends, it seems the dictation of common sense to fall in love with a religion which grows dearer as life's sorrows come on. In the crisis of that hour, for which all other hours were made, I want Thy face, O Savior, with its beatific vision, to dawn upon me.

Before the ideals which we form our fellow men are pigmies, but the highest ideal finds its perfect amplification in Jesus. Majestic sweetness sits upon His brow. No man ever spoke like this man. Alone into this mystic world we were born. Alone out of this mystic world we go. What shall we say when in our loneliness there comes this Christ of Galilee to cheer us?

Long will live in the memories of that great audience the word pictures which Miss Willard drew of two great assemblages. The first, 80,000 people, was gathered in the Coliseum at Rome—plebeians in the lower tiers, patricians above, the vestal virgins in the snowy robes—to witness the rending by wild beasts of St. Ignatius, the disciple of St. John and of the associate of Polycarp. The martyr's words rang out: "I am the grain of God, but I must first be ground by the teeth of the wild beasts that I may be bread fit for the Master's table." And now the cross which is lifted high over the ruins of the Coliseum dominates the world and makes it brotherlike.

The companion picture was a scene in Moody's tabernacle at Chicago, with Moody himself, who had not the qualifications to admit him to the freshman class of a freshwater university, dwelling on the words he loved so well, "God so loved the world that He gave his only begotten Son." And the reformed men, rough, some of them, and unfit to go into almost any circle of society, joined in their hymns:

The sins of my life have been many,
The sins of my life have been more.
I scarce can see from weeping,
But I'll enter the open door.

Oh, Christ, what hast thou done? Thou has come down in storm and anguish and hast whispered, "Peace, be still." Beloved friends, the good old ways are good enough for me. Our fathers went to heaven by them, and we, by following in their footsteps, shall reach there too.

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Dr. Doddridge was walking out one day in a very depressed state of mind. His trials at that time were peculiarly heavy. He saw no way of deliverance from them, and he was greatly discouraged. As he passed along, the door of a little cottage was standing open, and he heard a child's voice reading the words "As thy day, so shall thy strength be." The effect produced upon his saddened feelings was indescribable; his despondency vanished, and his heart was filled with peace and joy.

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## *SOMETIME.*

"What I do thou knowest not now, thou shalt know hereafter."—Christ.

BY BISHOP HUNTINGTON.

Sometime, when all life's lessons have been learned,
And sun and stars forever more have set,
The things which our weak judgment here have spurned,
The things o'er which we grieved with lashes wet,
Will flash before us, out of life's dark night,
As stars shine more in deeper tints of blue,
And we shall see how all God's plans were right,
And how what seemed reproof was love most true.

And we shall see how, while we frown and sigh,
God's plans go on as best for you and me;
How, when we called, He heeded not our cry,
Because His wisdom to the end could see
And even as prudent parents disallow
Too much of sweet to craving babyhood,
So God, perhaps, is keeping from us now
Life's sweetest things, because it seemeth good.

And if, sometimes, commingled with life's wine,
We find the wormwood, and rebel and shrink,
Be sure a wiser hand than yours or mine
Pours out this potion for our lips to drink.
And if some friend we love is lying low,
Where human kisses cannot reach his face.
Oh, do not blame the loving Father so,
□But wear your sorrow with obedient grace.

And you shall shortly know that lengthened breath
Is not the sweetest gift God sends his friend,
And that sometimes the sable pall of death
Conceals the fairest boon His love can send.
If we could push ajar the gates of life
And stand within and all God's workings see,
We could interpret all this doubt and strife,
And for each mystery would find a key.

But not to-day. Then be content, poor heart!
God's plans, like lilies, pure and white unfold,
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart;
Time will reveal the hidden cups of gold,
And if through patient toil we reach the land
Where weary feet, with sandals loose, may rest,
Then shall we know and clearly understand—
I think that we shall say, "God knew the best!"

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Description of Christ.—The following beautiful description of our Savior is said to have been found in a manuscript written by Lucius Lentulus, President of Judea, to the Roman Senate, and is well worthy of preservation by those who are his followers at the present time:—

"There is at present a man in Judea of a singular character, whose name is Jesus Christ. The Barbarians esteem him as a prophet, but his followers adore him as the immediate offspring of the immortal God. He is endowed with such unparalleled virtue as to call back the dead from the grave, and heal every kind of disease with a word or touch. His person is tall and elegantly shaped, his aspect mild and reserved. The hair flows in those beautiful shades which no united colors can match, falling into graceful curls below his ears, agreeably touching on his shoulders and parting on the crown of his head, like the head-dress of the Nazarenes. His forehead is smooth and large; his cheeks, without spot, are of a lovely red; his mouth and nose are finished with exquisite symmetry; his beard is thick and suitable to the colour of his hair, reaching a little below his chin and parting in the middle like a fork; his eyes are large, bright, and serene. He rebukes with mildness, and invites with the most persuasive language.

"His whole address, whether in words or deeds, being elegant, grave, and strictly characteristic of an exalted being. No man has ever seen him laugh, but the whole world beheld him weep; and so persuasive are his tears that one cannot refrain from joining in sympathy with him. He is modest, temperate, and wise; and whatever the phenomenon may turn out in the end, he seems a being of excellent beauty and Divine perfection—in every respect surpassing the children of men."

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### Things Said and Done.

There is in one of Charles Kingsley's letters a solemn thought for those who are doing nothing to lessen the sorrow and sin around them, and who, day by day, simply extract all the selfish pleasure they can out of life without giving any consideration to the sad lot of others. He says,

"We may choose to look at the masses in the gross, as subjects for statistics, and, when possible, of profits. There is One above who knows every thirst, and ache, and sorrow, and temptation of each slattern, and gin-drinker, and street child. The day will come when He will require an account of these neglects of ours not in the gross."

Loss and Gain.—In the reign of Charles I. a nobleman who belonged to the Prostestant party was convicted of treason, deprived of all his estates, and cast into prison. There he began to study the Bible and became a Christian. A friend came to condole with him on his fallen fortunes. But the imprisoned earl said: "No, congratulate me! I am a thousand times richer than before. Here in the dungeon I have come into the possession of such wealth and honors as I have never even dreamed of."

A Mother's Consecration.—A lady contributes to the *Watchman and Reflector* a significant reminiscence of the late Rev. Dr. Stevens, the veteran missionary in Burmah:

During his last visit to this country, we had the honor of a visit from him at my mother's home in Auburndale, when he gave a most touching account of his recent return for the first time to his birthplace in Georgia. He had met there an aged lady, who told him how in his infancy his mother had sent for her pastor, and, holding the infant in her arms, requested him to dedicate the child in solemn prayer to the work of foreign missions. Of this act of his mother Dr. Stevens learned for the first time after nearly forty years of missionary labor. "I now see," said he, "why I was drawn so irresistibly to the missionary work. It was the answer to my mother's prayers."

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We have somewhere seen a legend that beautifully illustrated the importance of performing Christian duty. The legend ran some how thus: A monk in his cell had a beautiful vision of the Savior on which he gazed with most exquisite delight, and continued to do so for some considerable time. At length the hour arrived for him to discharge the duty of feeding the poor of the convent. Promptly at the hour he turned away from the delightful view and attended to his duty. This done, he returned and the vision was still there and it uttered these words, "Hadst thou stayed I must have fled."

So it is. The Savior stays with them who do their duty and with them only.

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An Answer to Prayer.—From St. Ives, Cornwall, comes a fact that may be well told abroad. When scarcely any fish had been taken for some time, and starvation threatened many, a minister calling upon an old fisherman, was told he was praying for fish. This was the great need of the place, and the minister that evening took up the petition in the presence of an earnest congregation. When he reached home, he found that his little child had also asked the Lord to send fish, and she said, trustfully, "You will get it papa." The nets were cast that night, and when they were drawn to land in the morning, the fish found in them realized a large sum of money. There are living witnesses to this proof of His loving kindness who has said, "Call upon me in the day of trouble."—*Short Arrows*

Greenville, Miss.
MEMPHIS

# Know Your Neighbor .. .. And How It Got Its Name

# Greenville, Miss.

The time: 1846. The place: In the Mississippi Delta, long before its present prosperity.

There was a thriving little village, embryo stage of Greenville, yet that wasn't the name in those days. Came time to name not only the town, but the county as well.

Abram F. Smith, member of the State Legislature, intervened. A relative, Mrs. Nellie Sommerville, a former state legislator herself, still lives in the Delta. "Name of our county? There's only one name for it," said Smith proudly. "Washington County, in honor of our first President, George Washington."

So it became Washington County, then the people began picking the town's name. They remembered that Nathaniel Greene was a close friend of George Washington.

"We'll call our city Greenville," said Smith, "a tribute to the man we all loved."

The town with its Mississippi River trade grew until the War Between the States came. The Yankees marched into Greenville, burned it completely. But in the Fall of 1865 the citizens began rebuilding. They chose for their next site the highest point of land between Memphis and Vicksburg and, because of an existing law, within three miles of the original town.

This site took in the present town, but extended into what was then the Mississippi River for a given distance and included an island and a towhead which is now the state of Arkansas immediately across Lake Ferguson. The towhead and island and more than three full blocks of the Greenville shore were eaten away by the river between 1866 and 1933.

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Delta Democrat Times
by Eunice Stockwell

ay, May 12, 1944

## Know Your Delta

For some years after the Red Man relinquished his holdings in this part of the state, Delta lands were regarded by many, as hardly fit for human habitation. Floods and malaria were deterrent factors, but despite these, an ever growing number of settlers braved the dangers of the new country, induced to take its risks by the marvelous fertility of the soil, and the promised prosperity it offered.

A seat of local government where county and legal affairs were conducted was a necessity, but these county seats were small and relatively unimportant for the far more extensive business of living and producing went on the great plantations. As the means of livelihood came from the land, the existence of the people centered mainly in the plantation with its characteristic economic and social life. This phase of Southern life, the old-fashioned plantation, has passed away and will be known by future generations only from tradition or the printed page.

In the early days of the county's history, plantations were put under cultivation in such a way as to practically sustain the lives of all the people and animals upon their broad acres.

The heart and center of the plantation was the home of the owner, usually a simple dwelling of heavy timbers cut from the forests on the land. The handsome buildings, with their fine interior finish which adorned some of the plantations in the prosperous era before the Civil War, cannot be regarded as typical of the Delta plantations. In the home, whether simple or pretensions, lived the business manager of the whole estate, and his wife, who in her way was also an important business executive.

Not far away from the "big house" stood the quarters, where the plantation workers lived a simple life, watched over the master and mistress. Nearly all the food was produced on the land; the lakes and streams abounded in fish; and wild game in abundance rewarded the hunter. Soap and candles were made on the place; meat was cured, and hides were tanned for the making of shoes by some slave trained in the cobbler's art.

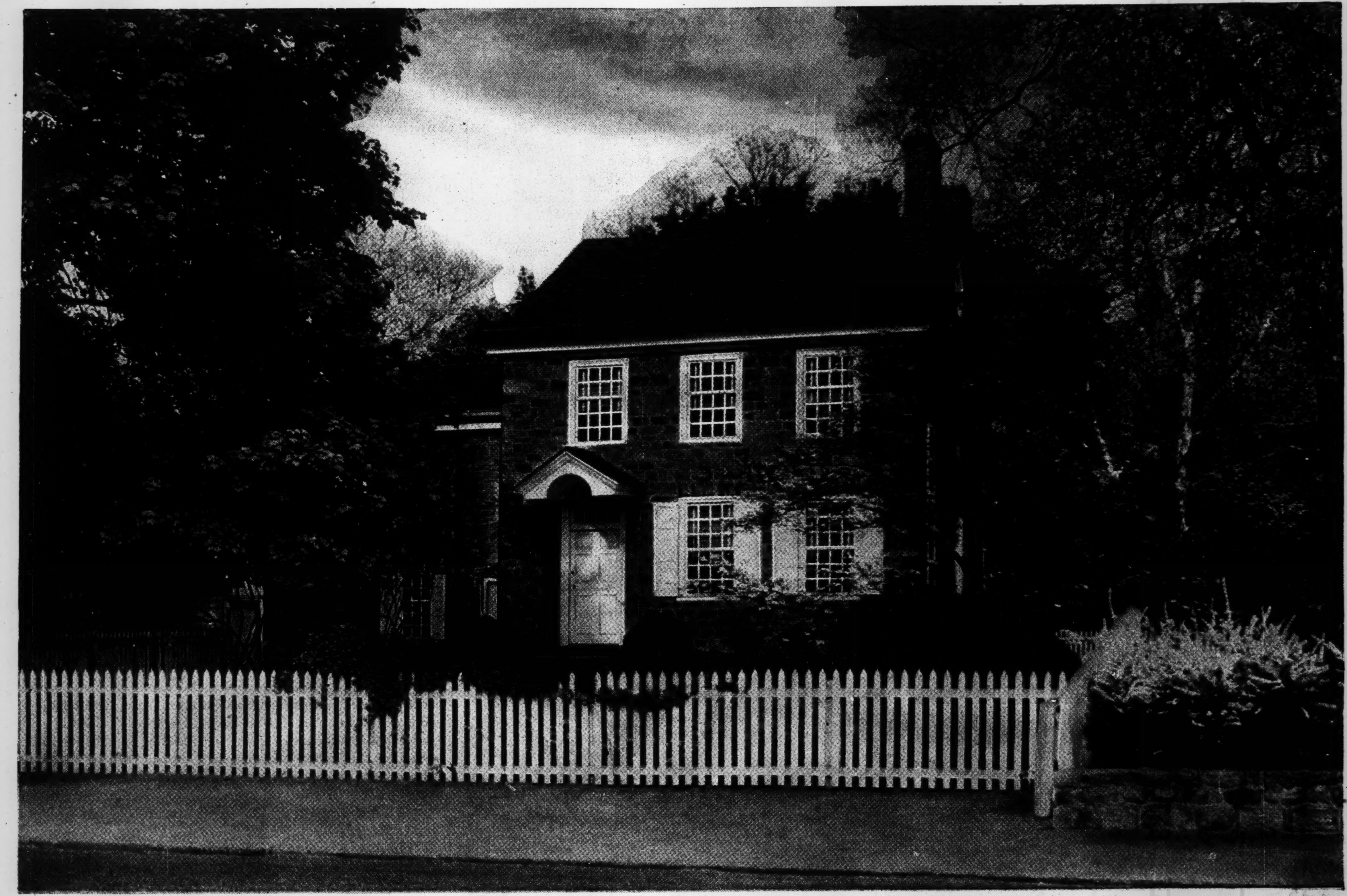
Under the supervision of the mistress some of the young colored women spun and wove the jeans and linsey-woolsey, while others made the home-spun materials into garments for the plantation workers.

The master was a physician of sorts, and to his lot fell many an injury to dress and illness to diagnose and treat. When the trouble was beyond his skill, he sent for a physician who usually made his home on some neighboring plantation and treated the sick for miles around.

Because plantation life was, in the early days, so nearly self-sustaining the towns lacked the commercial stimulus which would have caused them to grow. Other elements also entered which tended to keep towns small and of little commercial importance—these were the trading boats which came down the river laden with all manner of merchandise and stopped at the plantation landings en route; and the commission merchant to whom planters shipped their cotton, and through whose kindly offices all sorts of articles might be obtained. Bills still in existence show that such things as silver spoons, a plated communion set and a lady's coat were thus purchased. Another factor was the annual, or more frequent, visit of the plantation owner to some large city, usually New Orleans, to enjoy city life for a time and to purchase clothing and all manner of articles needed on the plantation.

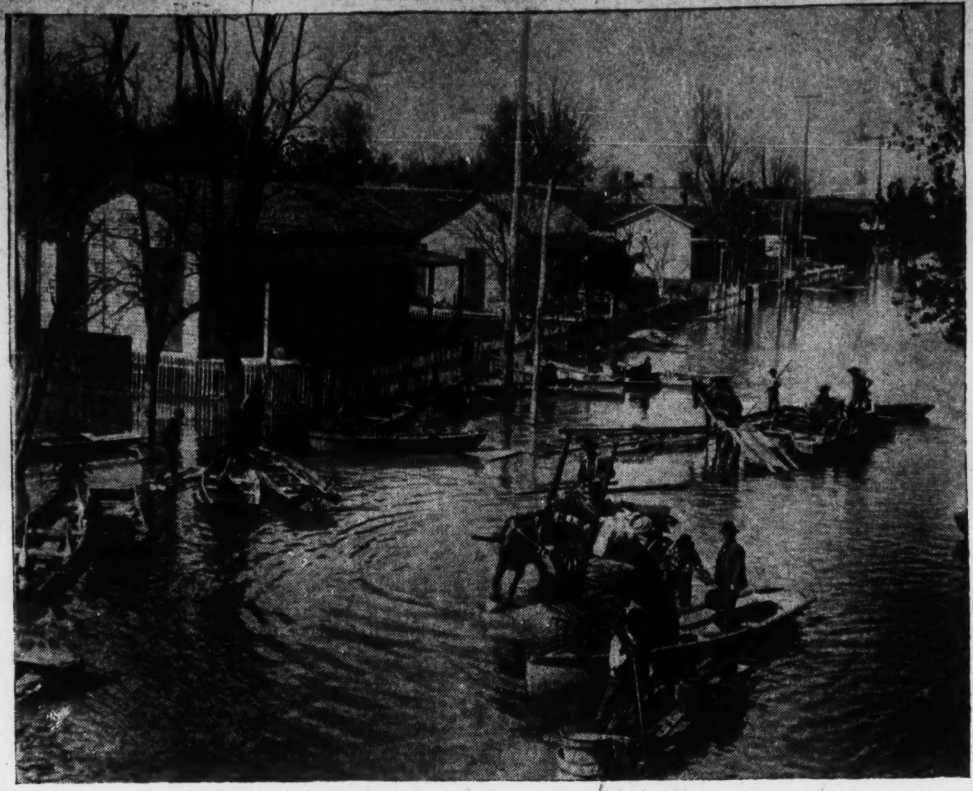
Evidently as time went on, fewer of the necessities of life were produced on the land and more and more brought in from the outside world. Because of the value of cotton and an increasing demand for it in the world markets, more attention was given to its production with a proportionate reduction in other products which had formerly required much time and effort.

(To be continued



Washington's Headquarters during the fateful winter of 1777–78. Today the furnishings of the old stone house, even to quills and pounce box, correspond as exactly as possible to the inventory his landlady gave him.

Valley Forge



NOT QUITE SO BAD AS IT MIGHT BE.

## Know Your Delta

At a meeting of the board of police held in 1845, a committee composed of Abram F. Smith, John P. Cunningham and Isaac Worthington, was appointed to contract for the erection of a court house, and clerk's and sheriff's offices at the town of Prentiss. The court house was to be a frame building 40x30 feet with one room below and three above. One of the upper rooms was to be 20x30, the other two, 20x15 feet. Also there was to be erected a brick building for clerk's and sheriff's office 40x20 feet, to contain two rooms and an ell running back 20x20 feet.

There is no indication that this committee ever functioned, for no report from them is shown in the board's minutes. With their appointment all reference to the proposed county seat of Prentiss ceases and there is not hint regarding the abandonment of location and name, and the reason for selecting a different site for the county seat, and giving to it another name.

Before Washington county was twenty years old it had had one county seat, which during the time it served as such, was beyond the boundaries of the county; one that served until circumstances indicated a change to a more central location; a proposed county seat and a name which were never used; and had its fourth county seat established in that part of the river known as Bachelor's Bend. Surely this county must have established some sort of record in the selection of four county sites within two decades.

In the spring of 1846, Philip Crabtree, the county surveyor who had surveyed the land for Prentiss, laid off the court house square in the newly selected site which was named Greenville in honor of General Nathaniel Green, one of General Washington's most trusted officers. To distniguish this little town from the present town of the same name, the former county seat is always referred to in these papers as "Old" Greenville, though during its seventeen years of existence it was known as "Greenville."

After the establishment of this new county site, and the removal of the county's official business to the new location, Princeton's importance rapidly declined and caving banks brought about its final dissolution, until "its very site disappeared in the turbid waters of the Mississippi river."

In 1850 there were several houses still standing on the site and people were living there. One of the buildings was a two story structure, the upper floor of which had been used as a lodge hall by the Masons. There were a few stores left, and the Bass home and perhaps one or two other buildings at that time. It was said that in 1868, Samuel B. Lawson, one of the last merchants in Princeton, sold what remained of the town site, except the Bass residence, to a colored man for $125. The last land transfers under the Princeton description was recorded in 1844; since that time all sales of land have carried the usual description by lot, section, township and range.

Until the present Greenville had grown for many years, there was no large town in Washington county. This was not unusual. Fant in his history of Mississippi writes: "The growth of towns in the state was slow, for the people resided in the country. Each county had, of course, its county site, but in most of them this consisted of a court house, a jail, the residences of a few lawyers, perhaps a doctor or two and a few artisans such as blacksmiths. Only at times of holding court or ofolections was there a population of such towns; and at these times, the people came from far and near in their wagons, buggies, or on horseback, to town. Other towns were the landing-places where cotton was hauled to be loaded on a boat for sending down the river. Here would be a gin, a hostelry, and perhaps a store or two." This description of early Mississippi towns applies with considerable accuracy to Princeton, "Old" Greenville, and to the early days of the present town.

(To be continued)

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# A.D. Worthington Was Killed By Yankee Raider

**KNOW YOUR DELTA**

**By Eunice J. Stockwell**

In 1863, Col. E. D. Osband, with the 4th Illinois cavalry, was stationed at Skipwith's Landing in Issaquena county and from there raided Washington county every week. On one of these raids, Albert D. Worthington was killed by them; he was a member of Company H, First Mississippi Regiment (known as the Bolivar Troop) and was at home, at Wayside, on a furlough for a few days.

He was shot by a soldier who was somewhat in advance of the others of his party. When members of the family reached him, he lay mortally wounded and a number of Yankees stood around him, one of whom said to another: "Beat the rebel's brains out with your gun before the lieutenant comes up; it will never do to let him say you shot him after he surrendered." The man addressed stepped forward with gun raised to strike when the wounded man's mother and brother threw themselves over his prostrate form to shield him from the murderous blows, and at that moment the first Yankee who had spoken called out; "Wait, you are too late; here comes the lieutenant." The officer had the wounded man taken into the house, where he died after hours of suffering.

General Steele, on his second visit to Wayside, landed 10,000 men, who marched past the house and out the Deer Creek road which led to Arcola. They soon came back, probably because of the countless thousands of logs cut across the road by the Confederates. The stragglers did the usual looting.

In 1864, a body of scouts under Captain Evans was sent to stop the Yankees from raising cotton near Skipwith, and to protect the citizens from prowlers. These scouts, many of whom were Texans, were a wild and daring lot. On one occasion they captured Colonel Dent, a kinsman of General Grant's wife. Col. Dent's life was spared upon the plea of Samuel Worthington, sr. Mr. Worthington, then a man past seventy, had been an officer in the War of 1812. Perhaps this fact had something to do with the Yankees giving him receipts for the cotton taken from his three plantations in March 1863. Shortly after the close of the war, claims were entered against the United States government for compensation for the cotton which had been taken.

Congress allowed the claim and set the compensation at $160,000, but before the authorities then in power would issue payment, the administrator of the estate had to pay Colonel Dent $5,000 for his utterly useless signature on some legal paper, for he had no connection with the case. Thus did he requit the heirs of the man whose pleas had saved his life a few brief years before.

## *THE CROOKED STICK.*

"What does the Lord require of thee?"—Micah vi. 8.

"Christ has a service for all his members," said James Therrall, an old carpenter in a village on Salisbury Plain, to a young Christian who complained that she was unworthy to work for the Lord. "Let not one of the members say, 'The Head has no need of me.' I used to think as you do long ago, but he taught me otherwise by a crooked stick.

"One day my son went to a sale of timber, and in the lot was a stick so twisted and bent, that I spoke sharply to him, saying, 'You have a bad bargain there, lad; that crooked stick will be of no use to any one.'

"'It's all timber,' replied my son, not the least vexed by my reproof. 'I paid the same price for it as the rest. Depend upon it, no tree grows for nothing. Wait a bit; don't fret, father; let us keep a look out; there's a place somewhere for it.'

"A little time after this I had a cottage to build; a queer bit of a house it was, and pretty enough when it was finished; there was a corner to turn in it, and not a stick in the yard would fit. I thought of the crooked one, and fetched it. Many a hard day's work would have failed to prepare a joist like it. It seemed as if the tree had grown aside for this very purpose.

"Then said I, 'There's a place for the crooked stick after all! Then there's a place for poor James Therrall. Dear Lord! show him the place into which he may fit in building thy heavenly temple.' That very day I learned that what God gives me he gives me for his glory; and poor and unlettered as I was, there was a work for me. There is a work for YOU; God has something for YOU to do, and nobody else can do it!"

This village carpenter had neither the knowledge of the schoolman, nor had he taken a degree at college; yet was he a teacher of divine truths, and he was wise in the wisdom of the children of light. He would often recur to the time when, looking solely on his own weakness and infirmities, he overlooked his only source of strength, and thought he was too poor and ignorant to do any thing for the Lord he loved! He lived to a good old age, a blessing to the souls in his neighborhood, and where, as he liked best to say, he watched for his Master. When some who loved their ease too well, or child or servant or sick one complained, "I can do nothing," he would point to the best-built cottage on the Plain, with its pretty bay-window and slanting roof, and tell them he had once thought the same himself, but his error had been corrected by a dumb instructor—a beam in that roof—a crooked stick which seemed fit for nothing; but it found its proper place in the building at last, and gave it a grace and strength which no other timber, however superior in other respects, could have imparted. Thus the warped tree had preached to him a sermon on true humility, and made him from that day an humble steward of the things of the kingdom.—*A. T. Soc. Tract.*

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Many speak the truth when they say that they despise riches and preferment, but they mean the riches and preferment possessed by other men.

It is no great thing to be humble when you are brought low; but to be humble when you are praised is a great and rare attainment.—*St. Bernard.*

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## Praying Hannahs.

"And she was in bitterness of spirit and prayed unto the Lord and wept sore." Alas, could our eyes run to and fro throughout the earth, how many Hannahs would we find praying unto the Lord and weeping as they pray, some few that sons may be born to them, but more that sons already given may be born unto God, "born again." "The only son of his mother, and she a widow;" how much pathos in these few words, what great and soul felt interest expressed! what tenderness, love and anxiety. Oh, who can tell the meaning of this little sentence but the widowed mother of an only son, and she can tell to none but the Lord all solicitude that is bound up in her heart for the child of her love. The Lord gave him to her and if the Lord has given her a new heart, her first desire is that her boy may from early childhood serve God.

She prays for him daily and hourly, she makes a public consecration of him to God, she teaches him to pray, she tries by precept and example to lead him in the paths of righteousness. She cautions and protects him as far as possible against evil companions, she scrupulously teaches him to keep God's holy commands, she enforces the observance of the Sabbath day, making it a time of holy joy in God's worship and service. The time arrives when the child is grown into the lad; he must go forth into the world; her prayer now is that he may choose a business which will help him in the Christian life, guarding him against such as would encroach upon the hours of the Lord's day and putting him under the care and teaching of Christian men.

Does he love the Lord! No, but he will, he must, the mother feels that he will; he is lovely, amiable and affectionate, and free from vicious propensities; and for this comforting knowledge the mother thanks God and takes courage. But she is not satisfied; her child must be born again; he does not love God's house, his word; he loves his business, his friends, his worldly pleasures, but not God. The world smiles on him and he is happy, but the mother sees his danger, knows so well the uncertainty of earthly delights and warns, entreats and begs him to turn to God, to love and follow the blessed Saviour; but all appeals are resisted; he is gay and happy and laughing, he does not need anything more he thinks.

The mother trembles, looks on this side and on that for help and counsel, but refuge fails her; no man cares for his soul. Years pass, further and further away from God, caring less and less for these things, the mother's anxiety becomes irrepressible. She cries unto the Lord day and night; like Hannah she prays and weeps sore, her soul thirsteth for God, her tears are her meat day and night. She lays her burden on the Lord, then quickly takes it up again. She sits at the feet of the blessed Saviour and craves his help: "Speak the word only and my son shall be healed."

If the personal Christ were here she knows she would travel on foot hundreds of miles for this healing influence; she would bear her precious burden and lay him at the Saviour's feet, even if it had to be by uncovering the roof where he was. But then she knows the Lord heals through the efforts of friends only such as could not get to him themselves; not such as would not go. Oh, if only her faith, her prayers, her supplications could avail to save him; how well she knows the Apostle's intense anxiety for souls, "travailing in birth" for them. Does she not travail in birth for the soul of this child, and will not the Lord give deliverance? He will, but oh, Lord, how long! Oh, that words of peace might come to her as to Hannah of old, "Go in peace and the God of Israel grant thee thy petition that thou hast asked of him." So the woman went her way and her countenance was no more sad.

"Woman, be still," said an Eastern bishop, when Monica begged him to plead with God for her son's salvation. "The child of so many prayers can't be lost."

Monica waited nineteen years for this salvation, when Augustine, through the transforming power of the Holy Spirit, turned from the service of the world to the service of the living God, becoming so bright an example to the Church of all ages and as great a miracle of God's redeeming grace as the renowned Apostle of the Gentiles was before him.

The Lord has various methods to discipline "His own" and bring them nearer to himself. Sometimes the ordeal of suffering through which the mother passes when she is sensible of the estrangement of her child from God, such suffering as brings forth groans and cries and tears,—this in itself, by proving the weakness of human helpers may incite to a more earnest grasp of the Divine arm, to a firmer laying hold of the promise of God, while by its purifying process the way is made clear for a near approach of the soul into the Divine presence, there to plead and plead and plead again that the prisoner's chains may be loosed, the captive set free, the soul of her beloved saved, eternally saved by the word of him who hath all power in heaven and on earth, "Young man, I say unto thee, arise. And he that was dead sat up and began to speak. And he delivered him to his mother."

"How wonderful that he hath answered me!
O, faithless heart, he said that he would hear
And answer thy poor prayer, and he hath heard
And proved his promise. Wherefore didst touh fear?
Why marvel that thy Lord hath kept his word?
More wonderful if he should fail to bless
Expectant faith and prayer with good success!"

—Christian Intelligencer.

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## *IN THE SECRET OF HIS PRESENCE.*

BY REV. HENRY BURTON, M. A.

In the secret of his presence
I am kept from strife of tongues;
His pavilion is around me,
And within are ceaseless songs!
Stormy winds, his word fulfilling,
Beat without but can not harm,
For the Master's voice is stilling
Storm and tempest to a calm.

In the secret of his presence
Jesus keeps, I know not how;
In the shadow of the Highest,
I am resting, hiding, now!

In the secret of his presence
All the darkness disappears;
For a sun that knows no setting
Throws a rainbow on my tears.
So the day grows ever lighter,
Broadening to the perfect noon;
So the day grows ever brighter,
Heaven is coming, near and soon.

In the secret of his presence
Nevermore can foes alarm;
In the shadow of the Highest,
I can meet them with a psalm:
For the strong pavilion hides me—
Turns their fiery darts aside,
And I know, whate'er betides me,
I shall live because he died!

In the secret of his presence
Is a sweet, unbroken rest:
Pleasures, joys, in glorious fullness,
Making earth like Eden blest;
So my peace grows deep and deeper,
Widening as it nears the sea,
For my Savior is my Keeper,
Keeping mine, and keeping me!

In the secret of his presence
Jesus keeps, I know not how;
In the shadow of the Highest,
I am resting, hiding, now!

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—In the highway of every life there is a lion who wrestles with us, strengthens us. Some of the finest light dawns upon our soul from successful conflict with secret sins.—E. Paxton Hood.

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## *PASS THEM ON.*

Christmas has gone, but the time for kindly acts and good deeds has not gone. Pass them on. The Master's commands are all days the same.

If all the good deeds of men's lives could be passed on by those who are made happier by them, the world would surely be better. Doubtless every man and woman, every boy and girl, can recall kindness shown them that they have not yet passed on. Pass the good deeds on. This is gratitude.

When the Rev. Mark Pearse was about fourteen years old, he went to London, having been in a school in Germany. He stayed in London long enough to spend all his money, excepting enough to pay his fare to his home in Cornwall.

He went by train to Bristol, and there took passage on a vessel. He thought that the passage money included his board, and therefore ordered his meals that day.

At the end of the journey a dapper little steward presented a bill for meals to the lad.

"I have no money," said the surprised boy.

"Then," replied the steward, "you should not have taken your meals at the table. What is your name?"

"Mark Guy Pearse."

The steward closed his book, took the boy by the hand, and said,—

"I never thought I should live to see you. My mother was in great distress years ago. My father had died suddenly, and your father was very kind to my mother and me. I promised myself then that if I could ever do so, I would show like kindness to some one your father loved."

The truly grateful steward paid the boy's bill, gave him five shillings, and sent him ashore in a boat rowed by five sailors.

Mark's father was waiting to receive his son.

"Father," said the boy, "it is a good thing to have a good father," and then the story of the steward's kindness was told.

"My lad," said Mr. Pearse, "it is long since I passed the kindness on to him in doing what I did. Now he has passed it on to you. As you grow up, mind that you often pass it on to others."

Years afterwards, when the boy had become a man, he was going by rail on a short journey, when he saw a boy crying bitterly.

On asking the cause of his grief, the boy replied that he had not enough money by four-pence to pay his fare to the town in which he lived.

Mr. Pearse at once bought the boy a ticket, and then related his own experience on the steamer years before.

"And now," he concluded, "I want you to be sure and pass this kindness on to others if you are ever able to do so."

As the train left the station, the smiling boy waved his handkerchief and said,—

"I will pass it on, sir; I will pass it on."

Good deed, kind acts—pass them on. Pass them. The year awaits them—three hundred and sixty-five days—full of human needs.

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Every man's own besetting sin is the tempest. You love God; you walk upon the sea; the swellings of this world are under your feet.—*Anselm.*

## HAD TO GIVE UP THE BABY.

In the case of William H. York, who was a few days since granted a divorce from Minnie C. York, the court yesterday ordered that their child, a girl hardly a year old, be taken from the mother and given to the father. Deputy Sheriff App served the writ and went after the child at the home of the mother on Maxwell street. The baby cried, and Mr. App was so appalled that he told the mother to come with him to the sheriff's office, which she did, bringing the child. The father was there, as also was the wife's father. The latter denounced York. The mother had to give up the child, as the decree of divorce gave the father the custody of the child. In the divorce case York alleged desertion. Mrs. York, it is said, did not mind the divorce, but claimed that she was not aware that she would have to give up the baby.

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## CHIVALROUS WYOMING.

A pleasant incident occurred during the recent national woman suffrage convention in Washington:

Ex-Gov. Hoyt, of Wyoming, was seen in the audience, and was called upon. He said that when he came in to this meeting and saw the Wyoming flag, he was glad he came from a State so dear to all men and women who love equal rights. The suffrage flag, which now bears only the one star of Wyoming, will by and by be studded all over with stars. One of the most gratifying recollections of his life was that as a member of the constitutional convention of Wyoming, he helped to devise the equal rights clause; and when a timid member called him aside and asked him if they would not do better to leave the women out, he answered with indignation: "No, sir. Your wife and mine have helped to build up this Territory, and never, with my consent, shall Wyoming apply to Congress for admission without her women, if she has to wait outside for a thousand years!" The great majority of the constitutional convention sustained this view.

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## The Use of Stimulants by Women.

The use of stimulants by women is alluded to by the Boston *Medical and Surgical Journal*, which does not regard the habit as widely spread. It goes on to say that the habits which have been commonly considered tolerable in men, but intolerable in women, appear to be losing their exclusiveness in England, at least, and to be invading the ranks of the female sex from the top of the social scale. This has recently been the subject of a somewhat sensational address by Lady Frederick Cavendish before the National Congress of the Church of England, in which the use and abuse of alcohol and tobacco among the ladies of the kingdom are graphically described. She asserts that such objects as "nips," "cocktails," and "B. and S.'s," and the flavors of different brands of cigarettes are as well understood by the female as the male portion of a large and fashionable set, and that the custom is becoming common for ladies to accompany gentlemen to the smoking room after dinner, and smoke and tipple with them on equal terms. Drunkenness among well-to-do women in England has been known to exist for some time, and the inference is that it is not decreasing, but is rather stimulated by the liberal behavior of the fashionable classes.

In this country this condition of things does not enjoy the same social tolerance; but it is interesting to notice that on the same day that Lady Cavendish addressed the English audience the Woman's Christian Temperance Union in New York listened to a speech by Mrs. Nelson, in which she claimed that a large and constantly increasing number of American women were habitually using different stimulants, especially opium.

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## HOT WORK IN MISSISSIPPI.

**Dear Union Signal**:—Last spring when the Mississippi legislature was in session, passing the high license laws that we are now living under, three saloon men at Flora tried to secure licenses for the ensuing year, before the new laws went into effect. As soon as their petitions were printed in the county papers, the W. C. T. U. called a meeting and deputized me to go to Canton, the county seat, and employ a lawyer in order to defeat the petitions before the board of supervisors which was soon to meet. When I called on the first lawyers of Canton with the view of asking them to take our case, I found that they were already employed by the liquor men. I finally had to resort to a northern man who was a Republican and an anti-Prohibitionist, but a fine attorney, who took the case for fifty dollars.

When the board of supervisors met he attempted to defeat the three petitions on the ground of a technical flaw, but failed, as the board was composed of liquor men. Nothing daunted, he carried the case to the circuit court and fought it through and gained the victory. The saloon men were enraged. One, whose saloon was just outside the corporate limits of Flora, and who had made a great deal from it, took an appeal to the supreme court which meets at Jackson in September. Besides this, he has brought suit for $10,000 against six of the leading members of the W. C. T. U. and three gentlemen on the ground of "trespass" and "conspiracy." This last case will come up in the circuit court in November. I was among the members who were summoned from the W. C. T. U. The saloon-keeper got his idea of "conspiracy" from the fact that two of the gentlemen named in the indictment promised financial backing to the W. C. T. U. The W. C. T. U. was not chartered and the saloon men urge that no person, or number of persons, has a right to interfere with the business of a citizen or number of citizens.

This is the first time in the history of the women of the South, to my knowledge, that the members of the W. C. T. U. have had a lawsuit with saloon-keepers or anybody else. Of course, the case will create excitement and be watched with interest. Already the liquor papers of Vicksburg are saying that "Hutson, the saloonist, is gaining the sympathy of the people"; and Hutson, the saloonist, it is well known, is backed by the Liquor Dealers' Association of Mississippi for any amount of money needed. It is easy to imagine how those timid, shrinking women feel, who have never, in all their lives, had any connection with public work. Some of them have set their faces like rocks and have felt no intimidation, but others are agonizing over it; they say if we lose the case that they will have to forfeit their homes and other property, and their children will be reduced to want; others of them have no sympathy from their husbands and are in deep trouble, but continue to work. They have retained the same lawyer to represent them in the supreme court; he charges an additional fee of fifty dollars. This one hundred dollars, with other expenses of the court, they are raising by hard work among themselves.

I have been implored to write to you for them, and to beg for sympathy in this hour of deep trouble; they would feel strengthened and encouraged if they knew that they had the backing of the National W. C. T. U. Men scoff at them and say a liquor league will support its own, but a handful of struggling women receive no support from the organization to which they belong.

Mrs. Anna Goodloe is the brave president of this union, and needs every encouragement that generous natures can suggest. This is an era not only in the history of this little local W. C. T. U. but in that of the state of Mississippi and of the South. **Belle Kearney.**

*Flora, Miss.*

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## Health.

### A Swedish Cure for the Habitual Drunkard.

Habitual drunkards are cared for in a singular and withal effective manner in Norway and Sweden. The penalty is imprisonment, and during the incarceration they are fed on bread and wine, no water being allowed them. The bread is steeped in wine for an hour before it is brought to the cell night and morning. It tastes good at first, but after eight or ten days the prisoner is so nauseated by it that he refuses it. The cure is considered quite as effective as any gold treatment can be.

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## AFTER-SUPPER TALK

I have read with a good deal of interest what Dr. Seaver, the professor of athletics at Yale College, says about the effect of tobacco upon the minds and bodies of the students in that institution. He says that the smokers are inferior in lung power, in bodily weight and in height to those who do not smoke. They are not so muscular, cannot endure bodily strain so well, and are inferior mentally to those who do not smoke. When he wants hard work done, either bodily or mental, he does not go to the smokers for it. Of those who within a given time have received junior appointments, only five per cent were smokers, and few smokers have received appointments of any kind. He reports also that seventy per cent of the senior class do not smoke; that the leading athletes do not smoke: and that not a single candidate for the rowing match was a smoker. So it would seem that smoking for young men and boys is going out of fashion, for which we are heartily glad.

This brings to mind a little incident told me a few days ago. Harry A. was a large, stout, healthy, fine-looking boy of sixteen whose great ambition it was to be as large as his father, who was a six-footer, and wide in proportion; and he seemed in a fair way to realize his ambition, for he was growing fast and strong. One day a gentleman, a friend, met Harry puffing away at a cigar with all his might. "Why, Harry!" he said, "I didn't know you smoked." "Oh, yes! What's the harm?" was the reply. "Well, let me tell you one harm it will do. It will stunt your growth. You will never make such a man as your father is if you keep on." "I'll risk it," was the laughing rejoinder, as they went their separate ways.

That was four years ago. Harry kept on with his smoking. He is twenty now, and is a short, pale, spindling youth, with digestion out of order, frequent headaches, nervous and irritable, and with not the slightest hope in the world of ever competing with his father in either bodily or mental size. His physician says it all comes from his smoking, yet he will not give up his beloved cigars; preferring to go through life half the man he might be, rather than give up a debilitating and offensive habit.—*Phebe Bird, in Th eAdvance.*

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## The Drunkard's Posterity.

Demme studied ten families of drinkers and ten families of temperate persons. The direct posterity of the ten families of drinkers included fifty-seven children. Of these, twenty-five died in the first weeks and months of their life, six were idiots, in five children a striking backwardness of their longitudinal growth was observed, five were affected with epilepsy, five with inborn diseases. One boy was taken with chorea and became idiotic. Thus, of the fifty-seven children of drinkers, only ten, or 17.5 per cent, showed a normal constitution and development.

The ten sober families had sixty-one children, five only dying in the first weeks; four were affected with curable diseases of the nervous system; two only presented inborn defects. The remaining fifty, 81.9 per cent, were normal in their constitution and development.

From this series of investigations we derive the sad truth that among the children of drinkers the prevailing mortality is fearful; that the surviving represents a pitiful crowd afflicted with unsoundness of mind, idiocy, epilepsy, and other disturbances of their nervous system; and that only a very small proportion of the descendants grow up as useful members of society.—*Herald of Health.*

## The Prevention of Drunkenness.

At a recent meeting of the Society for the Study of Inebriety, Dr. James Steward, of Dunmurry Clifton, said that they could not too often, as scientific men, protest against the use of the words "drunkenness" and "inebriety" as if they were convertible terms. M. Trelat had put the difference very clearly, thus: "Drunkards are people who drink when they find any opportunities of drinking; dipsomaniacs are diseased persons who get drunk whenever the attack seizes them." The lecturer gives the following summary of his views:

1. Drunkenness is a vice, inebriety a disease. The two terms must not be confounded.

2. The disease of inebriety, once established, may be transmitted to the patient's offspring, either in the form of the alcoholic diathesis, epilepsy, chorea, insanity, or even tendency to crime.

3. The child of an inebriate, born after the functional or structural lesion has been established, is sure to inherit some nervous diathesis.

4. The only security against this diathesis developing as inebriety is by lifelong total abstinence on the part of the child.

5. Even the adoption of this precaution will not absolutely make certain that there will be no transmission of the cachexia by the child to his or her own offspring.

6. To prevent the development of the alcoholic neurosis in other directions—such as epilepsy—sudden excitement of the emotions and sensibilities, such as might be produced by corporal punishment at the hands of strangers, should in all cases be guarded against.

7. In the prophylaxis of inebriety the principle to be acted upon with regard to children's training is, that if you accentuate the good you attenuate the evil.

8. The marriage of the child, or even grandchild, of an inebriate to a first cousin should be absolutely interdicted.—*The Prov. Medical Journal.*

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## TRAGEDY IN SIAM.

### A Faithless Wife and Her Lover Put to Death by the King.

NEW YORK, June 11.—Paul Jurgenson, purveyor of amusements to the king of Siam, has just arrived in the city, to visit his brother Oliver, confidential manager for Gustav Frohman of this city. Mr. Jurgenson reports a great scandal at the court of the king of Siam. One of the king's favorite wives proved untrue, and met a frightful death along with her lover, a nobleman. The nobleman, who knew the woman before she had been donated to the king by her father, was smuggled into the palace by his sweetheart, dressed as a woman. He was finally discovered, and both he and the woman were summarily executed. The nobleman was tied to a stake while lying flat on his back on the ground, and a herd of elephants tramped his live out. The woman was quartered by the king's executioner.

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The "Weekly Bulletin," a liquor paper of Louisville, Ky., said in its issue of March 10, 1887:

There is a growing sentiment among the distillers of this State in favor of high license, some even favoring a $1,000 license.

The "Staats Zeitung," a German liquor paper published in Nebraska, says:

The principal opponents of high license in Nebraska were the brewers, who believed that the consumption of beer would be lessened. As they now tell us, the enforcement of the high license tax has not injured the sale of beer, and it is plain that the saloon business is now in the hands of a better class than of old, and the brewer is doing a better business.

Henry Clausen, jr., a great German brewer, said in an address to the Brewers' and Malsters' convention:

We feel, as individual brewers, looking upon it from a business standpoint, that high license will concentrate the dispensing of malt and alcoholic drinks, and place it in the hands of more responsible parties. That is what we are seeking; it is to our interest.

The saloonkeepers of Wisconsin adopted the following resolutions:

We endorse the license system and favor the imposing of a reasonable license that will not result in monopoly, and condemn the indiscriminate issue of licenses, recognizing that the officers of the law should inquire into the character and qualifications of the persons to whom licenses are issued.

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The New York "Tribune," in pleading with some of the refractory liquor men who thought that the Crosby high license law is not dealing with them justly, said to them:

Even the liquor interest, if it understood the things which concern it clearly, would refrain from fighting this bill.

The New York "Sun" Democratic and anti-prohibition, in advocating the Crosby law and urging the liquor dealers to make no opposition to its passage, said:

The liquor dealers should pause and remember that prohibition is but an alternative to high license. Defeating the one will be a potent promoter of the other.

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## WOMEN'S VOTE IN WYOMING.

Mrs. Helen M. Warren, wife of U. S. Senator Warren, of Wyoming. says in a recent letter:

You ask if woman suffrage is popular with the best class of our people, both men and women. I answer, most emphatically, yes. I speak from an experience of twenty-one years.

To-day, I have been to the polls and voted for an alderman, and the majority of my lady friends have done likewise. One of our cultured ladies, one who would grace any position, sat with the gentlemen at the polls as one of the judges of election. All the ladies were treated as respectfully as if they were attending a White House reception, instead of voting in a carriage-house. We never receive any other treatment.

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## NON-ALCOHOLIC REMEDIES.

"What can we use instead of alcoholics in emergency cases so often arising in the home?" questions many a parent who shrinks from incurring the risk attending alcoholic medication. Dr. L. M. Ousley, house physician of the National Temperance Hospital, Chicago, has prepared a leaflet to answer this question, from which we are permitted to make extracts. As both the allopathic and homeopathic schools are represented on its staff, the remedies given represent both, and include many household remedies quite as easy to procure and administer as brandy or wine.

What beside alcohol will dissolve camphor?

Sweet oil.

What may be used in the place of alcohol for a stimulating bath?

1. One teacupful of sea salt to a gallon of water. 2. Aqua ammonia, twenty drops to the gallon.

What may be used instead of alcohol in collapse?

1. Aqua ammonia, one to five drops in a wine glass of water. 2. Aromatic spirits of ammonia, ten to thirty drops in a wineglass of water. 3. 1-30 to 1-60 grain of atropine, given hypodermically.

What may be substituted for brandy to be taken after having teeth extracted?

Aromatic spirits of ammonia, ten to thirty drops, in a wine glass of water.

What may be taken in the place of alcohol in fevers when patients are at the low point so often reached in typhoid?

1. Aromatic spirits of ammonia, ten to thirty drops at a dose. 2. Quinea, from one to five grains. 3. Cactus grandiflora. 4. Caffeine. 5. Digitalis. 6. One part of camphor to four parts of olive oil, fifteen minims every one or two hours, hypodermically. 7. Powdered camphor, two to five grains every one or two hours.

What remedy shall we use to counteract the poison of diphtheria?

1. Permanganate of potash, in three grain doses. 2. Tincture of chloride of iron. 3. Bichloride of mercury. 4. Chloride of potash. 5. Hydrochloric acid.

Here are some cures for snake-bites vouched for by Dr. Swartz, within easy reach of everybody: turpentine; put in a wide mouthed bottle. and place the uncorked mouth directly over the bite, holding it closely so no air can get in. The turpentine will soon be colored by the virus; empty out, and put in fresh.

2. A strong solution of soda, applied to the wound and also taken internally.

3. Kill a chicken and bind on to the wound while the flesh is still warm.

4. Amomnia applied in the same way as directed for turpentine.

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Rev. David Sessums, of New Orleans, the Episcopal Bishop of Louisiana, took an active part in the anti-lottery contest, and said: "I lament that women are not yet equipped with the full power of franchise to which they are entitled, in order that their principles might have the representation which they deserve in the life of the community; and I desire to express my belief that if they were so equipped they would wisely use their balance of power, and would speedily win victory for the cause of true enlightenment and civilization."

## THE BOARD OF LADY MANAGERS.

Hon. Thomas W. Palmer, of Michigan, President of the World's Fair, made an address at the Asbury Park Auditorium, on Sunday, Aug. 13, to three thousand persons. He spoke of the beauty and magnitude of the Fair, the liberality of the people and Congress in the work of raising money for it's consummation, and gave a synopsis of the undertaking from its conception in 1886.

Mr. Palmer spoke in complimentary terms of the Board of Lady Managers. Nothing of the present century, he said, compares with the work they have done at Chicago. "Don't believe," said he, "the reports you hear that there is continual strife and dissatisfaction among them. They behave better than the men, yes, and the House of Representatives also."

We are glad that President Palmer has thus authoritatively contradicted the sensational exaggerations of differences of opinion in the Board of Lady Managers. Ability, urbanity and good sense have characterized its usual proceedings, and occasional controversies have seldom exceeded the limits of parliamentary debate. Remembering that differences of opinion are unavoidable, women have reason to be pleased and satisfied with the general conduct of their representatives on the Board of Managers.

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## *INDEPENDENT YOUNG WOMEN.*

One of the most edifying, and at the same time significant, sights New York has witnessed in many a day was the re-union of the working girls of that city, held in the large ball-room of Madison Square Garden on Saturday night last. Eighteen clubs, with a membership of 1,500, were represented, and the boxes were filled by many of the leading fashionables of the great city, who, to their credit be it said, have taken an interest in these organizations, and have encouraged them, as they deserve to be. The first club was established in 1881, since which time there has been a steady growth in their numbers and in their membership. The principles upon which they were formed, as we learn from an admirable, sympathetic and exhaustive article in *The World*, "were self-improvement, social intercourse and the development of higher and nobler aims." They are governed by the members, for the members, and are self-supporting and efficient. The organization is Democratic-Republican, as, in a free country, it ought to be, and the result has been a remarkable success. The object of the Central Association, which has been as well, as skillfully and as ably managed as any society in the United States, are specifically outlined to be: (1) To strengthen, to knit together and to protect the interests of the several societies. (2) To hold meetings when the reports of the societies shall be presented, and to make more generally known their aims and advantages. (3) To promote the general adoption of the principles upon which the societies have been formed. (4) To secure the services, by co-operation, of good teachers, lady physicians and lecturers. (5) To keep the several societies informed of such classes and schemes as are proved valuable. (6) To encourage and assist in the establishment of new societies. At the reunion on Saturday there were no men present. True to their principles of self-reliance, the young girls went to and returned from the ball-room by themselves without male escorts, and found their partners for the dances in their own ranks, the music being furnished by the famous Lander's Orchestra. But this only affords one view of those clubs. Their rooms are inviting resorts, made so by books, magazines, music, lectures by competent persons on technical and other subjects, lessons in cooking and housekeeping and off-hand talks that are in line with the pursuits and occupations of the girls, the whole spirit and effect being one of encouragement of self-elevation and self-dependence.

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## The Calf-Path.

[*"Dedicated to the lovers of 'English as she is spelt.'"*]

ONE day through the primeval wood,
A calf walkt home, as good calves should;
But made a trail all bent askew,
A crooked trail, as all calves do.
Since then two hundred years have fled,
And, I infer, the calf is dead.
But still he left behind his trail,
And thereby hangs a moral tale.
The trail was taken up next day
By a lone dog that past that way.
And then the wise bell-wether sheep
Pursued the trail o'er vale and steep.
And drew the flock behind him, too,
As good bell-wethers always do.
And from that day, o'er hill and glade,
Through those old woods a path was made,
And many men wound in and out,
And turned and dodged and bent about,
And uttered words of righteous wrath,
Because 'twas such a crooked path;
But still they followed—do not laugh—
The first migration of that calf,
And through this winding woodway stalkt
Because he wabbled when he walkt.
This forest path became a lane,
That bent and turned and turned again;
This crooked lane became a road,
Where many a poor horse, with his load,
Toiled on beneath the burning sun,
And traveled some three miles in one.
And thus a century and a half
They trod the footsteps of that calf.
The years past on in swiftness fleet,
The road became a village street,
And this, before the men were aware,
A city's crowded thoroughfare,
And soon the central street was this
Of a renowned metropolis.
And men two centuries and a half
Trod in the footsteps of that calf;
Each day a hundred thousand rout
Followed the zigzag calf about;
And o'er his crooked journey went
The traffic of a continent.
A hundred thousand men were led
By a calf near three centuries dead,
They followed still his crooked way,
And lost one hundred years a day;
For this such reverence is lent
To well-establisht precedent.
A moral lesson this much teach
Were I ordained and called to preach,
For men are prone to go it blind
Along the calf-paths of the mind,
And work away from sun to sun
And do what other men have done.
They follow in the beaten track,
And out and in, and forth and back,
And still their devious course pursue,
To keep the path that others do.
But how wise the wood-gods laugh,
Who saw that first primeval calf!
And many things this tale might teach—
But I am not ordained to preach.

SAM WALTER FOSS.

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Here is a Mayor and public official whose frankness and plain speaking are unique. Others may hold similar views, inspired by different motives, and operating on their actions in different ways—but few, if any, have thus avowed themselves. Says Hon. Brand Whitlock, author and Socialistic Democrat, successor and follower of "Golden Rule" Jones as Mayor of Toledo, speaking before a committee of the Ohio Legislature:

Mr. Roberts (a Representative)—But as Mayor of Toledo you have taken an oath to enforce the laws of the State, have you not?

Mayor Whitlock—Oh, yes; but the taking of an oath of office is not much more than a form, anyway, and I don't regard it very seriously.

Mr. Roberts—Then you stultify your honor by not abiding by your oath.

Mayor Whitlock—Well, I haven't the superstitious reverence for the law that many people seem to have. In fact, I have no reverence for it.

## CARDINAL GIBBONS'S DEFENSE OF THE ROMAN CHURCH.

BY REV. ORMAN T. HEADLEY.

A somewhat casual reading recently of a book entitled "In Defense of the Faith," by James Cardinal Gibbons, the great Catholic prelate, led to a ripening of many ideas concerning the dangers of the rapid spread of this mighty Church in America. In this book an appeal is made more specifically to the non-Catholics of America, and so fascinating a writer is Cardinal Gibbons that those not possessed of sufficiently independent ideas concerning faith and doctrines are in danger of falling a prey to Cardinal Gibbons's spell of enthusiastic reasoning in defense of his Church.

Of course Cardinal Gibbons knows he is striking a blow at America's democratic institutions when he is trying to breed a distrust in the average man's ability for interpreting Scripture. But he knows, nevertheless, that the success of his book depends upon the breeding of such a distrust.

Always in the last residuum it remains for a defender of the Catholic faith to show us why God would do for a Roman bishop, the pope, what he would not do for any other man of equal devotion and intelligence. Which thing has never been done. Of course we must do with this like we must do with many other fundamentals of that faith. We must just concede the truth of some things and pass along. In other words, we must have a blind and unreasoning faith.

All in all, the whole system must be a beautiful, beautiful myth—a sentimental myth. If simply affiliating with the Roman Catholic hierarchy and subscribing to its dogmas and myths determines whether or not we shall be lost or saved, and if really our sins are retained unless we have them pardoned by the Roman Catholic formula, then the universe must be a farce, creation a scourge, a merciful God a myth, justice and love a morbid imagination and an immense delusion.

Yet Cardinal Gibbons and Roman prelates generally believe that all men in the world are lost if they do not finally come to the Church (Romish).

One trouble is that prelates, priests, and cardinals seem incapable of seeing God except through their loophole, the Romish Church. God in the broader sense they have never known.

Another trouble is that they have always been so near the Catholic religion as to be unable to take a retrospective view of it. Cardinal Gibbons says: "I have imbibed her doctrine with my mother's milk; I have made her history and theology the study of my life." This is true beyond question, and explains to a degree his blind devotion to it. And he continues: "Ah, my dear friends, if you saw her as her children see her, she would no longer appear to you as typified by the woman of Babylon. . . . In coming to the Church (Roman), you are not entering a strange place, but you are returning to your fathers' home. . . . You come back like the prodigal son to the home of your Father and Mother."

Cardinal Gibbons in making a defense of the Roman religion, in making an appeal for its acceptance, is endeavoring to establish the belief in the "infallibility of the pope" before the Protestant world, yet bravely makes the following statement in regard to the morality of the popes: "But although a vast majority of the sovereign pontiffs should have been so unfortunate as to lead vicious lives, this circumstance would not of itself impair the validity of their prerogatives, which are given not for the preservation of their morals, but for the guidance of their judgment." He then makes the open plea that all the popes since St. Peter have judged infallible judgment with respect to doctrine and morals, yet admits that they were moral derelicts at times themselves. There is no mistaking here. The argument is plain that the judgment of the immoral popes is as infallible as the judgment of the moral ones, even though their lives are vicious. For says he after making the broad boast that the Church could not be reformed, "If only one instance could be given in which the Church ceased to teach a doctrine of faith which had been previously held, that single instance would be the deathblow of her claim to infallibility," and then adds that in the history of the Church no decree of faith or morals has ever been changed or revoked, whether given by a moral or an immoral pope.

The following is a summary of the more objectionable elements of Cardinal Gibbons's argument:

1. He would have us believe that the pope is the divinely appointed vicar of Jesus Christ, and that Jesus Christ lent his efforts for the express purpose of establishing what is known as the Catholic Church, and that it has preserved inviolable its mission, faith, and doctrine for nineteen centuries, and will until the end of time.

2. That the pope is incapable of error in point of doctrine or faith, regardless of his moral status. He may even be vicious and retain his infallible prerogatives.

3. In point of a difference between a pope's decision and the express command of Scripture, he would have us give the pope first and always absolute precedence.

4. He would have us give the pope power over the civil government in order that the pope might have freedom and independence in the government of the Church. He says: "The sole end of the temporal power has been to secure for the pope independence and freedom in the government of the Church.

5. He would have us believe that the Catholic Church was founded at Jerusalem in the year 33 by Christ, and cites the New Testament as his authority.

6. He would have us believe there was no moral wrong involved in the sale of indulgences, and defends the act of the pope in granting the sale of indulgences which caused the Protestant revolt and reformation because of "good ends to be attained."

These are some of the things the Roman Catholic hierarchy stands for in the absolute. No deviation, no variance henceforth and forever, and the condition of membership is an absolute surrender of your own private opinion in religious matters. The command is simply to obey and pay. Indeed, to quote: "The Christian should have for his spiritual mother [the Roman Church] all the simplicity, all the credulity, I might say, of a child guided by the instincts of faith."

When we note the rapid advance of such a religion, we may well have cause to fear. One American prelate has already assured the holy father that America would soon be their own—only a matter of time. A beautiful myth is Catholic doctrine, but hideous when believed as a reality. Why a man of the supposed preëminence of Cardinal Gibbons should ask American free-thinking people to have absolute faith in such a system "merely on the authority of the pope," without any living reason, is beyond our comprehension.

Roman Catholics have been making serious assaults on Protestant Christians and churches in Liverpool, England. Houses have been wrecked and people injured.

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ous drawings of her were inaccurate, *News* sketched her on rounds of sick and wounded.

6. *Mattingly & Moo*

The Supreme Court of the State of Texas has handed down an opinion to the effect that there is nothing in the constitution of that State to prohibit the reading of the Bible in public schools. The Court goes even farther and vindicates the singing of religious songs and the offering of prayers, citing the fact that the sessions of the State Legislature and of the national Congress are opened with prayer and affirming, what everybody knows, that "Christianity is interwoven with the web and woof of our government." We trust that this sensible and courageous stand of the Texas Supreme Court will serve to strengthen the hands of tribunals in other States against the few noisy citizens who wish to make our public schools atheistical.

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1. *Money measures get relatively too large attention, moral measures too little.* Even the most religious of legislators, those who are considered good friends of reform, seldom give anything but mere shavings of time and thought to moral measures. Even they, much more the many, are so swept before the current of commercialism, that they forget the great truth enunciated by Gladstone, that the chief purpose of law is to make it as hard as possible to do wrong and as easy as possible to do right. They forget that the Supreme Court has named "the public health and the public morals" as the highest subjects of governmental care. The Republican platforms recently declared that "the chief concern of government is temperance and morality," neither of which got a word in the President's inaugural; neither of which gets more than a beggar's crumb from Congress. Shall we learn nothing from the history of dead and dying nations? Not one has died of free trade or free silver, but most of them of free love. Conquest even has seldom killed save when moral cancer had prepared the way. It is the plain teaching of history that in national life pure morals is the real "advance agent of prosperity."

8. *The Christian vote, tho really much larger than "the liquor vote," or "the labor vote," or "the foreign vote," is really less regarded by the average Congressman than even the letter-carrier's vote, because Christian citizenship so seldom punishes for*

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THE BIBLE IS BANISHED from public schools but it is the fault of poltroon politicians and not that of teachers whose experience would have dictated an opposite policy. At the last meeting of the Wisconsin Teachers' Association, the committee appointed to investigate language study recommended that Bible stories be told to children since the law forbade the reading of the Scriptures themselves. What a preposterous situation is this, when the Book which is acknowledged by all wise men to be the foundation of modern civilization is barred from our public schools.

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## THE FOURTH ILLINOIS C

**Editor of "The Voice":—As chaplain of t**
**I am forced to say that the canteens in our reg**
**fully demonstrated to be detrimental to the a**
**prevailing cause, if not all, of the troubles i**
**our regimental canteen has been closed. "N**
**door.**

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## A Heroine of Camp Wykoff

SIDE by side with Mrs. Walworth, director-general of the Woman's National War Relief Association, in all her labors, stood her young daughter, Reubena Walworth, one of the heroines of our war with Spain.

Miss Walworth was an artist. Singularly open to the changing beauty of earth and cloud and sky, receptive of the best in literature and art, yet her whole nature sprang to meet human suffering, as it forced itself upon her in all its awful reality during the recent war.

After the first glimpse of the fever-stricken men, she never swerved from the path where her heart led. Eminently practical, she put herself under training for a nurse's duty.

When at Camp Wykoff, in the helplessness and horror of the first struggles to care for the countless sick, an officer said to her mother: "We have 600 men out there in the detention hospital; we need suitable food, ice, nurses. In fact, we need everything,"—the girl at once desired to go.

"But there is not a woman there, and no other woman to go with you," urged her mother. "It can not be your duty to put yourself in such danger."

"It is just because there is no other, because the need is so great, that I am sure it is my place," she answered.

And from that hour began a ministry that never faltered. She went, realizing full well that to be shut in with sick and dying was to have friends and visitors—and even her mother's face—shut out. She sent back for her trunk at the end of one day's work, and, taking up her abode in the hospital, entered upon her work with a spirit so brave and a face so bright that her presence was a benediction at every bedside, and her voice the comfort of many a dying boy. And when the contagious ward filled up, and there were no volunteer nurses, she alone offered to go where it meant isolation from the outside world, and certain danger, and possible death. And thither she went, and there she stayed, while the poor wasted creatures crept back to life, or passed away with their dying eyes fixed on her patient face.

Thru all that dread experience no one ever heard her utter one word that showed a shrinking from her task. When it was over, and the "boys" mostly gone back to their homes or to their graves, then the fever began to burn its fiery way into her own life, and she owned reluctantly that she "was tired," she "only needed rest." And rest came swift and sure, but by the awful road of delirium, and thirst, and dreams, in which she fancied herself in the green pastures or by a quiet sea. She lingered thru home days and hospital days, when all that love could do to save her was done. And when it was all over, they carried her for burial home to Saratoga.

They thought to have a quiet funeral in the family home; but the people would not have it so. The church stood waiting for her, as it had been decorated for their soldier dead; and with soldiers as her escort, to the sound of martial music, they placed her under the drooping flags of her country.

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Mrs Walworth's mother, also Mrs Walworth was sister of A. J. Smith
Mrs Ellen Hardin Walworth, one of the founders of D. A. R.

The daughter married her
step-father's son so both mother
and daughter were Mrs Walworth

Mrs Walworth married
Gen John J. Hardin,
then married
Chancellor Walworth

The Tennessee Methodist
Dec. 19 1895

s elect wo-
promised ad-
ppropriate words
y invoked Divine
both the speaker
rers.

F. Haynes, in introduc-
Miss Willard, said:

A few years ago, while pastor f McKendree Church in this city, I had the honor and the good fortune to have a woman of world-wide and worthy fame to occupy the pulpit of that church on a certain Sunday night. Meeting one of my members the next morning who believed with the most profoundly orthodox that women ought to "keep silent in the churches," and with a big "S," I said, "Well, how did you like the speaker last night?,' "I had one very serious objection to her," he replied. "Well, what is that?" I asked. He replied, smiling: "She tears up a man's convictions too ruthlessly." The building was packed with an audience of rare culture. The address delivered by the speaker of the occasion thrilled and edified and blessed a vast assembly. My reason for securing her for my pulpit on that occasion was the same which has impelled me for very many y ears to render her my most cordial support and my sincerest prayers. It was because her name had been for long years talismanic in inciting the best and noblest of both sexes to heroic antagonism of all evil, and to the pursuit of all which makes most for the glory or God, the weal of home, and the safety of our native land. God's hand has been on that name and on that life making them an inspiration to chivalry, a shore-line for rescuing sinking patriotism from its final grave, and a sentinel whose heroism and self-abnegation has done more than any other name and life in guarding and defending human liberty in its final and decisive conflict in this land and in this age upon which the ends of the world are come.

Modern ecclesiasticisms are willing to let God save men and uplift society and make a just arbitrament of human liberty, provided He will accomplish those results according to the machine methods and mandates of these ecclesiasticisms.

Machine made goods alone take well with the average church nowadays. Hand made goods are at a grievous discount, though the hand that makes them all be the hand of the Mighty God. I believe when God makes a motion churches should at least second the motion and allow the question put. When God's hand is laid upon women, and they are sent forth in the benign work of furthering the very ends for which their Redeemer died, if ecclesiasticisms fail to second this motion the people will not fail to do so. This is evidenced by the hearty support, the eager hearing and the intense love rendered by the great heart of the best of America's people to the voice and the conscience whose burning appeal you are to listen to this afternoon. It is further evidenced by the widespread approval given the appellation long since accorded Frances E. Willard as "The Uncrowned Queen of America."

Wherever want shivers in pitiless neglect, wherever homes are begloomed by the unavenged and unnumbered ravages of legislated iniquity, wherever shadows, worse than the shadows in the valley of death man tle the home and fatally sh the hope of virtue, soiled
ery, weary eyes turn to
of our honored speaker
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TEN

e Address.

*rothers and Sisters of a common sorrow and a common hope:*
ming forward to speak this afternoon, there is in my heart the prayer that the mariners on the coast of Britain are wont to breathe when they go to their perilous night-boating trips. It is said that what they breathe in the ear of Omnipotence is this: "Keep me my God, for my boat is so small and thy ocean is so wide." "The ocean of humanity" its surging waves are around me now, and I am not strong as I once was to speak, and speak right on. The last time I attempted it in a great audience was at Carnegie Hall, New York, and my voice failed me as I fear it may this afternoon. So, I ask especially your sympathy and prayers, and the kindest attention, for I did not not know it was to be a great audience. I hoped I might be in a church, because it is easier to speak in a church, yet I am glad there are so many here, because the splendid everybody that knows so much more than anybody has always been the base of operations of the reformer and the philanthropist.

Those were most generous words spoken by my brother who introduced me. They remind me of the gallant Colquitt, in his welcome given me fiifteen years ago when I first spoke in Atlanta, and welcomed me as a Northern woman to his own church in words so brotherly and so kind that I did not take them to myself at all no more than I do the words of my generous brother who has just spoken. I know they are uttered in a representative capacity, and that whether he is absolutely conscious of it or not, there is before him the personality of a certain motherly and friendly presence, the ideal woman of the W. C. T; U., made up of all her virtues and has none of her faults. When I was a girl at school, with a face that was a prophecy, like the fair young faces here, though mine was not fair, but though it was young, studious and thoughtful like all those that have come in this afternoon from the colleges. I used to talk about the experiences of Christianity, for I had an excursive mind, and a speculative nature, and I wanted to be firm and settled in my faith. For this reason, Paley, Butler, Wayland and Upham were great favorites with me, but they did not speak of one particular evidence of Christianity that I wish to speak of now and of, which seems to me the strongest evidence that God is good.

I am told that there are about 1500 million people in the world, and it seems to me that the attraction by which two out of that number are drawn towards each other and take a vow at God's Altar to lay the foundation of that holiest place on earth, the Home, is a proof beyond all others of the beneficence of God, for this deep intuition is the fairest rose of time whose petals and whose fragrance extend so far that you and I, and all of us are enclosed and sheltered by its tenderness and beauty. In it are found the beatitudes of fatherhood and motherhood, the brothly and sisterly affection, the passion of the patriot, the calm and steadfast love of the philanthropist, the loyalty of two, each to the other, alone makes possible for the pure home, the true church, the righteous state, the great, good-natured brotherhood of man.

It has been said by some one that marriage is an event in woman's life, and an episode in man's; but to my mind it is the sum of earthly weal or woe to both. Let any one who have the mood of mind, sup their fill of horrors as they read the evening catalogue of crime, as they read of lovers who are suicides, of sweethearts shot, and murdered wives, and know that by these tokens the stormy heart of man confesses the sacred bond—confesses it in that the crazed brain. "Its sweet bells jangled out of tone." But remember, they might have been sweet bells.

It is then for the protection of the home, which is the most intense and sacred object of man's aspiration, as of woman's, that the White Ribbon movement was begun. The praying bands went forth to plead with man, the best beloved in woman's home, to leave off drink, and to beseech men who sold drink to do so no more. The sober, second thought of that great heart-broken uprising of women is the W. C. T. U., now organized in every English speaking country, and with 10 00 local auxilliaries in
orks under a gen-
n of preventive,
ducational, social
rtments. It stands
ence, total prohibi-
life for two."

ed by the Judge to this Home.

Florence Nightingale was sketched during
ous drawings of her were inaccurate, *News* sketched her on rounds of sick and wounded.

home prior to evacuation, sketch was done by

er stands for pure politics, as wel as for pure personal habits, for the only witness that the Christian can bear as a patriot in a way that shall close the saloon, is at the ballot box. It believes that when flour in the barrel, but not in the loaf, will feed you, when coal in the mine, but not in the grate, will warm you; when wool off a sheep's back, but not woven into garments, will clothe you; then Christian sentiment, not condensed into the ballot and brought to bear through the battery of the ballot box, will control the liquor traffic in this nation. We recognize the fact that in a great free country the voters cannot rally around vacancy. They must rally around a candidate. We believe the vote of the home should be reinforced, and count two instead of one, even as each saloon is said to count five or seven. It is this majority that leaves the home defenceless, plants legalized temptation along the streets and makes the dooryard a deadline of pure boyhood and against the safety of the hearth and home. We believe it is as unstatesmanlike to allow the church to allow temperance, a sentiment made by the church and Sunday school, to go to waste through denying women the ballot as it is folly for an engineer who had manufactured a certain kind of steam, to blow it off in the form of a whistle, instead of turning it on so as to "make the wheels go around." We recognize the fact that Southern m are the among the most genero hearted in the world, and I don believe that they would look upon this phase of our great movement with unfriendly eyes as so many of them do, if they did not fear lest the ballot in the hand of woman might mean harm to the home. But if the subject is not presented to them they will never overcome this error in thinking. Therefore, that at whatever cost we are obliged to declare what we believe to be the truth of God; and I ask you to remember that this movement is going forward with constantly increasing force. In three States of the Republic women are full fledged citizens today. In one they hav municipal; in twenty-five they have the educational ballot. The provinces of Australia have several of them enfranchised women.

In England all women [illegible] taxes, and already have the [illegible]lot, except for parliamentary candidates; and in Canada they have almost as much.

Now, my brothers, which is better, that Christian women, trained at the fireside, altar and baptized at the altars of God, who seek to give a high and holy direction to this new force, or that they should leave it to men who deny Christ and his gospel, to be the leaders in one of the greatest and most significant reforms of the century? It is my solemn belief that Christian women owe it as their duty to God and the church to guide this movement into the channels of protection for every institution that is grouped around the Cross of our Redeemer. And for this reason, through good report and evil report, I am willing to try to help to do this, and to bear, if need be, "reproach without the camp."

The motto of our work is "Womanliness first; afterward, what you will." And surely that motto is a safe one.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union works for prohibition, works for the protection of the home, for the protection of woman, and for the closing up of all gambling houses and dens of infamy. The good and Christian people of the country must actively cooperate with us, not only in closing the saloons and gambling houses, and advocating total abstinence, but in trying to abolish places of sin and shame, which are the first cousins of the dram-shop itself.

In former days we did not dare to work for women who belong to that class, of which almost no mention is ever made among the happy and the fortunate, but last Sunday I organized in Louisville a W. C. T. U., and named it in honor of the great evangelist, B. Fay Mills; and as a sequel to his work in that city, among women friendless and forgotten, it is intended to found a settlement where women good and true can teach them that the always hope for those who from evil and do good, "ca their sins on Him who caret for them." It is also intend organize a systematic serie mothers' meetings for the pur of training young mothers so they will forewarn and fore their little ones against temptations that are waiting o them on the threshold of a ul life.

We believe in the White Cros League, with its pure [illegible] and pra[illegible]ces, and we [illegible] from [illegible] publishing [illegible]

bered pages of purity litera
o the homes of the nation.
rhaps some young mother is
ying, "When should I speak to
y little boy? I don't like to do
." I would answer: Only be
re of this—that the pure word
s the right of way and gets in
work before the impure has
opportunity. Key his thoughts
the heights; keep an open way
tween his heart and her's from
om it caught its rythm at first.
ep the brothers and sisters to-
ther as long as you can. Let
m go to the same schools.
ain those with each other who
e formed for each other. Stim-
ate the girl's admiration for pu-
ty in men, and a boy's admira-
n for bravery in women. Mul-
ly the topics of thought and
nversation between them. De-
lop intellectual sympathy. In-
de the solitude of the mascu-
e intellect.

The foundation of the home is
ligion and affection, but it has
cked mental companionship.
-education is producing this,
d the outlook is broad and
utiful for the men and women
he future.

he inventions of our time all
nt toward a clear brain and
ady hand. The men whom the
blic trust to control the ocean
hound, the cannon ball ex-
ss, the telegraph key, the tel-
one transmitter, the self-load-
pistol and the self-unloading
te, must be men who do
ilder their brains with al-
c stimulants. The Hotten-
can make a straight line with
re whisky aboard than wouid
ke half a dozen Vanderbilt
fessors walk in a zig-zag. The
ttentot thinks he is a great
n because he can do this; but
facts are that he is revealing,
t his revolutionary, but his ev-
tionary ancestry, by his ability
carry a large quantity of the
nk which steals away the
in. (Applause.) The more
volutions that brain has to
square inch, the more surely
swiftly does the poison get
better of it. For alcohol flies
the brain as the panther leaps
on the deer. One glass calls
two, two for three, and so on
the habit being cumulative—so
at the way of a man who drinks
pt to be a serial divided into
parts, in the first of which he
have left off if he would,
in the last he would have left
ir he could.

he labor question is closely
ed to the temperance mov
nt. To my mind, the tw
nds are a figure of it to-day.
e left hand, more choice, more
en served by its fellow, not so
ong, and likely to be embel-
hed with rings. The right
nd, firm, forceful, ingenious
d if the two are met in hones
rk, or clasped in earnest pray
, the solution of the problem
re. But if the telegraph offic
the brain under the influenc
drink, sends along the whi
ires of the nerves a false di
atch, then anarchy will gro
t of labor, and capital will g
e worst of it when the gre
aising" comes. It is for th
ason that white ribbon wom
y to make fraternal relatio
ith the labor societies a stro
ature of their work.

Dr. Parkhurst that Presby
minister in New York, sa
he wicked flee when no m
ursueth, but they go faster wh
hey know somebody is aft
hem."

This is the reason why we be- ve that Christian people are mnly bound to grasp each er's hands and stand in solid lanx for the principles that have learned as Christian wo- en, from the lips of those who re our guides and teachers.

Some will say, "you are an opti- ist. You expect too much; hat you hope for will never be alized." I do not deny that I ave always been an optimist by ature and by practice. No re- rmer could live if this were not ne of him and all those with hom he works. We believe in uman nature under the shining on of Righteousness. The coal easures are but stored up sunhine gathered untold thousands f years ago; and in the heredi- ary, inheritance and environment of humanity there is an immense deal of good that can be ounted on. Let me illustrate his:

A little newsboy in Chicago was asked by a man with a club oot to give him a "shine." He did this with hearty good will and the man whom he had served flung him a quarter saying, with a little pathos in his tone, "Take that, my boy. You have had a heavier job than usual," upon this the little fellow handed back the change, saying, "Why Mister, I couldn't make out of your hard ack."

A little girl in Kansas City, when the school house was torn down by a cyclone, and scores of little ones were caught in the

falling timbers, said to one of ou white ribbon women who wa a teacher there, as she tried t lift the heavy beam from the poor little postrate form, "Neve mind me, help Willie; I am eigh years old, and he is only five."

Mike Gorham was a young Irishman who upon his arrival in this country, got drunk in a saloon and killed a man whom he did not know, and had no quarrel with. It was a free fight, but he got plenty of justice, and was sent to Sing Sing for life. Twenty years passed, during which time a comrade who came over with him, had tried every year to get him pardoned on account of the peculiar circumstances, and after twenty years, succeeded. The men in the prison, learning this as in their wearisome lockstep they were going to their cells after their day's work, they saw Mike at the end of the corridor in citizen's dress, and about leaving. It is said for the first time in the history of the prison, they broke the rule of silence, and called out with manly voices, "goodbye, Mike; good luck, Mike,"and then toiled on to their gloomy cells, glad that he would be a man again,even though they were not. There was something in human nature of brotherly kindness, even in the hearts of those base men—something Godlike, something you can count on, something that gives us hope for the prohibition party, and everything, good, great and kind.

Several years ago, in Chicago, I advacated the appointment of women matrons in the police stations, and the Board of Aldermen declared that if we would pay her salary they would allow it. We had no money. A southern woman, then came to our relief. We appointed one and she paid the salary of that matron for two or three years; and later on they liked so well to have women matrons in the prisons, that now I think there are fifteen in the police stations in Chicago.

Just before I made my trip South I went to a home especially for these women. They were collected out of the police station and elsewhere, and there I spoke to those girls, sad faced, but not wicked looking,—most of them between fifteen and twenty-two years of age. One young woman I was told, was brought to the city by a young man under the promise of marriage. She had upon her person $200. He said he had a like amount. They went that evening to the theatre, after which they went to the hotel. When they were talking there the young man remarked, "you have some money, and I had better put it in the safe because I think it will be more safe and better for you." So she gave it to him, but he did not return. After awhile she was informed by the hotel clerk that he had left on the midnight train, and then she knew what manner of man he was. She then turned to her room, locked the door, and blew out the gas. The people found her partially asphyxiated. She regained consciousness, however, and was promptly taken to the police station and was assigned by the Judge to this Home.

It is such things as this which is bringing about woman's loyalty to woman, and we will help every woman to the extent of our power to be liberated. Men commit sins and go their gait, but if woman deviates from rectitude her doom is socially sealed. It is, therefore, an imperative duty, a necessity of the home that Nashville should have a police matron, and every father and mother say, "God bless you, I will back you," and emphasize the importance of this matter through a petition to the city council. It is a practical subject, and women of Nashville intend to bring about this good and holy work.

Down in Indiana we have a woman's reformatory prison managed entirely by women. A little while ago they brought an old woman from the State penitentiary to this new institution, and put her in care of the lady warden. She was seventy years of age, and had been twenty-seven years a prisoner. She was incarcerated for murder, and previously had committed almost every possible crime. She was called the "terror of the jail," and was kept constantly incarcerated. No woman ever dared to come near the part of the jail where she was imprisoned. She was brought to the reformatory in an arm chair, was chained at the wrist and ankles, and was fastened to the chair besides, and brought by officers of the State thoroughly armed. She was set down in the vestibule of the reformatory prison. And now appeared on the
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oor old creature, falling at her feet, caught the hem of her garment, kissed it, and looking up, murmured, "Did you think I could be better? Did you think I could be better?"

Yes, that she could be better, that anybody could be saved, was the belief that made that warden fearless. It was not three weeks until that poor old woman professed publicly her faith in Christ—it was not three months until she had the name of a saint among them there. It was not three years until she had this blessed name, "The angel of the jail."

As I thought about her, and heard the story from women who had participated in the scene, I said it is a figure of humanity bound so long and heavily with chains of drink, with poisons that steal away the brain and take away the will power. Down in this prison house of sense are these people with their impurities upon them, with their slavery upon them, and these awfully cowardly laws that legalize temptation upon them. Poor chained humanity that never had a chance yet! But it shall have a chance. (Applause.) Bound under treacherous custom and cowardly law, chained by the nicotine hallucination, the alcohol delusion, the brutal delirium of impurity, it has never had a chance yet. *But it shall have a chance!*

Thank God, it is getting out into the light, and that light grows brighter all the time, and if we only trust the people, no matter how debased, and work for them the very best we know how, and be as long suffering towards them in their failures as God is toward us in our infirmities and failures, the time shall come for which every poet has longed, which has sustained the heart of every orator, which has been the impassioned plea of every minister of Christ, which is the deepest inspiration of every heart that is in this greataudience today,the time when

"In the long years of God,
In the long paths untrod,
The world shall yet be led,
Its heart be comforted."

(Prolonged applause,)

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Florence Nightingale was sketched during
ous drawings of her were inaccurate, *News* sketched her on rounds of sick and wounded.

home prior to evacuation,

3. *Mix*

6. *Mattingly & Moor*

# Teen-Age Memories Told By Samuel Worthington

### KNOW YOUR DELTA

By Eunice J. Stockwell

In 1861, Samuel Worthington, jr., was a teen-age boy, living in a big white house facing Lake Lee. During the following four years he witnessed much that went on in his neighborhood; and many years later he wrote of what he had seen and heard during those eventful years.

The spring of 1863 must have been particularly exciting, for he wrote of it: "In March, thirty gunboats and transports appeared in Lake Lee and anchored in front of Wayside House; the levee bristled with cannon and armed Yankees—infantry and cavalry were everywhere. This alarming state of affairs had been brought about because the Confederate govern- had stored 20,000 bales of cotton a few miles back of Wayside. My father had several thousand bales and other planters a considerable lot stored in the same place.

"It was a rich find for the Yankees and they immediately started with one hundred wagons and six hundred mules, taken from my father and others, to haul this cotton. The hauling required a month owing to the fearful condition of the roads after the winter rains. There must have been 10,000 men on this expedition, for their camps were scattered over three large plantations.

"They wrought fearful havoc during the month, carried off all the mules and horses and ate a thousand head of cattle; a thousand hogs; and fed and destroyed at least 10,000 bushels of corn for my father. The cotton, some 26,000 bales, was taken to Memphis and auctioned off for 50 cents a pound.

"The next experience with General Steele was about a week after all the cotton had been taken; when he returned with a large fleet of transports and carried off the Negroes. They were at Wayside a week gathering up the Negroes and collecting up what the first group of vandals had overlooked. Thousands of Negroes were taken to Omega, Lake Providence and other places along the river in Louisiana and with them an effort was made to grow cotton for the United States government. The young and able-bodied were drafted into the United States army, and the women and children were guarded by Federal troops while they worked in the fields."

The Emancipation Proclamation issued in September 1862, which freed most of the slaves in ten Confederate States, became effective on January 1, 1863, yet in the spring of that year Federal agencies were attempting to raise cotton for the United States Government with slave labor working under guard, something the Southern planters had not found necessary.

Theoretically the slaves had been set free in most of the area within the bounds of the Confederacy, yet the government which had emancipated them now allowed them to be worked, under guard, to grow cotton for the government which had freed them. Was this slavery, peonage? Just what was the status of the freed man at this time?

"Later Captain (many years later, Admiral) Sampson for some unknown reason visited Wayside. He and his officers, all in full dress uniforms, came to the residence as though paying a social call. One of the officers seated himself at the piano and played Von Weber's 'Last Waltz.' During the visit Captain Sampson remarked that he regretted that he had been obliged to burn Greenville, but some indiscreet persons had fired into his port holes. He said he had shelled the town once or twice, but it seemed to have no effect. Captain Sampson's officers could not resist the temptation to carry off some 'souvenirs.' They wandered about the house and grounds."

As the court house in Old Greenville was burned on August 23, 1863, presumably all or most of the town was destroyed at that time.

(To be continued)

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THE DELTA DEMOCRAT-TIMES, GREENVILLE, MISSISSIPPI

# Know Your Delta

By Eunice J. Stockwell

A killing frost on the night of November first brought hope of relief from the ravages of the fever; and the little weekly paper, "The Greenville Times" of the following day comments that "people are coming back to their homes again, but the town still wears a melancholy raiment, painful to the eye and saddening to the soul." In the same issue is found another comment that, "The whistle of passing steamboats announces the revival of commerce, and that the long reign of death and desolation is over." Even with prospects growing brighter, some of the refugees remained in their places of safety until about the first of December.

On November 9th the paper carried lengthy and explicit directions as to the preparations to be made before the return of refugees to their vacated homes. The post office had resumed business. Since September 1st the town had received mail only twice, probably brought in by boats which brought doctors, nurses, medicine and food.

In this same issue it was announced that a schedule for mail had just been re-established with the "Ouachita Belle" to run to Memphis twice weekly and the "Katydid" to come three times a week from Vicksburg. For the first time since the epidemic began the editor put out a double page paper. Since September 1st a single sheet had been adequate to carry the few bits of news and the ever-lengthening list of the dead.

In this issue, also, acknowledgement was made of the kindness and generosity of the people of Bolivar county, especial mention being made of Col. Edward Storm, F. M. Libby, Alex Yerger, James Mason, Dave Reinach and John Sharp Nelson gather supplies and render all possible aid to the stricken people of Greenville and Washington county. Almost half a century after the epidemic, an old friend of Col. Storm said of him that he was one of the most philanthropic citizens of Bolivar county, and that at the time of the epidemic in Greenville he sent his entire flock of 1,000 sheeep to that town as a part of his relief work.

Another item in the same paper relates an incident to prove the ineffectiveness of disinfectants to prevent or to palliate the disease, yellow fever. It appears that a man without feet was lodged in the house where the disinfectants were stored. He lived constantly in the atmosphere of carbolic acid, tar and other disinfectants and was literally saturated with the stuff. His meals were sent from the table of town marshal Yerger and he came in contact with no one, yet he contracted the disease and died.

The paper of November 16th reported that several cases of the fever had developed during the past week, after a disappearance of 10 days. About this time, a mother and her little daughter who had returned to a home carefully prepared for their reception, died of the disease. Unusually warm weather was believed responsible for the outbreak. The victims were said to have had bilious fever before yellow fever developed, and some had returned to houses where there had been no proper ventilation or fumigation since the epidemic.

The issue of the paper gave the total reported dead as: In Greenville, 196 white, 95 Negro, 3 Chinese; in the county, 53 white, 21 Negro. In the list of dead one notes the names of Mayor Abram Byrd Trigg, Judge Newman J. Nelson, Rev. Duncan C. Green, rector of Saint James church, Rev. Tillman Page of the Methodist church, and Doctors W. S. Stafford, V. F. P. Alexander and William B. Archer in Greenville; Doctors Griffin and A. S. Gerdine at Stoneville; Doctors William Montgomery, Thomas Gaddis and Oden in the country.

Of these men it was known that Mayor Trigg and Rev. Tillman Page were already weakened by illness. Friends besought them to leave, but impelled by a high sense of duty they remained, and both paid with their lives. Rev. Duncan Green had exhausted his strength in a day and night attendance on the sick and dying, and upon all whom he was able to serve. Depleted physically, he had no strength left to fight the disease when it attacked him. After these deaths Rev. Stevenson Archer, of the Presbyterian church, was the only clergyman left in Greenville. After a severe case of the fever he returned as soon as he was able, to his duties. He was an active member of the Relief Committee and beside his work for the living he performed the last rites for the dead. To be readily afailable for the latter serfice he arranged to sleep at the Court House where he could be called even at night to the cemetery across the street, to bury the dead. It has been said that even when the epidemic was at its height no body was interred without a brief religious service.

# Famous M's

**(DO YOU KNOW THEM?)**

1. Ancient Scottish King, also famous play by Shakespeare

M_ _ _ _ _ _

2. First European traveler in China

M_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _

3. Movie hero of Western films

M_ _

4. Amateur weight-throwing champ, 1911

M_ _ _ _ _ _

5. French general killed at battle of Quebec

M_ _ _ _ _ _ _

6. The blended American whiskey that's mellower and milder than many costlier brands

M_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ &

M_ _ _ _

## . . . and Famous Words

**THE PERFECT HOST:**

I like to please my guests. That's why I serve them mellow M & M.

**THE COCKTAIL DRINKER:**

To be sure that my before-dinner cocktail is perfect, I always order it made with M & M.

**THE THRIFTY MAN:**

M & M is my whiskey. It's mellower and milder than many whiskies I used to spend much more for.

**THE CONNOISSEUR:**

M&M has that unusual, rich Down-South flavor that I especially look for in whiskey.

**IN SHORT, GENTLEMEN—**

THE BEST OF 'EM IS

M & M

**(MATTINGLY & MOORE)**

**ANSWERS—**

1. *Macbeth*
2. *Marco Polo*
3. *Mix*
4. *McGrath*
5. *Montcalm*
6. *Mattingly & Moor*

ous drawings of her were inaccurate, *News* sketched her on rounds of sick and wounded.

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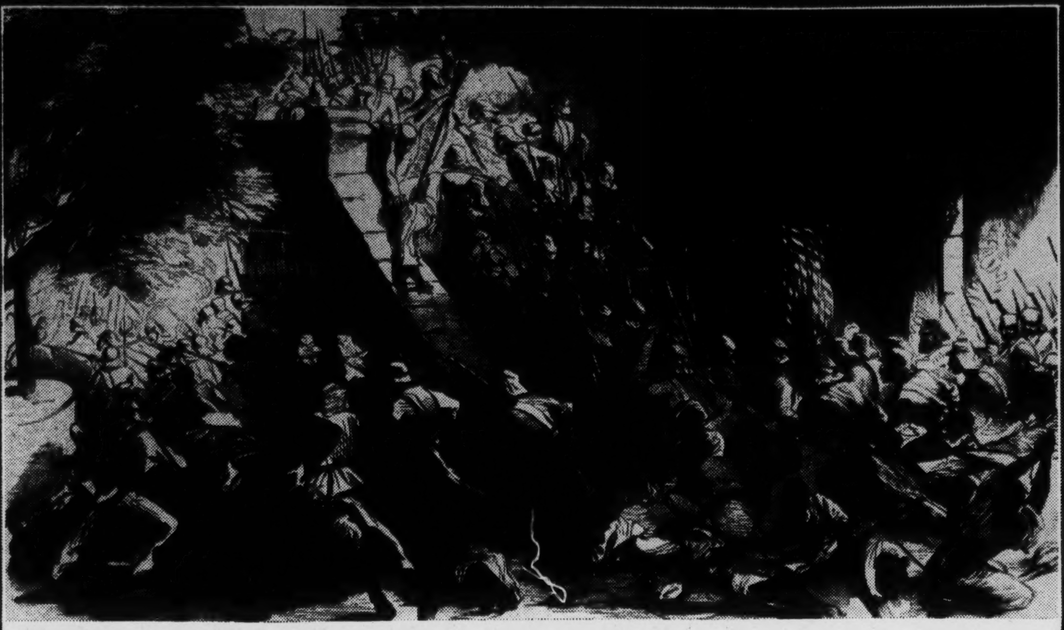
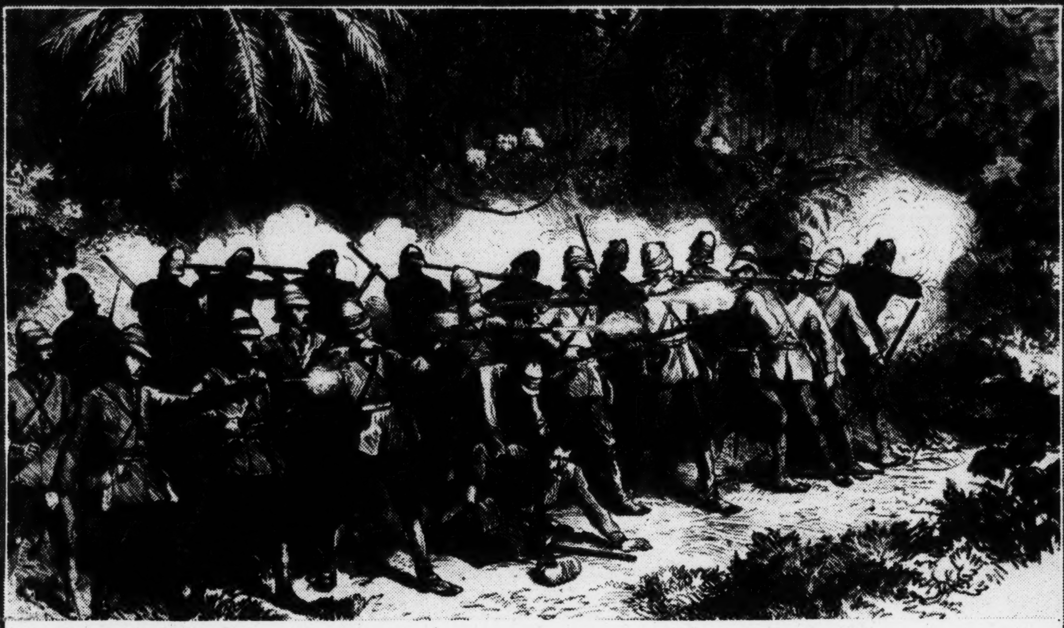
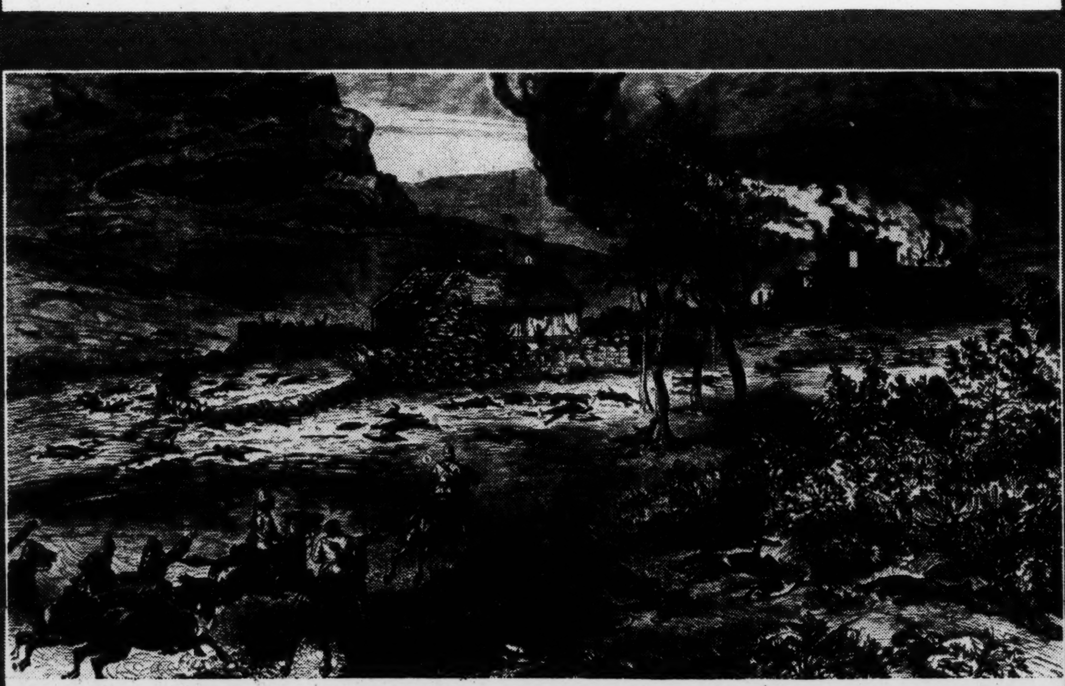


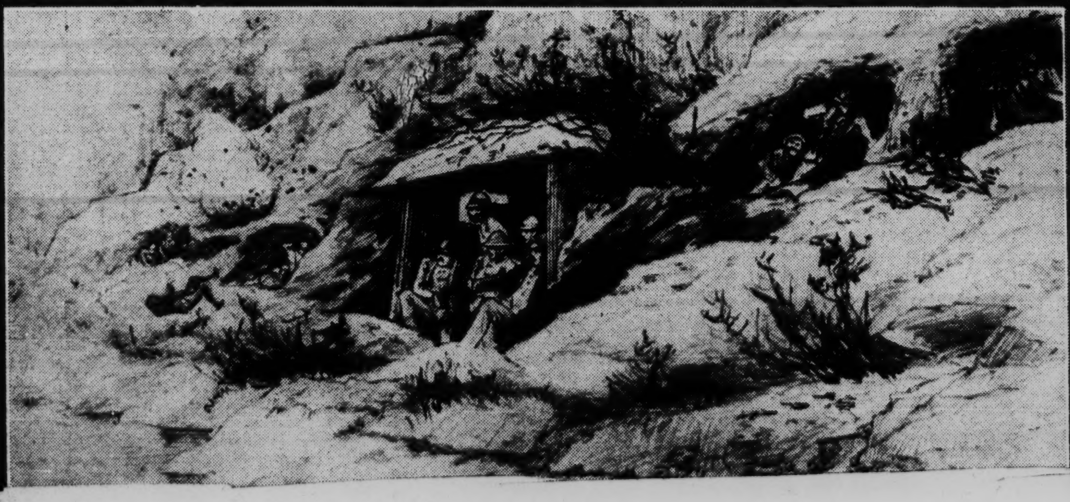
**Storming of Kashmir Gate** at Delhi during Indian Mutiny appeared in issue of Nov. 28, 1857. To note the development of *News*'s art technique, compare this with later sketches.

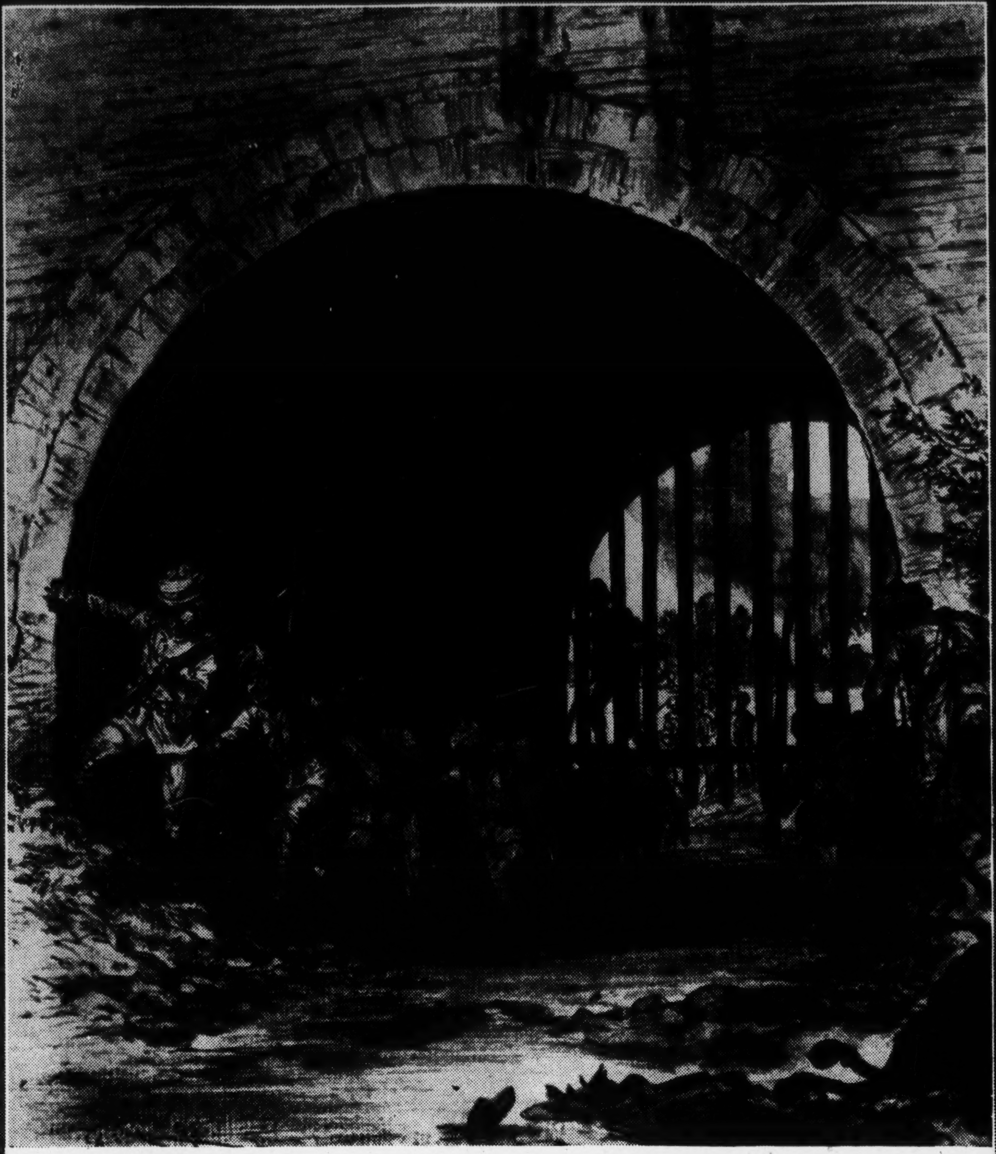


**In the Ashanti War** in 1874 Melton Prior, drew this picture. The Ashantis, like the jungle fighters today, drew enemy on in front while pushing on his flanks through dense bush.



**Zulu War** of 1879 was pictured in the defense of Rorke's Drift. Though British suffered a disaster at Isandhlwana, they broke Zulu power, added Zululand to the Empire in 1887.

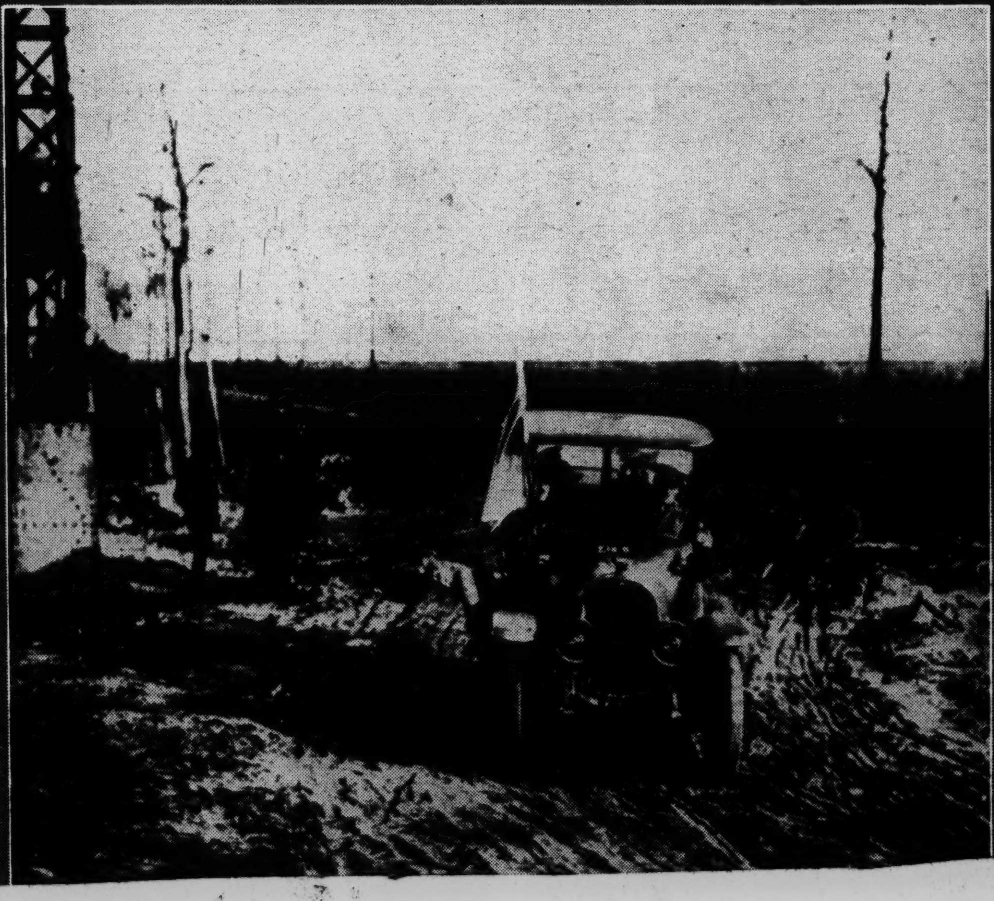


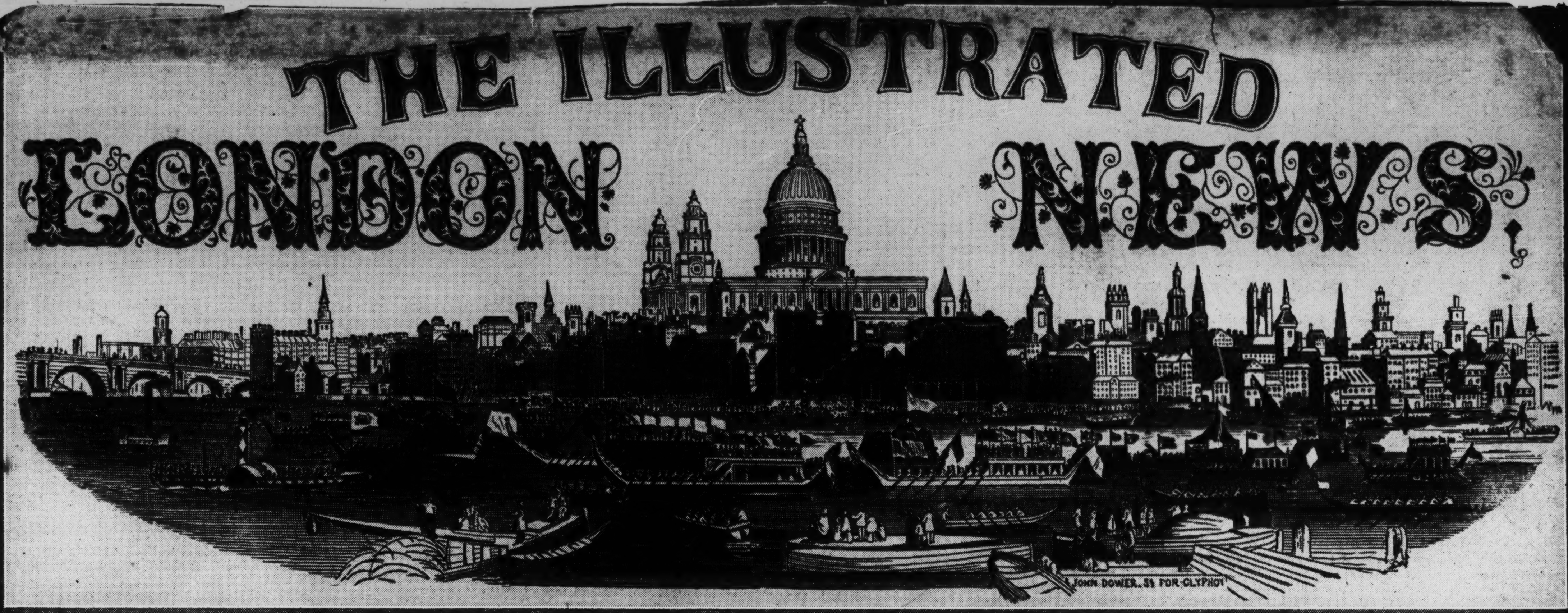


**Boxer Rebellion** (1900) was represented by sketch of first British-Indian troops entering Peking. Troops sank deep in mud as they entered city by Water Gate.

# "NEWS" PICTURED EMPIRE'S STRUGGLE

Since the *Illustrated London News* was founded, Britain has constantly been involved in struggles for Empire. And in all these wars the *News's* artists have always been at the battlefront. Often they sketched at night by the light of a candle held upright between their feet as they sat on the ground. Most famed *News* special artist was monocled, whiskered Melton Prior. He covered 22 campaigns, was popular with the British staff officers because he always brought a case of whiskey along on his assignments. After the crushing British defeat at Majuba Hill (1881) he was entrusted with bringing the news of peace negotiations to the Boer camp.





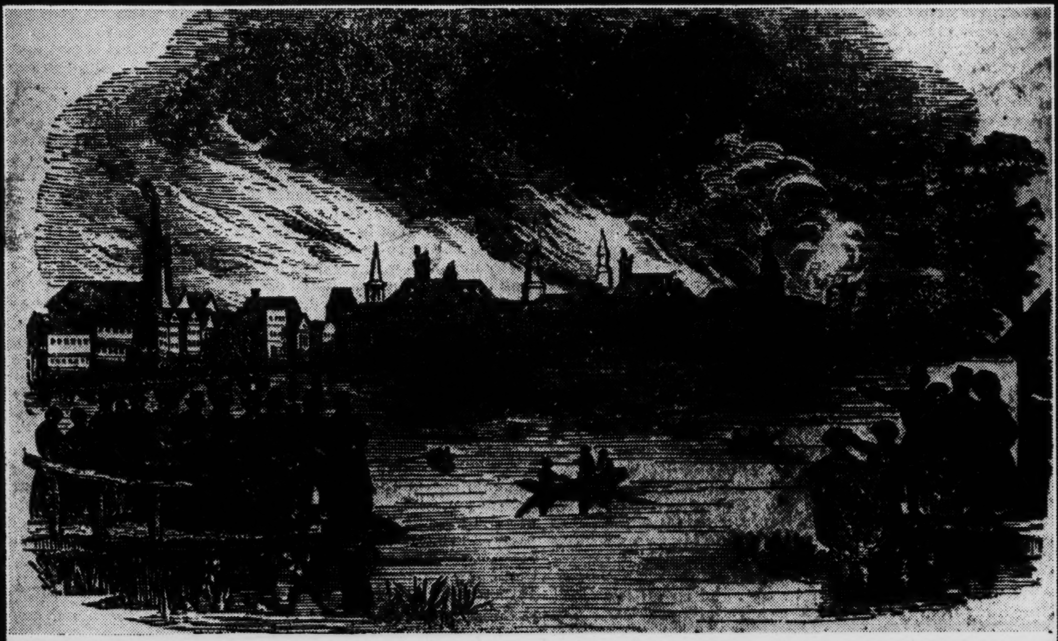
# BRITAIN'S FAMED PICTORIAL WEEKLY IS A CENTURY OLD

This year the *Illustrated London News*, oldest picture magazine in the world, is 100 years old. From 1842, when a sketch of the burning of Hamburg (*see below*) was printed, to 1942, when a picture of the same German city appeared after it had been set afire by R. A. F. bombs, the pages of the *News* afford an eyewitness glimpse of an exciting span of history.

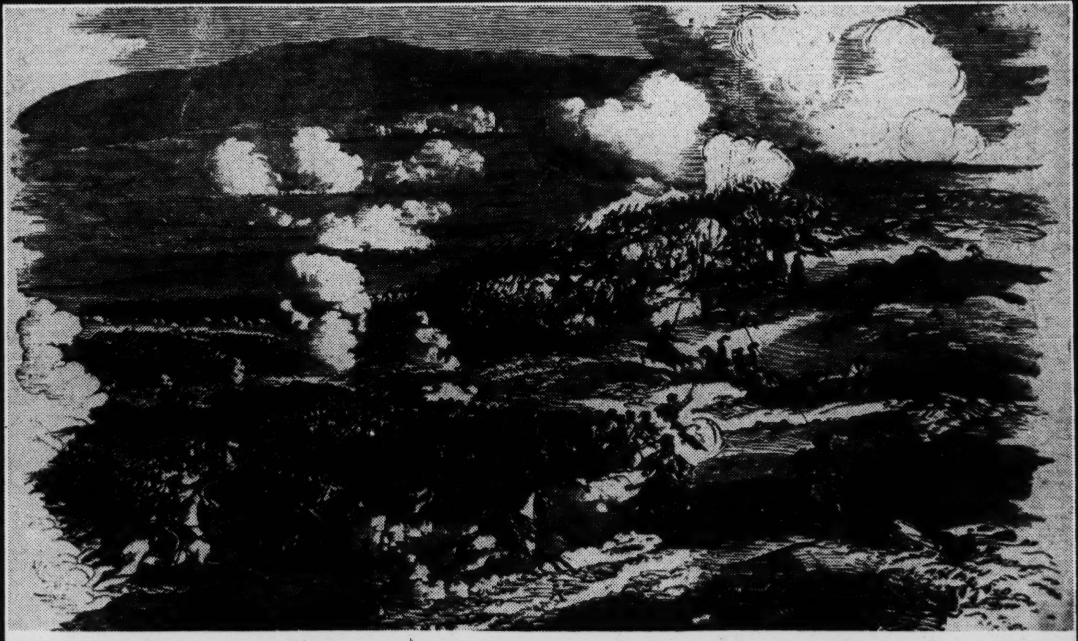
The first issue was a crude 16-page affair. It carried 30 wood blocks and cost sixpence (about 10¢). Two hundred sandwichmen were hired to advertise it through the streets of London. It was an immediate success, and established a valid place in journalism for the pictorial press. By 1848 it had become so popular that Publisher Herbert Ingram was pelted with flour by Londoners who couldn't get copies on time.

In the century since its founding, the *News* has pioneered in many technical improvements such as halftones, color photography, etc. Now, although slicker and more expert than ever, its prime concern is still for timely and accurate picture coverage of the news of the day. Nowadays it uses photographs almost exclusively, but still employs drawings for scenes to which a camera cannot do technical justice.

The preface to the final number of Volume I stated that "This volume is a work that history *must* keep." On these pages LIFE presents high spots from the *News*'s first 100 years. Such a collection demonstrates that the pictorial press will always function as an indispensable aid to a clear and human evaluation of history. In 2042 the remote mustiness of our own times will seem less remote and less musty to those who go back over the pictorial press of 1942.



**Vol. I, No. 1** of *Illustrated London News* had sketch of Hamburg burning. World's first news picture in a magazine, it was prepared in three days from a British Museum print.



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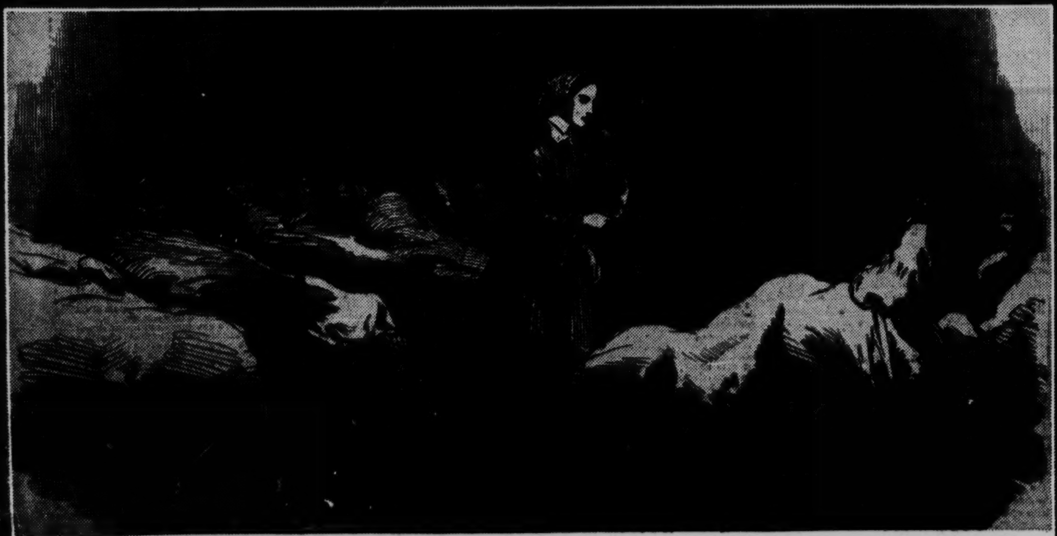

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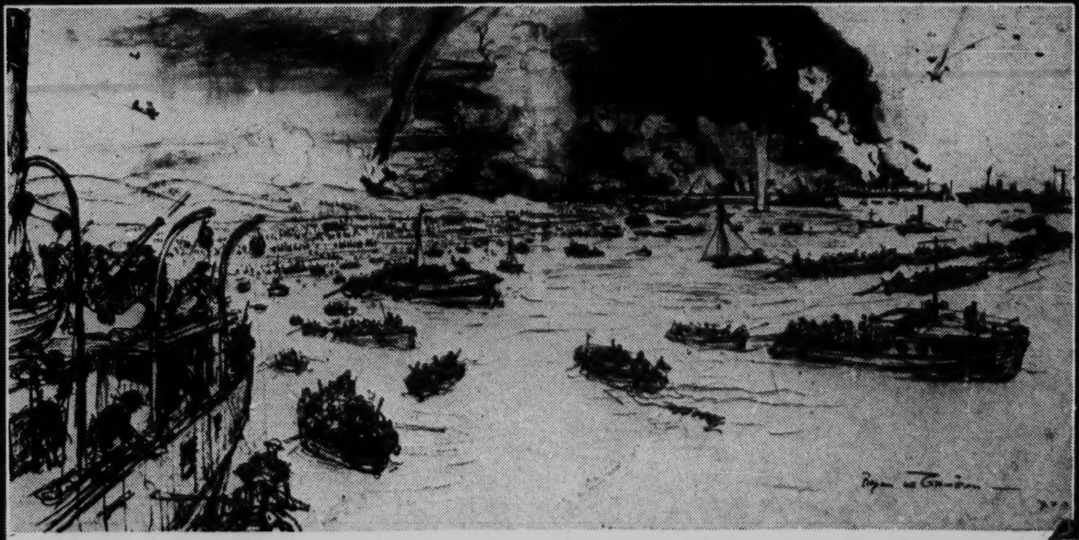

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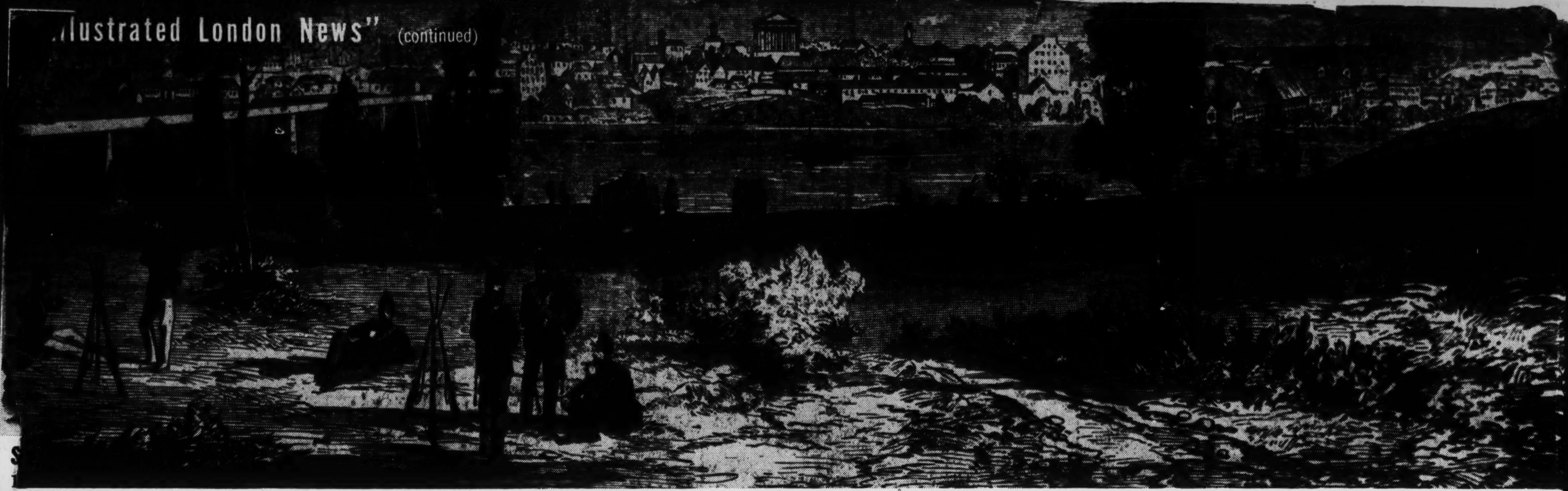

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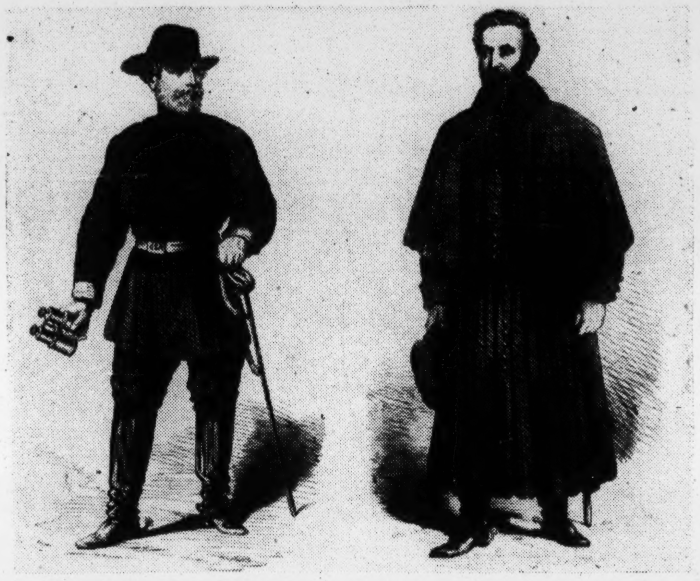
# OTHER NATIONS' WARS WERE SKETCHED BY THE "NEWS"

The *Illustrated London News* has either sketched or photographed 50-odd wars during the 100 years of its publication. Many were not Britain's own wars. But the *News*'s accurate and dramatic pictorial representation of martial exploits, whether Britain's or other nations', has always proved popular. In its centenary issue, published last May 16, the *News* said: "And though in the last century there has been considerable revulsion against war itself in the popular mind, it may be said that this paper has owed a great deal of its popularity to the depiction of war."

During the Civil War in the U.S. the *News* sent Frank Vizetelly, its special artist, to cover the conflict. Working from Confederate camps, he sent back many forceful sketches (*see above and right*). Vizetelly frequently omitted certain details in his drawings of Southern fortifications, explaining that he felt "honour-bound" to do so lest he give valuable military information to the North.

The *News* sometimes got itself into trouble by editorializing on other nations' policies. When the French authorities stopped its sale because of an article reflecting on character of Emperor Napoleon, Publisher Ingram, then in Paris, had the ban lifted, and drove around the French capital in a cab personally distributing the issue to impatient subscribers.



CONFEDERATE GENERALS LEE AND STONEWALL JACKSON

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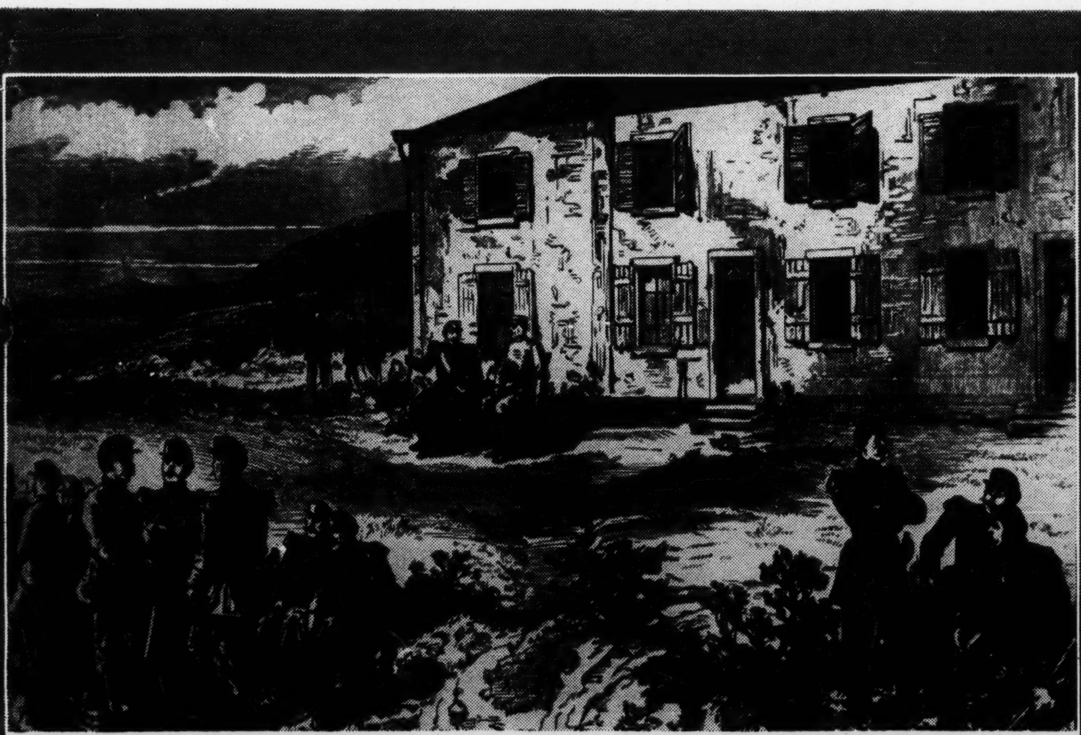

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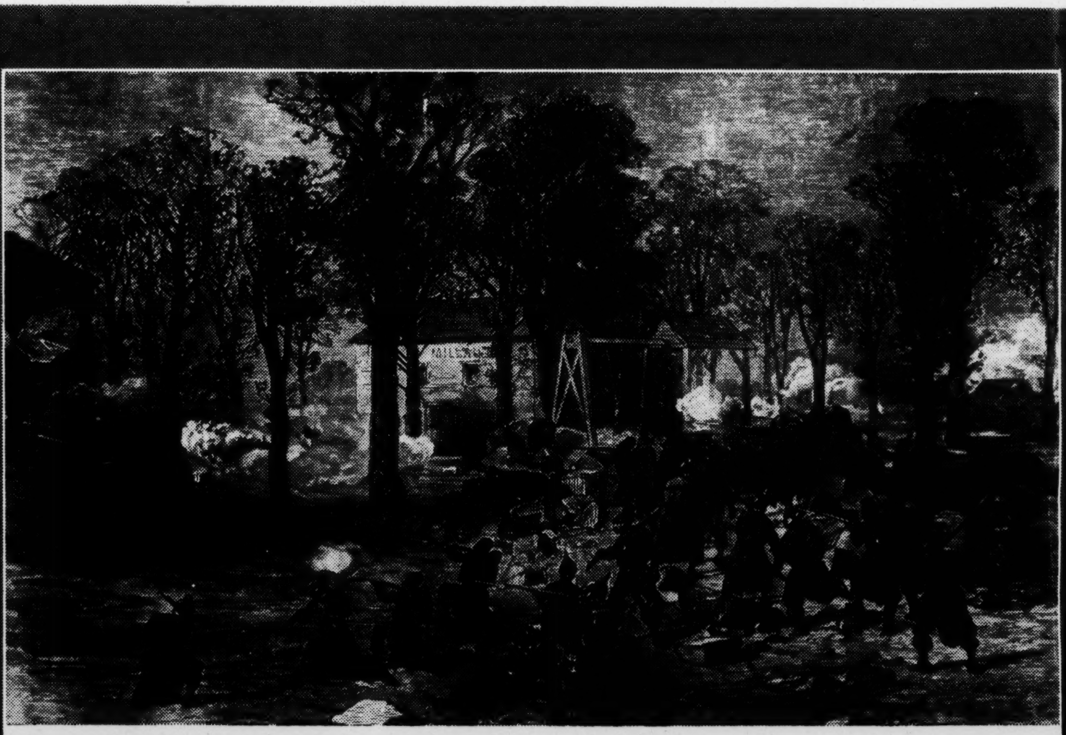
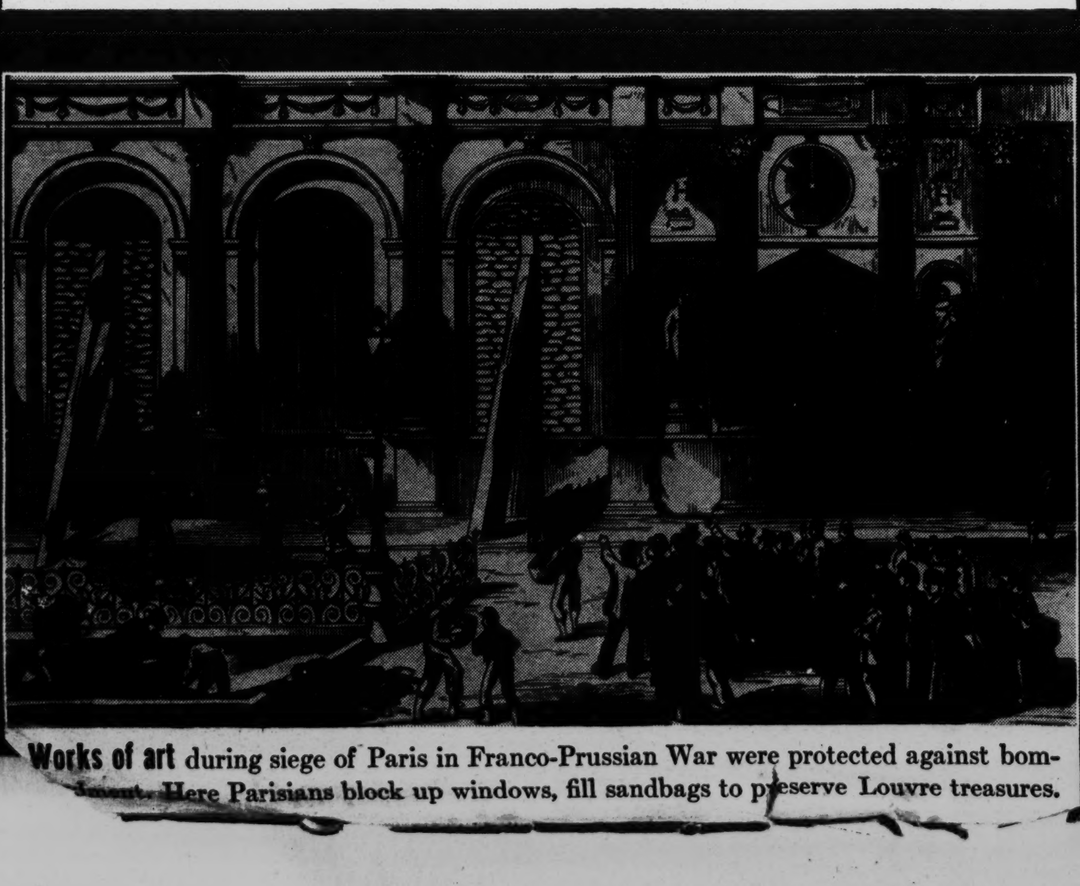
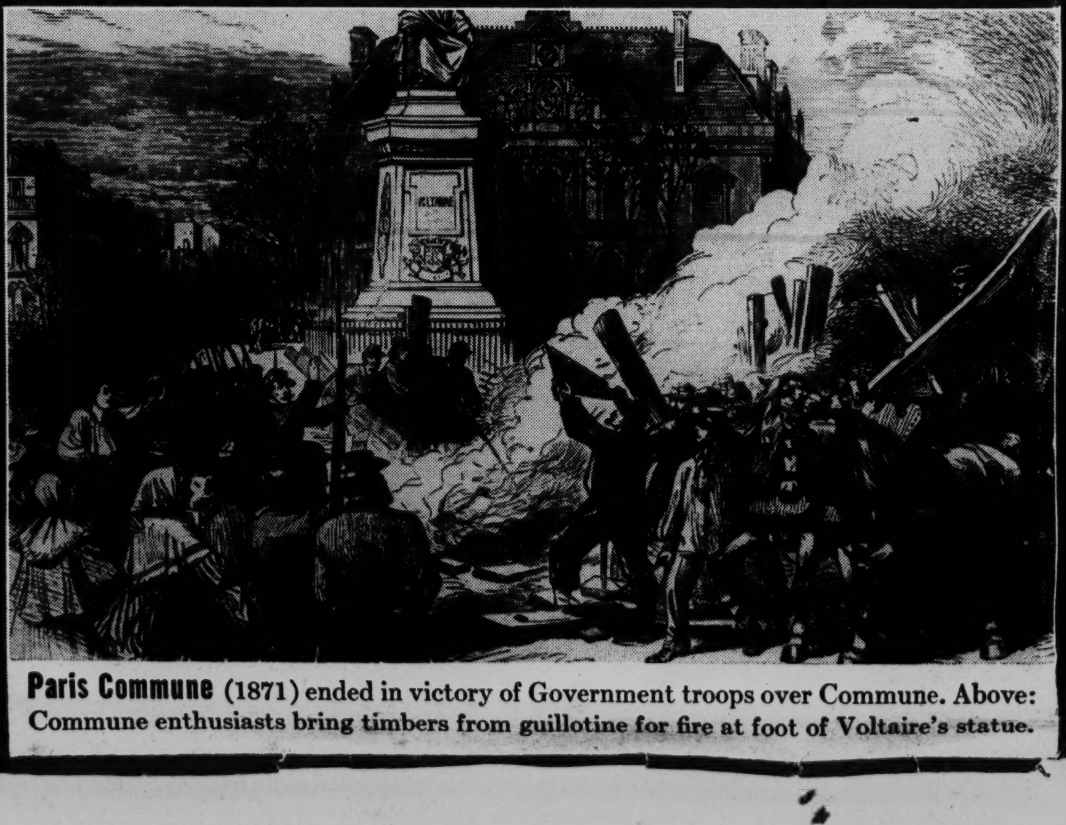
**Franco-Prussian War** (1870–1871) had Napoleon III and Bismarck meeting after battle of Sedan. *News* hinted precision weapons would be devastating enough to outlaw war.



**Siege of Paris** during Franco-Prussian War was sketched by French artist employed by *News*, shipped out of beleaguered city by balloon. *News* had five artists covering war.



**Works of art** during siege of Paris in Franco-Prussian War were protected against bombardment. Here Parisians block up windows, fill sandbags to preserve Louvre treasures.



**Paris Commune** (1871) ended in victory of Government troops over Commune. Above: Commune enthusiasts bring timbers from guillotine for fire at foot of Voltaire's statue.

The Supreme Court of the State of Texas has handed

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# Teen-Age Memories Told By Samuel Worthington

**KNOW YOUR DELTA**

**By Eunice J. Stockwell**

In 1861, Samuel Worthington, jr., was a teen-age boy, living in a big white house facing Lake Lee. During the following four years he witnessed much that went on in his neighborhood; and many years later he wrote of what he had seen and heard during those eventful years.

The spring of 1863 must have been particularly exciting, for he wrote of it: "In March, thirty gunboats and transports appeared in Lake Lee and anchored in front of Wayside House; the levee bristled with cannon and armed Yankees—infantry and cavalry were everywhere. This alarming state of affairs had been brought about because the Confederate govern-had stored 20,000 bales of cotton a few miles back of Wayside. My father had several thousand bales and other planters a considerable lot stored in the same place.

"It was a rich find for the Yankees and they immediately started with one hundred wagons and six hundred mules, taken from my father and others, to haul this cotton. The hauling required a month owing to the fearful condition of the roads after the winter rains. There must have been 10,000 men on this expedition, for their camps were scattered over three large plantations.

"They wrought fearful havoc during the month; carried off all the mules and horses and ate a thousand head of cattle; a thousand hogs; and fed and destroyed at least 10,000 bushels of corn for my father. The cotton, some 26,000 bales, was taken to Memphis and auctioned off for 50 cents a pound.

"The next experience with General Steele was about a week after all the cotton had been taken; when he returned with a large fleet of transports and carried off the Negroes. They were at Wayside a week gathering up the Negroes and collecting up what the first group of vandals had overlooked. Thousands of Negroes were taken to Omega, Lake Providence and other places along the river in Louisiana and with them an effort was made to grow cotton for the United States government. The young and able-bodied were drafted into the United States army, and the women and children were guarded by Federal troops while they worked in the fields."

The Emancipation Proclamation issued in September 1862, which freed most of the slaves in ten Confederate States, became effective on January 1, 1863, yet in the spring of that year Federal agencies were attempting to raise cotton for the United States Government with slave labor working under guard, something the Southern planters had not found necessary.

Theoretically the slaves had been set free in most of the area within the bounds of the Confederacy, yet the government which had emancipated them now allowed them to be worked, under guard, to grow cotton for the government which had freed them. Was this slavery, peonage? Just what was the status of the freed man at this time?

"Later Captain (many years later, Admiral) Sampson for some unknown reason visited Wayside. He and his officers, all in full dress uniforms, came to the residence as though paying a social call. One of the officers seated himself at the piano and played Von Weber's 'Last Waltz.' During the visit Captain Sampson remarked that he regretted that he had been obliged to burn Greenville, but some indiscreet persons had fired into his port holes. He said he had shelled the town once or twice, but it seemed to have no effect. Captain Sampson's officers could not resist the temptation to carry off some 'souvenirs.' They wandered about the house and grounds."

As the court house in Old Greenville was burned on August 23, 1863, presumably all or most of the town was destroyed at that time.

(To be continued)

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THE DELTA DEMOCRAT-TIMES, GREENVILLE, MISSISSIPPI

# Know Your Delta

**By Eunice J. Stockwell**

A killing frost on the night of November first brought hope of relief from the ravages of the fever; and the little weekly paper, "The Greenville Times" of the following day comments that "people are coming back to their homes again, but the town still wears a melancholy raiment, painful to the eye and saddening to the soul." In the same issue is found another comment that, "The whistle of passing steamboats announces the revival of commerce, and that the long reign of death and desolation is over." Even with prospects growing brighter, some of the refugees remained in their places of safety until about the first of December.

On November 9th the paper carried lengthy and explicit directions as to the preparations to be made before the return of refugees to their vacated homes. The post office had resumed business. Since September 1st the town had received mail only twice, probably brought in by boats which brought doctors, nurses, medicine and food.

In this same issue it was announced that a schedule for mail had just been re-established with the "Ouachita Belle" to run to Memphis twice weekly and the "Katydid" to come three times a week from Vicksburg. For the first time since the epidemic began the editor put out a double page paper. Since September 1st a single sheet had been adequate to carry the few bits of news and the ever-lengthening list of the dead.

In this issue, also, acknowledgement was made of the kindness and generosity of the people of Bolivar county, especial mention being made of Col. Edward Storm, F. M. Libby, Alex Yerger, James Mason, Dave Reinach and John Sharp Nelson gather supplies and render all possible aid to the stricken people of Greenville and Washington county. Almost half a century after the epidemic, an old friend of Col. Storm said of him that he was one of the most philanthropic citizens of Boliver county, and that at the time of the epidemic in Greenville he sent his entire flock of 1,000 sheeep to that town as a part of his relief work.

Another item in the same paper relates an incident to prove the ineffectiveness of disinfectants to prevent or to palliate the disease, yellow fever. It appears that a man without feet was lodged in the house where the disinfectants were stored. He lived constantly in the atmosphere of carbolic acid, tar and other disinfectants and was literally saturated with the stuff. His meals were sent from the table of town marshal Yerger and he came in contact with no one, yet he contracted the disease and died.

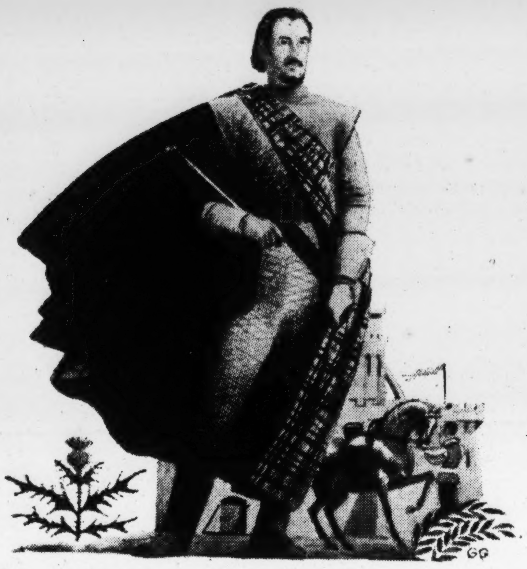
The paper of November 16th reported that several cases of the fever had developed during the past week, after a disappearance of 10 days. About this time, a mother and her little daughter who had returned to a home carefully prepared for their reception, died of the disease. Unusually warm weather was believed responsible for the outbreak. The victims were said to have had bilious fever before yellow fever developed, and some had returned to houses where there had been no proper ventilation or fumigation since the epidemic.

The issue of the paper gave the total reported dead as: In Greenville, 196 white, 95 Negro, 3 Chinese; in the county, 53 white, 21 Negro. In the list of dead one notes the names of Mayor Abram Byrd Trigg, Judge Newman J. Nelson, Rev. Duncan C. Green, rector of Saint James church, Rev. Tillman Page of the Methodist church, and Doctors W. S. Stafford, V. F. P. Alexander and William B. Archer in Greenville; Doctors Griffin and A. S. Gerdine at Stoneville; Doctors William Montgomery, Thomas Gaddis and Oden in the country.

Of these men it was known that Mayor Trigg and Rev. Tillman Page were already weakened by illness. Friends besought them to leave, but impelled by a high sense of duty they remained, and both paid with their lives. Rev. Duncan Green had exhausted his strength in a day and night attendance on the sick and dying, and upon all whom he was able to serve. Depleted physically, he had no strength left to fight the disease when it attacked him. After these deaths Rev. Stevenson Archer, of the Presbyterian church, was the only clergyman left in Greenville. After a severe case of the fever he returned as soon as he was able, to his duties. He was an active member of the Relief Committee and beside his work for the living he performed the last rites for the dead. To be readily afailable for the latter serfice he arranged to sleep at the Court House where he could be called even at night to the cemetery across the street, to bury the dead. It has been said that even when the epidemic was at its height no body was interred without a brief religious service.

# Famous M's

**(DO YOU KNOW THEM?)**



1. Ancient Scottish King, also famous play by Shakespeare

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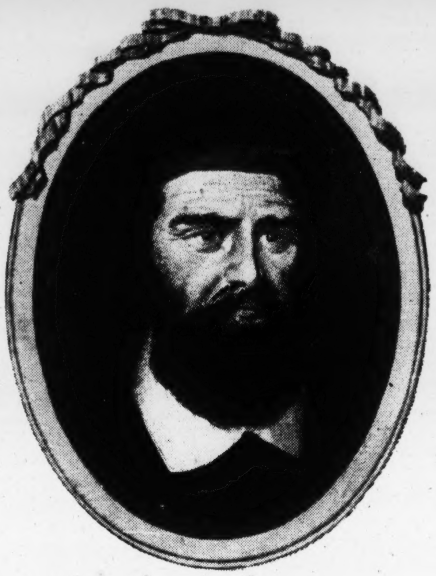

2. First European traveler in China

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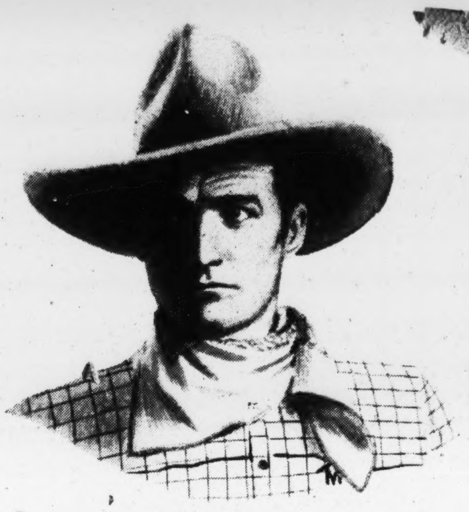

3. Movie hero of Western films

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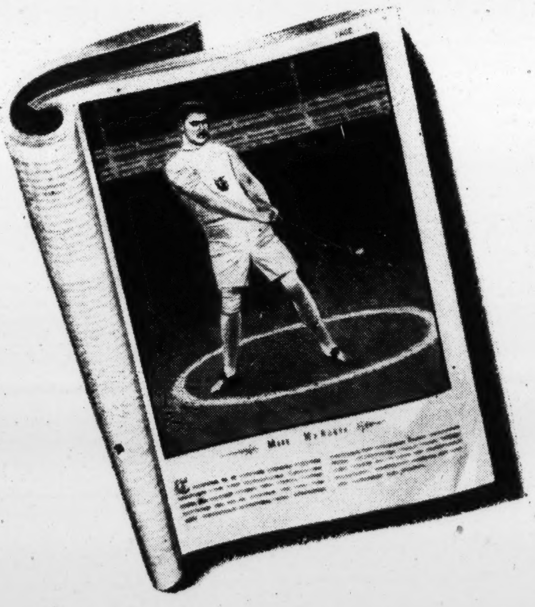

4. Amateur weight-throwing champ, 1911

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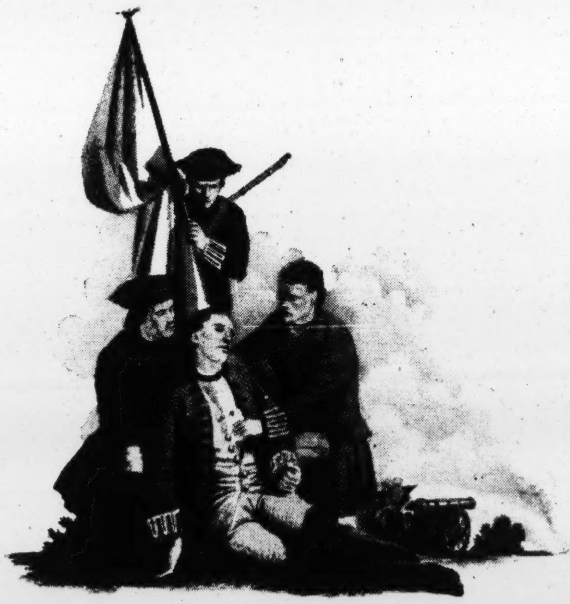

5. French general killed at battle of Quebec

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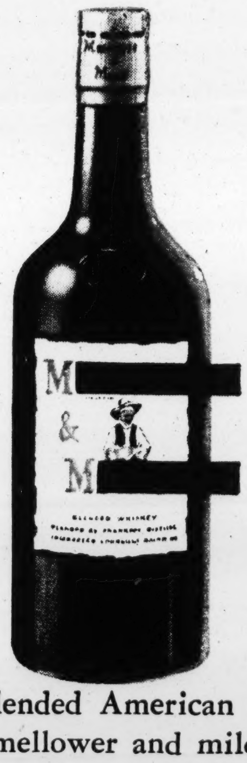

6. The blended American whiskey that's mellower and milder than many costlier brands

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## ...and Famous Words

THE PERFECT HOST:

I like to please my guests. That's why I serve them mellow M & M.

THE COCKTAIL DRINKER:

To be sure that my before-dinner cocktail is perfect, I always order it made with M & M.

THE THRIFTY MAN:

M & M is my whiskey. It's mellower and milder than many whiskies I used to spend much more for.

THE CONNOISSEUR:

M&M has that unusual, rich Down-South flavor that I especially look for in whiskey.

**IN SHORT, GENTLEMEN—**

THE BEST OF 'EM IS

M & M

**(MATTINGLY & MOORE)**

**ANSWERS—**

1. *Macbeth*
2. *Marco Polo*
3. *Mix*
4. *McGrath*
5. *Montcalm*
6. *Mattingly & Moore*

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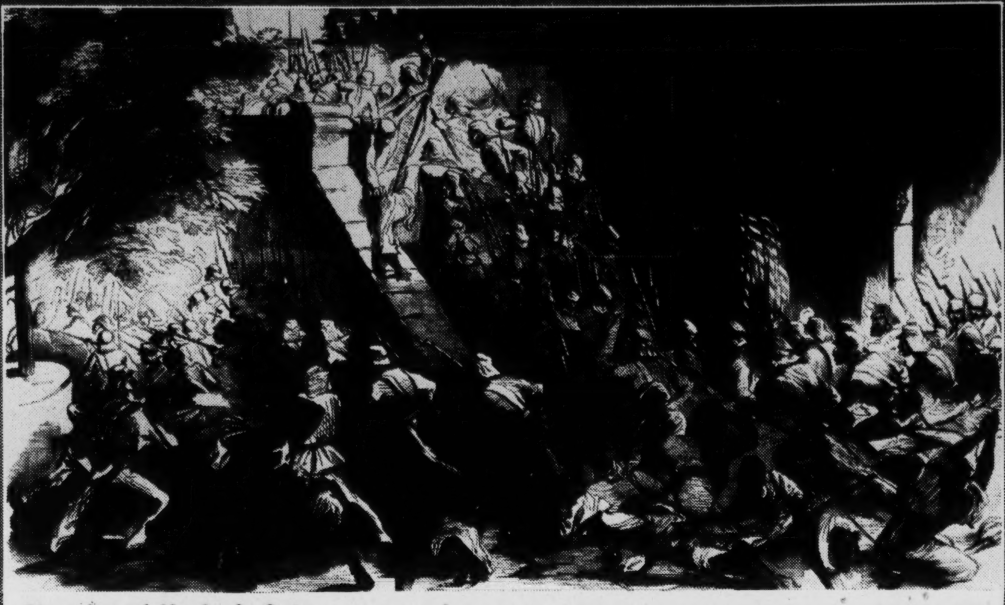
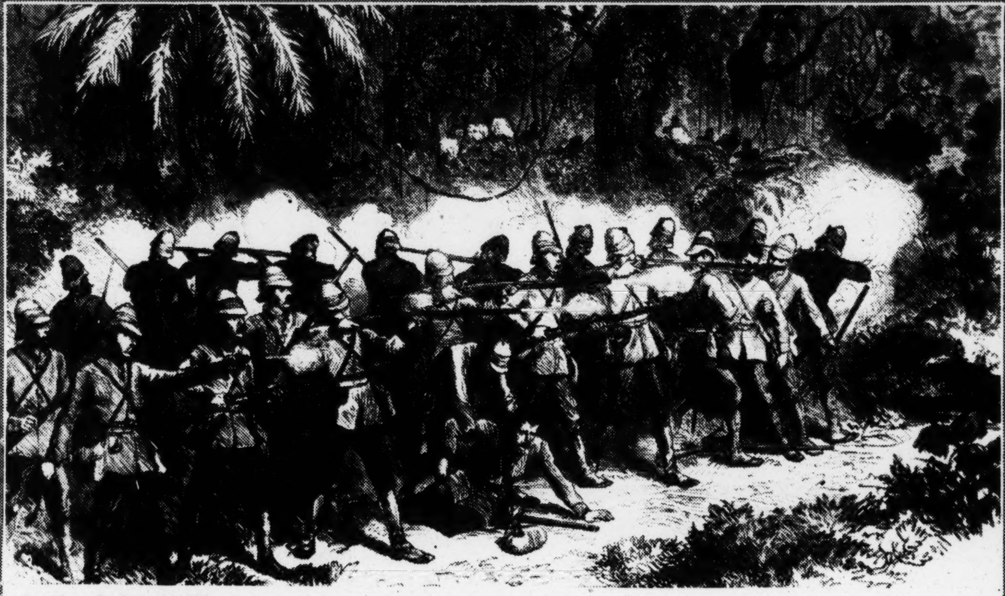
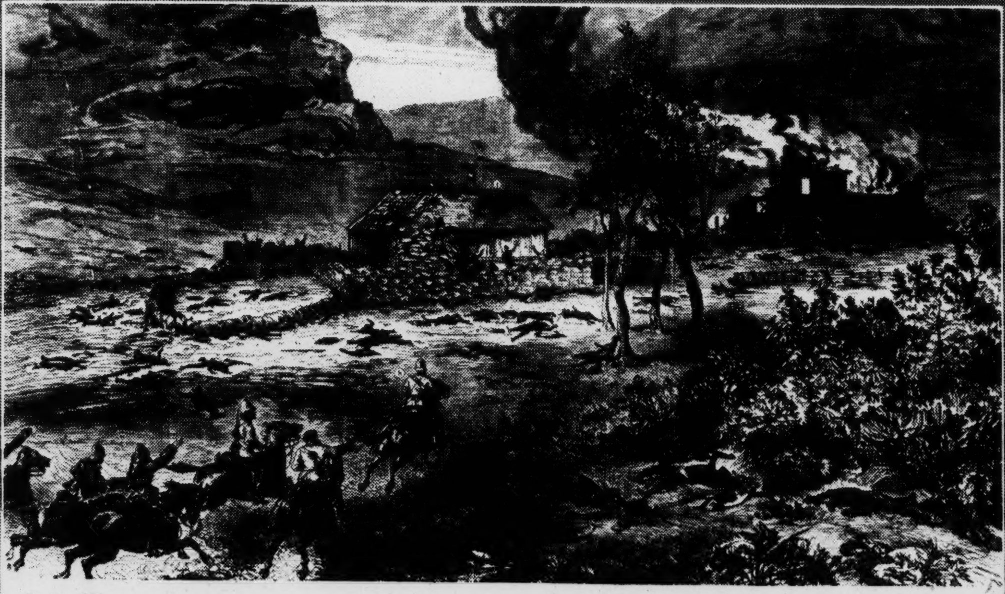
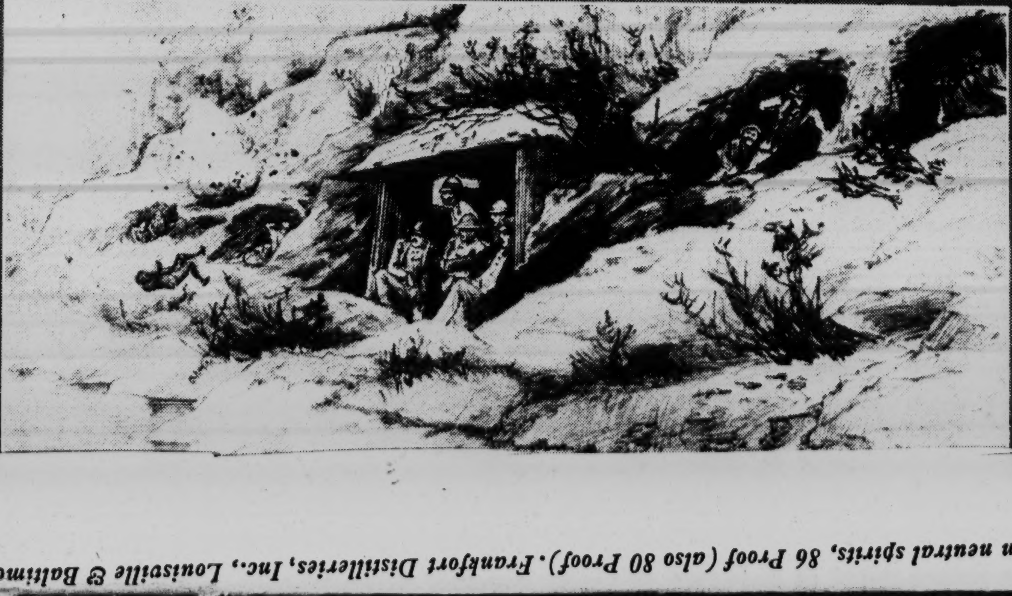
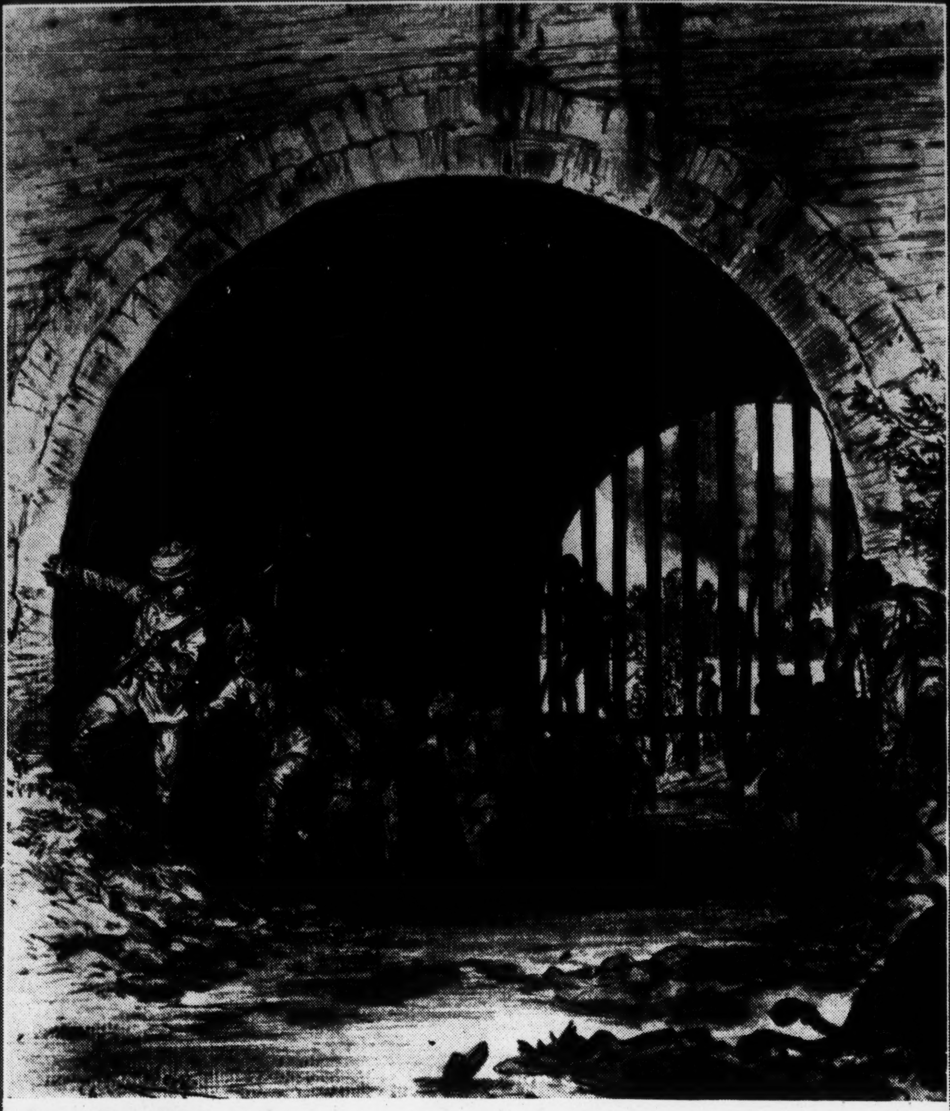

**Storming of Kashmir Gate** at Delhi during Indian Mutiny appeared in issue of Nov. 28, 1857. To note the development of *News*'s art technique, compare this with later sketches.


**In the Ashanti War** in 1874 Melton Prior, drew this picture. The Ashantis, like the jungle fighters today, drew enemy on in front while pushing on his flanks through dense bush.

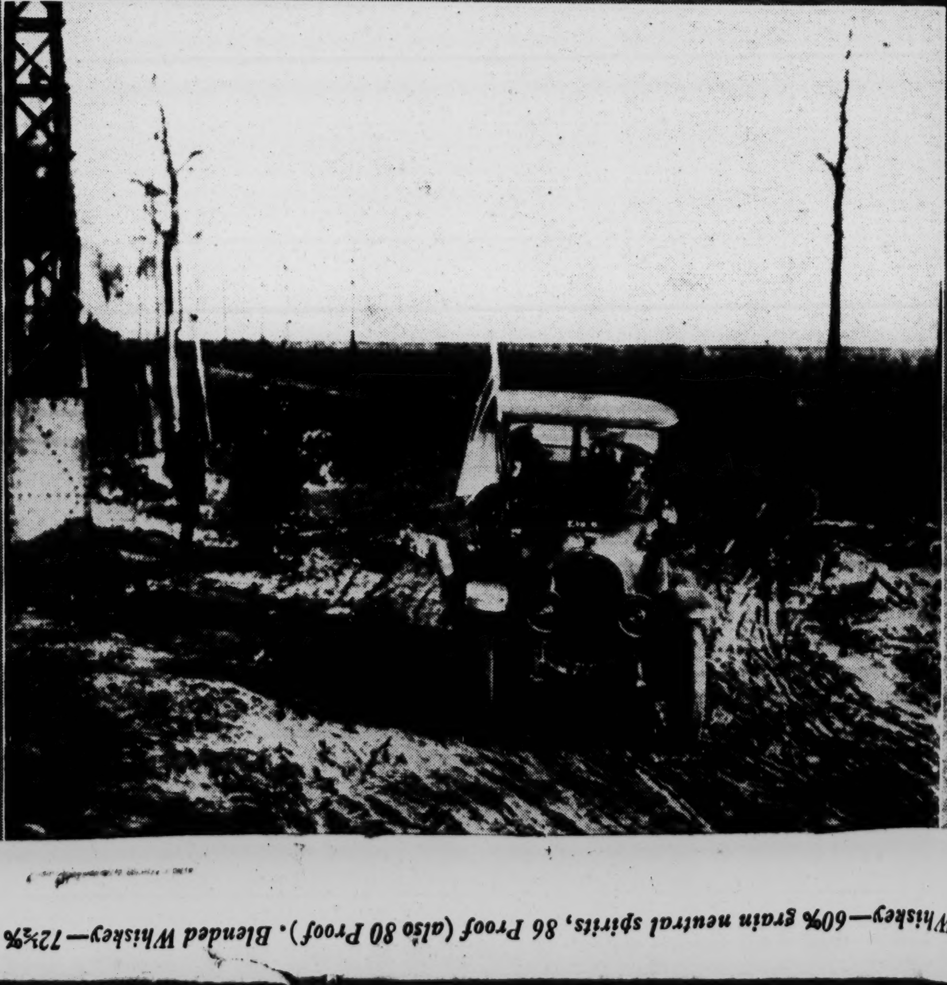

**Zulu War** of 1879 was pictured in the defense of Rorke's Drift. Though British suffered a disaster at Isandhlwana, they broke Zulu power, added Zululand to the Empire in 1887.



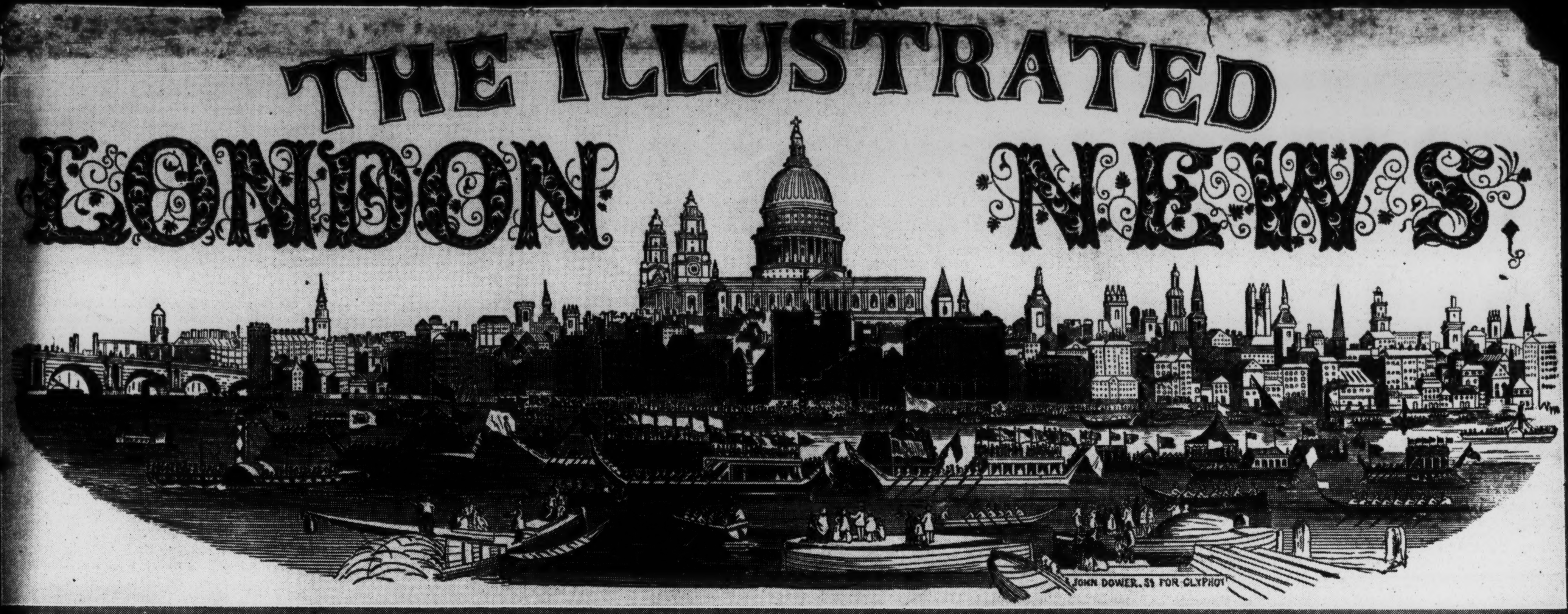

**Boxer Rebellion** (1900) was represented by sketch of first British-Indian troops entering Peking. Troops sank deep in mud as they entered city by Water Gate.

## "NEWS" PICTURED EMPIRE'S STRUGGLE

Since the *Illustrated London News* was founded, Britain has constantly been involved in struggles for Empire. And in all these wars the *News's* artists have always been at the battlefront. Often they sketched at night by the light of a candle held upright between their feet as they sat on the ground. Most famed *News* special artist was monocled, whiskered Melton Prior. He covered 22 campaigns, was popular with the British staff officers because he always brought a case of whiskey along on his assignments. After the crushing British defeat at Majuba Hill (1881) he was entrusted with bringing the news of peace negotiations to the Boer camp.



Whiskey—60% grain neutral spirits, 86 Proof (also 80 Proof). Blended Whiskey—72½% grain neutral spirits, 86 Proof (also 80 Proof). Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimo



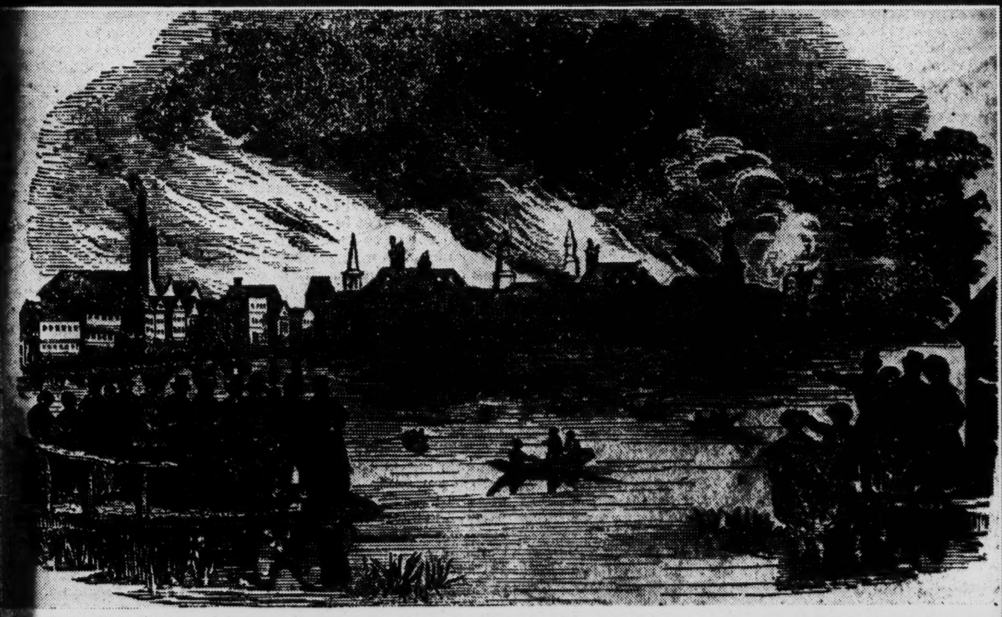
# BRITAIN'S FAMED PICTORIAL WEEKLY IS A CENTURY OLD

This year the *Illustrated London News*, oldest picture magazine in the world, is 100 years old. From 1842, when a sketch of the burning of Hamburg (*see below*) was printed, to 1942, when a picture of the same German city appeared after it had been set afire by R. A. F. bombs, the pages of the *News* afford an eyewitness glimpse of an exciting span of history.

The first issue was a crude 16-page affair. It carried 30 wood blocks and cost sixpence (about 10¢). Two hundred sandwichmen were hired to advertise it through the streets of London. It was an immediate success, and established a valid place in journalism for the pictorial press. By 1848 it had become so popular that Publisher Herbert Ingram was pelted with flour by Londoners who couldn't get copies on time.

In the century since its founding, the *News* has pioneered in many technical improvements such as halftones, color photography, etc. Now, although slicker and more expert than ever, its prime concern is still for timely and accurate picture coverage of the news of the day. Nowadays it uses photographs almost exclusively, but still employs drawings for scenes to which a camera cannot do technical justice.

The preface to the final number of Volume I stated that "This volume is a work that history *must* keep." On these pages LIFE presents high spots from the *News*'s first 100 years. Such a collection demonstrates that the pictorial press will always function as an indispensable aid to a clear and human evaluation of history. In 2042 the remote mustiness of our own times will seem less remote and less musty to those who go back over the pictorial press of 1942.



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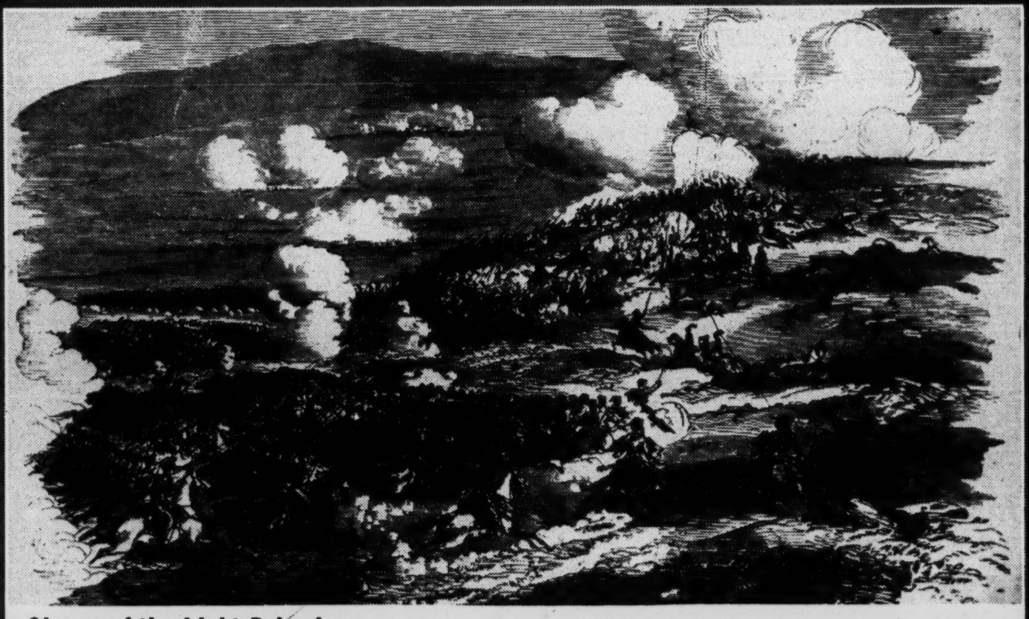
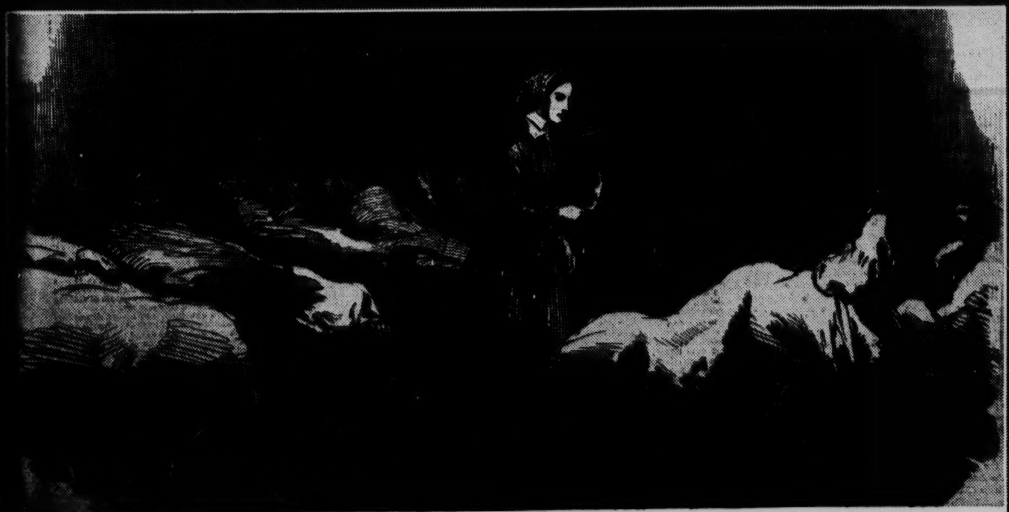


**Charge of the Light Brigade** at Balaclava appeared Nov. 18, 1854. Although the episode was foolhardy, *News* interpreted it as evidence that Britain's aristocracy was not effete.



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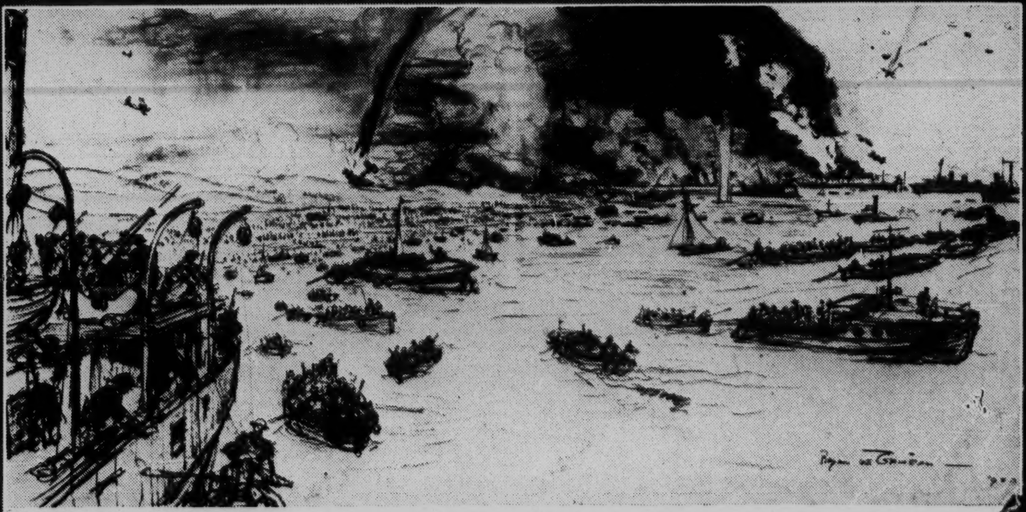

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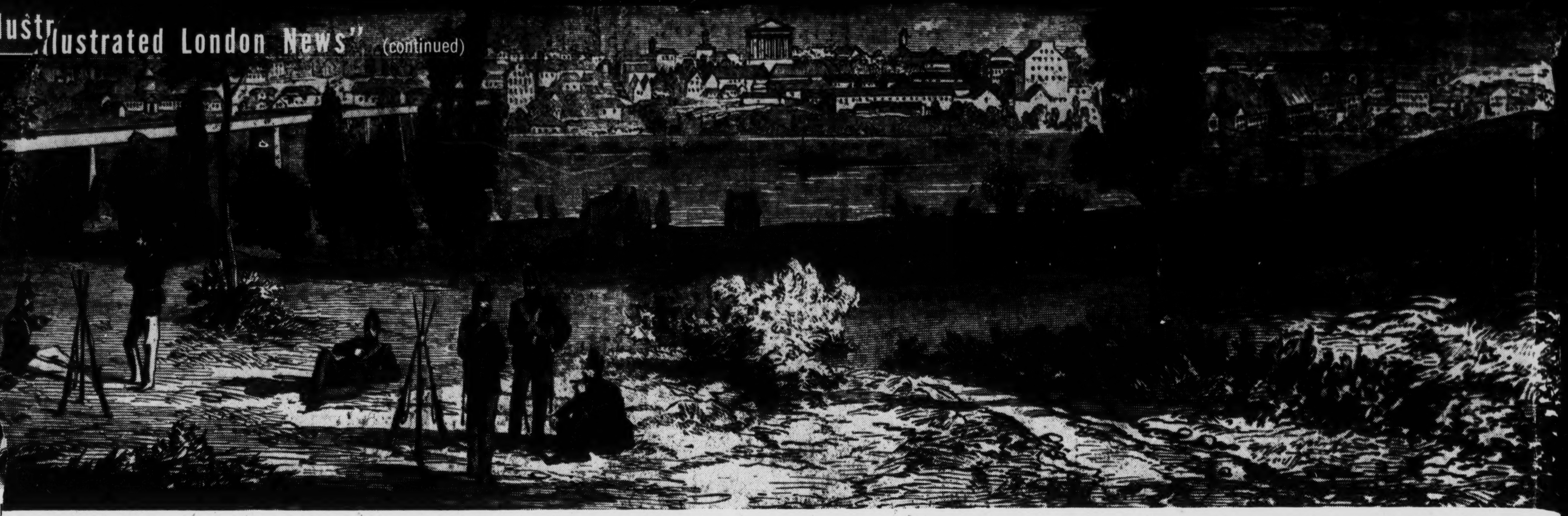

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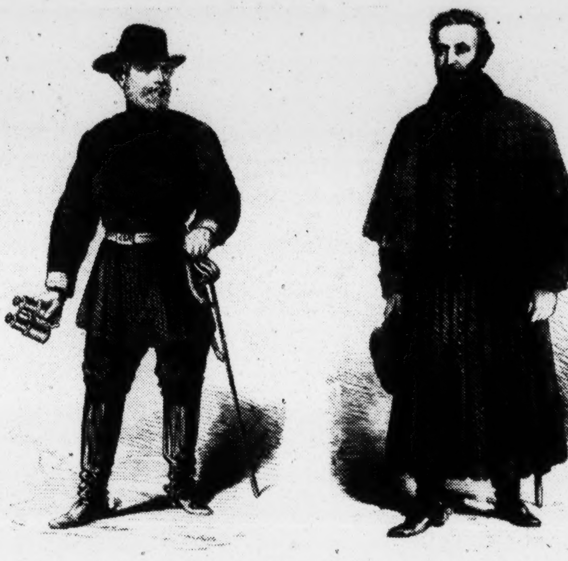
# OTHER NATIONS' WARS WERE SKETCHED BY THE "NEWS"

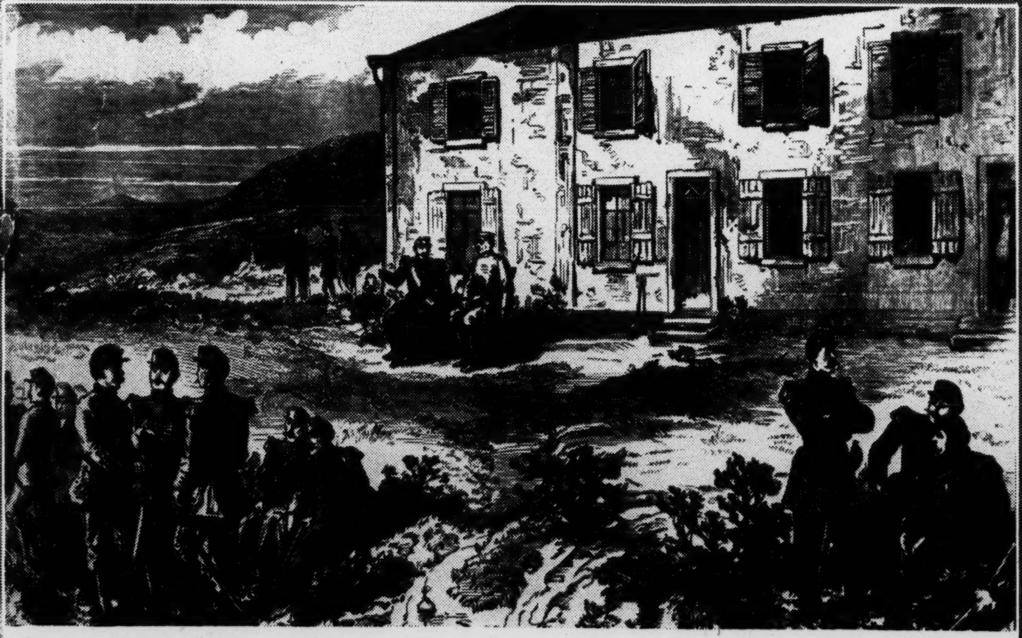
The *Illustrated London News* has either sketched or photographed 50-odd wars during the 100 years of its publication. Many were not Britain's own wars. But the *News*'s accurate and dramatic pictorial representation of martial exploits, whether Britain's or other nations', has always proved popular. In its centenary issue, published last May 16, the *News* said: "And though in the last century there has been considerable revulsion against war itself in the popular mind, it may be said that this paper has owed a great deal of its popularity to the depiction of war."

During the Civil War in the U.S. the *News* sent Frank Vizetelly, its special artist, to cover the conflict. Working from Confederate camps, he sent back many forceful sketches (*see above and right*). Vizetelly frequently omitted certain details in his drawings of Southern fortifications, explaining that he felt "honour-bound" to do so lest he give valuable military information to the North.

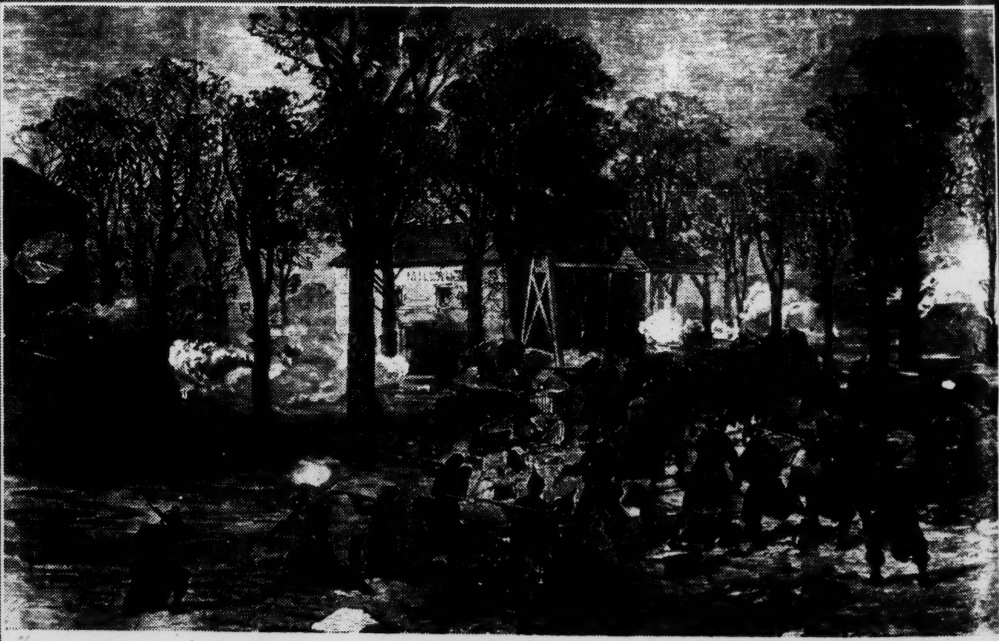
The *News* sometimes got itself into trouble by editorializing on other nations' policies. When the French authorities stopped its sale because of an article reflecting on character of Emperor Napoleon, Publisher Ingram, then in Paris, had the ban lifted, and drove around the French capital in a cab personally distributing the issue to impatient subscribers.



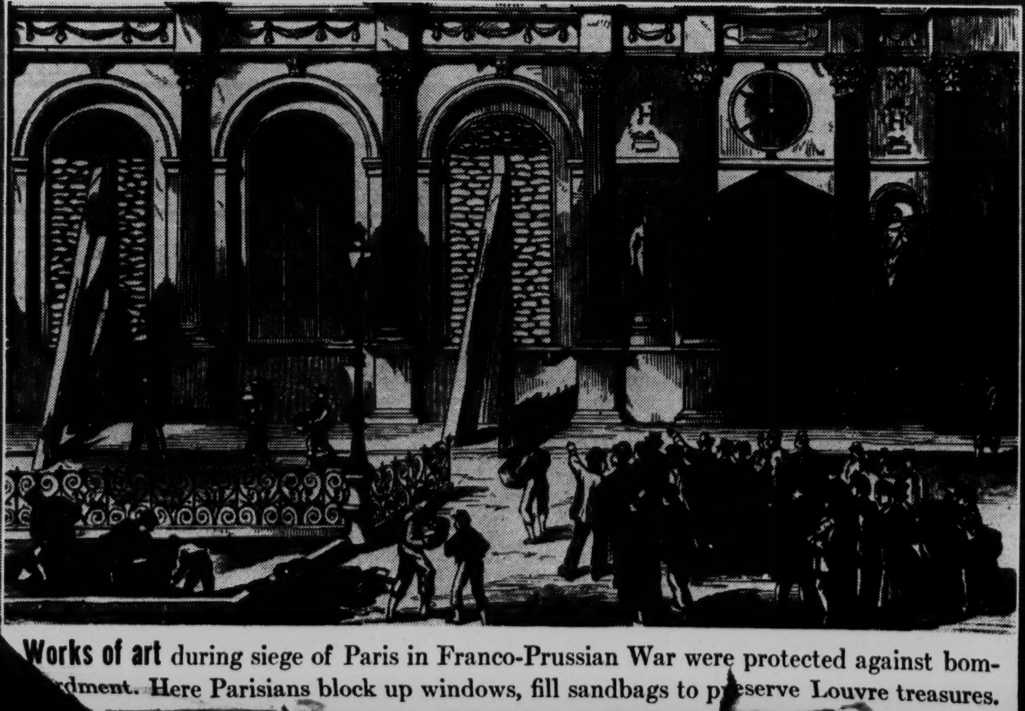
CONFEDERATE GENERALS LEE AND STONEWALL JACKSON



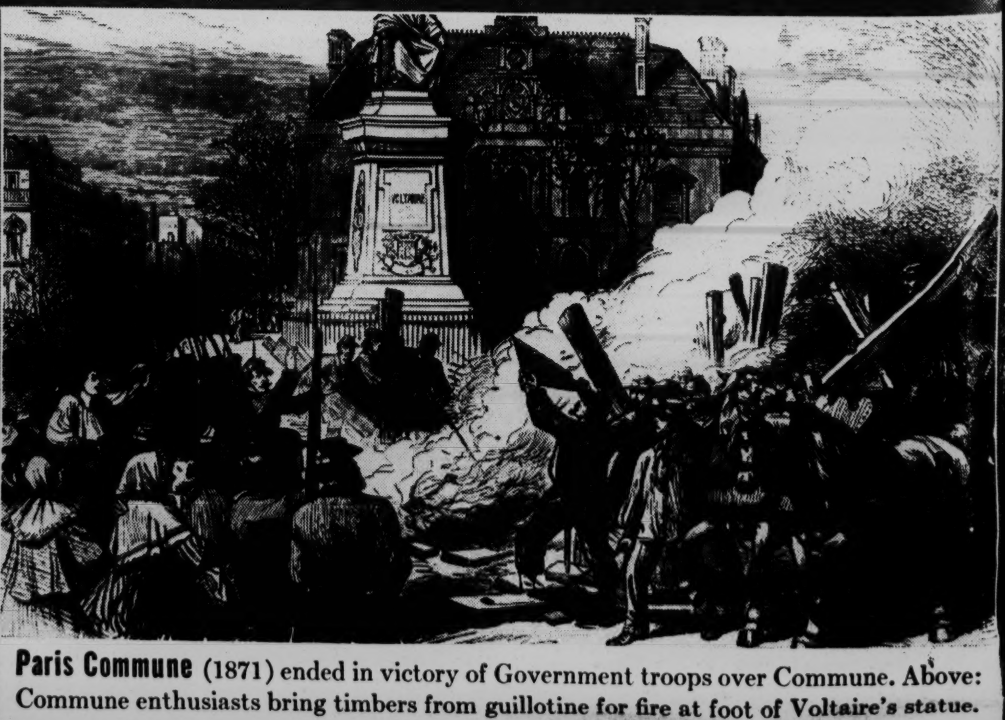
**Franco-Prussian War** (1870–1871) had Napoleon III and Bismarck meeting after battle of Sedan. *News* hinted precision weapons would be devastating enough to outlaw war.



**Siege of Paris** during Franco-Prussian War was sketched by French artist employed by *News*, shipped out of beleaguered city by balloon. *News* had five artists covering war.



**Works of art** during siege of Paris in Franco-Prussian War were protected against bom- rdment. Here Parisians block up windows, fill sandbags to preserve Louvre treasures.

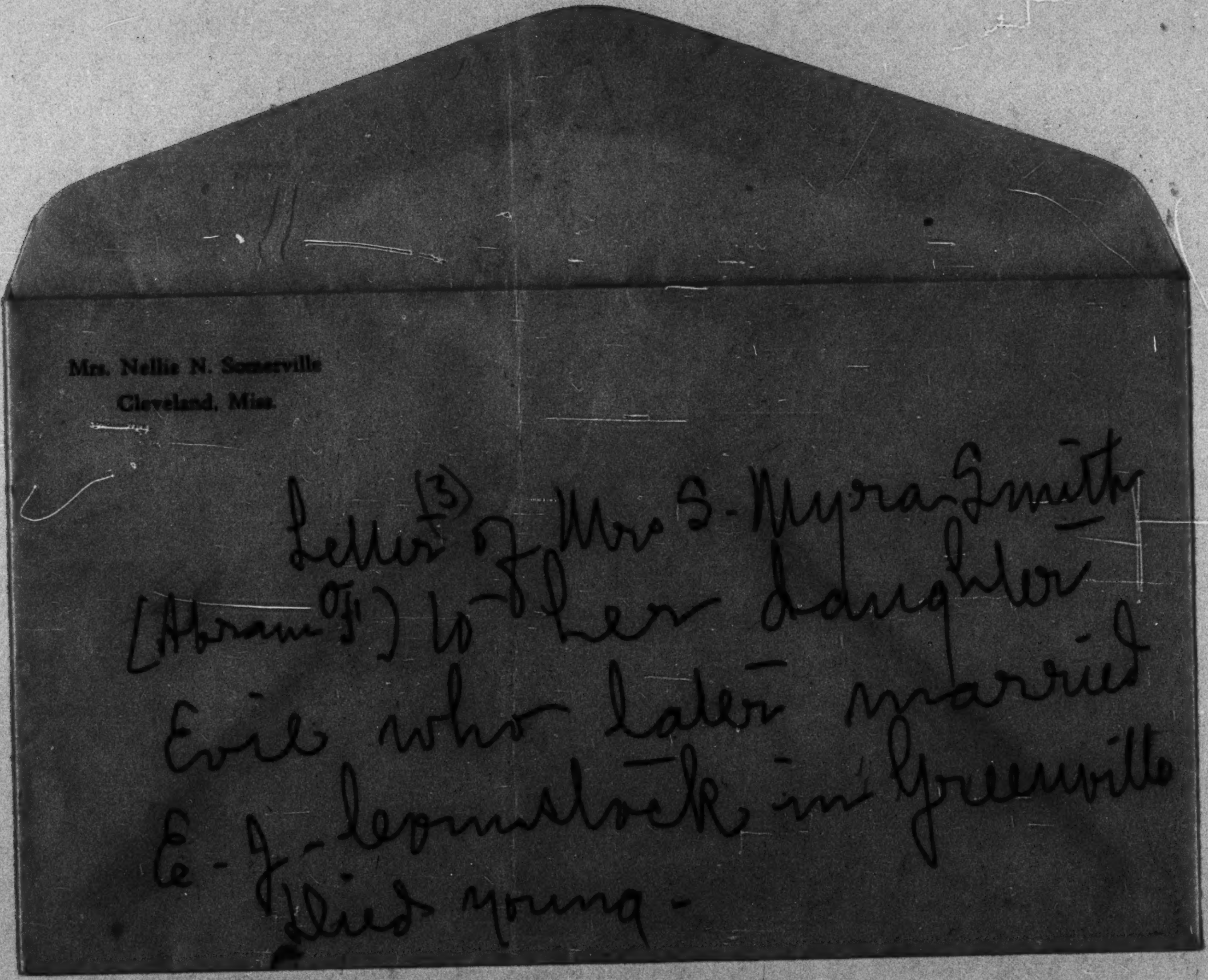


**Paris Commune** (1871) ended in victory of Government troops over Commune. Above: Commune enthusiasts bring timbers from guillotine for fire at foot of Voltaire's statue.

SOMERVILLE-HOWORTH FAMILY

S. Myra Cox Smith to daughter Evelina, 1861-1862. 3 ALS.
To "Eva" from Lucy L. Barton, 1860
From Evie (Smith) to Hattie, n.d.

Folder 13



Mrs. Nellie N. Somerville
Cleveland, Miss.

Letter (3) of Mrs S. Myra Smith
[Abram Sr.) to her daughter
Evie who later married
E. J. Comstock in Greenville
died young -

Greenville Oct 16th 1861

My dear little daughter

Maybe you think Ma is dilatory in writing to you and may be I am but I could not well help it. Just at the time I would have written I was nursing Mrs Montgomery's children who had diptheria and both have died. The baby died last saturday night, was buried Sunday morning. Pinkey was dying when they were burying the baby. I sat up three days and nights without sleep and was very nearly worn out. Oh what deep affliction. The father and mother are almost heart broken. Ellen Finley is worse again and her father told me she was bound to go just like Tom Pelham did. There is a good deal of sickness around but we are all well. I heard from Alf a few days ago he is at Columbus they being with George Hunt's company and there also the Bolivar troops. If you could step in and see us you could not realize you had been gone but

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every thing goes on the same old way except the times get harder every day

Annie Finley goes to school now and I scarcely ever see her – Eliza Finley still has that fever Bettie is quite well again How I would like to take a peep in at you some day – I was glad to learn from your father that you were so happy and contented always try to discharge your duty my dear child and then you will have a conscience which will acquit you – I have great confidence in your strong sense of duty and one of your chief duties now is to obey the rules of the school and be always respectful to your teachers

But my dear child let me tell you – we can do no good thing in and of ourselves you may make many good resolutions but you will not be able to keep them unaided by the Almighty and let me beg you to join your prayers with mine that God would direct you in all your ways and help you to discharge your every duty with faithfulness – You see from instances all around you that the young as well as the old sicken and die and you know

not
[illegible] that this year shall be your last oh
what a mistake young people make
when they vainly imagine they can go
on in sin while they are young and
when riper years come upon them
they can turn to God I say what a
mistake — do you not know that satan
is represented as a serpent who
noiselessly creeps upon his victims
and slowly coils himself around the
slumberer until my dear child every
moment you linger in the path of
sin you leave yourself a prey to his
deadly sting and you cannot escape from
him without divine aid from God
oh that I could see my children
give their hearts to God in their
youth — Give my love to Kate and
tell I say to ask God to make her
heart pure and prepare her to meet
her friends in Heaven tell her I
remember she used to say when she
was small that she wanted to be
just such a christian as every body
said her mother was and now she
is fifteen years old and yet has not
given her heart to God oh how long
suffering and forbearing God is to

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and how ungrateful we are to Him
Mary Adams is quite sick too your Cousin
Kate Blackburn is very sick sent a few
days ago of all her children and her
brothers and sister I am reading
a book to Mr Cawson and expect to
spend a good many evenings over this
until I finish it remember me very
kindly to Mrs McMillan Mr Joyce Cruikshanks
Miss Miller tell me when you write all
about your school your teachers and
all tell me how the girls dress and if
you have clothes enough I shall hope
to hear a good report of you my dear
child all join in love to you
Justin [illegible] all about and
Committing you into the hands of my
Saviour I say good bye

Your devoted Mother
E Lyon Smith

P.S. Remember every evening just as the sun
is setting I will be praying for you
and little Kate I join her with you in
my prayers and it would rejoice me
to know that sometimes at least you
or she would meet me before the
mercy seat and pray at that time

be a resolution you will always look back to with joy if you keep it but my dear child let me tell you you can no more do it alone of yourself without divine aid than you could create a a world. It is written in God's holy word "The human heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked" so you see the very seat of all these good resolutions is corrupt. I need not tell you who have been so faithfully taught that there is a power which is able and sufficient to enable you to carry out your resolutions and oh that you may be constrained by the love of Christ to come and drink at the fountain from whence flows this power that your heart may be purified by its sacred waters and you receive heavenly strength in your inner nature to subdue all the unholy passions of your soul. It is my daily prayer that now even in your schoolgirl days you may give your heart to God entirely. Oh how beautiful to see the young coming and consecrating their lives to God's service and oh my child if I could only make you know the rich bliss of heavenly joy that fills my soul continually you would not say that religion did not bring [illegible]

from the world. I feel satisfied that it
is best we should have sent you to the
North this year. Remember me very kindly
to her with many thanks for her kind
letter and will answer it soon. I hope
I shall always hear as good a report of
your department as she gave me of you in
her letter. Your father has been gone
near two weeks to Greenville where the
troops are, Gen Allcorns brigade
when he left he said this trip
would decide the matter whether he
would go or not. If he does not go
Will will go off immediately with a cavalry
troop now forming in Bolivar county.
I am looking for your pa back every
day and will write you word when
he decides. Alfred is well and still
at Bowling Green. Likely to be there all winter.
You need to write to him. I send
you on a slip of paper his direction.
I saw Stella Campbell to day she has
been sick a good deal this fall. Mrs
Campbell told me she thought she would
send her down at the commencement of
the second term. I see you are in
the freshman class. How was it that you
thought you would be in the Sophomore

I sent you a box two weeks ago by the Quartermaster directed to care of Mitchell. Have you received it. Let me know. If it was put off on the wharf [illegible] I suppose — Our Ladies are all active and getting up a concert and supper for the benefit of the soldiers. I have nothing to do with it. They meet here Wednesdays and Saturdays to practice. It is to come off New Year night. Your pa speaks a little of letting you come home Christmas — The cousins send their love and all say they are going to send you a box of cakes Christmas. Josephine Whiting has a baby girl. I heard nothing else and so [illegible] your letter. I will commit my dear absent daughter to the kind keeping of Him who never slumbers nor sleeps and say good night. All well at home.

Your Affectionate Mother
S. Myra Smith

P.S. Helen Finley is still improving. Aunt Sarah Mary Tracy and Mary Clark all have the same fever but all getting better now.

Greenville Feb 2nd 1862

My dear little daughter

I feel so disappointed that I could not go down with Mr Mc Hatton I had expected to go but in the first place Abey is not well having been sick for three weeks with fever and cold is better and getting well but not hardly well enough for me to leave him and another reason that I cant feel right to start on saturday night and be travelling on sunday I still hope to come down Maybe Monday or the Monday after — but I may not come atall I will if I can however I cant bring Abe it is too expensive I so often wish you were at home but it must be that you should go to school when you can for we know not how soon it will be so that you cant go atall These are times to try mens souls truly oh how my heart sickens when I think of the hundreds of human beings for whom Jesus died who are by this cruel war hurried off into eternity unprepared to die 2

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think of them day and night and make
them a constant subject of prayer and
if it were not for the assurance I
have when I pray for Alfred that
God will protect him I could not
rest but I do believe it and often
when I am praying for him I get
happy at the thought — oh my dear
child you cant you never can [illegible]
until you are circumstanced like
me — know my feelings and the
comfort religion is to me under
these trying circumstances. The people
around me seem nervous and uneasy
many of them but I feel calm most
of the time in perfect peace some
times my heart as I said before is
burdened on account of our brave boys
who have to suffer so much in
our defence but I look away from
these sad thoughts and trust in
God who has said "all things
shall work together for good to them
who love and serve the Lord
I know I love Him and serve
Him too therefore I can claim the
promise as for me and draw
comfort to my soul from it

Your letters are a great satisfaction to me you have improved very much in deed and then the feeling that you have not always been as obedient and dutiful to your mother as you should have been is a source of pleasure to me it brings tears of gratitude to God when I read the letters in which you expressed yourself thus and I pray that the feeling may be deepened more [illegible] oh can you not my dear child see too plainly that Passing away is written on all things here below and your little bark is floating down life's current looking on to the ocean of eternity and you are sitting with careless indifference as if you expected some good fortune to interpose just before you reach the whirlpool of death and despair and you will be saved but let me tell you listen to the words of the bible whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap if ye sow to the flesh ye shall of the flesh reap corruption and if you sow to the spirit you shall of the spirit reap life everlasting Your friends up here often ask about

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and express many kind feelings for you Another Military company is being arriged here of cavalry your brother William goes with them as for the war it will be off now in about two weeks so you see we have double cause to feel sad

Nan Findley is well they are going to have Miss Carnelia Herbert again to teach she will be here very soon We are all well Alex is much better tell Kate all are well at home give her my love remember me to Mr McKethan and Mr Reed trust ever committing yourself to the care of a faithful father in Heaven I will say good night my dear child

Your devoted Mother

S M Smith

As this letter was among the papers of S.Myra Smith it is probably a letter written to her daughter Evelina, younger sister of Eleanor who married William Lewis Nugent. The date, Nov. 11, 1860 was shortly after the marriage of Eleanor . Evelina Smith was generally called "Evie". This letter uses "Eva" which may have been also used as a Con traction of Evelina.

LSH

Greenville Parsonage Nov. 11 - 1860

My dear Eva

Will you think I am treating you too much like a little child if I tell you a story? but perhaps you will wonder why I should do it at-all, because as a follower (alas how far off!) of our Lord Jesus, I feel such inexpressible yearning for those for whom he has died that while their hearts are tender & have not gone far in the ways of open rebellion they may come to our dear Redeemer & learn how he loves them & what pure & holy joys he can give - I feel a peculiar interest in you from my attachment to your dear mother & because you have so much of pain & sickness in the time that is usually healthful & joyous - and I want you to learn that it is your Heavenly Father who afflicts you for your good & if you submit to him you may have more enduring joys than if you had been spared the chastening - I have a young friend who years ago, when she was younger than you are now was a gay bright child, ardent in her feelings often impetuous & impatient - she had been religiously trained by a good mother but she had not given her heart to God - one morning while dressing something like paralysis deprived her of the use of her

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hip arm & back - for more than a year she was unable to stand up & had to undergo torturing [illegible] - even the good seed began to spring up - Her mother told me she had a feeling of despair at first as she thought how could she the [illegible] active child bear the confinement that then seemed life long - but no one ever heard her murmur - when she was well enough lying there on her back she would spend hour after hour in making little tokens of remembrance that might be grateful & useful to her friends, seeming to lose all thought of self - but still she was not converted - once she grew so ill they thought she would die - she told me this was the first time she had a realizing sense of her condition as a sinner - & oh she said how ashamed I felt that all God's love had not made me feel it, that it took fear to move me - from this time she went on striving, praying, & diligent search of her Bible - she told me without [illegible] & [illegible] made a good hope for herself - she said she [illegible] then but she had taken pains to find - When we first went to the charge in which she lived, Mary tho often suffering, was so far recovered as to be able often to attend church - soon afterwards she joined - that fall we were at a camp meeting together - Brother Drake held one of his pleasant children's meeting when she hopefully [illegible] before going into the full com-cause of faith - I think it was on her thirteenth birthday - When she last wrote to me she was still trying to be a christian - she is a young lady now, I left her a child - Her mother said of her when I saw her a year ago Mary is growing nearer & nearer what I would have her to be - How dear Eva as you can see how this affliction tho' grievous at the time - as the Apostle tells us they ever are - worketh out the fruits of righteousness - But for this she might not have learned to love the Saviour - Perhaps you may think that you have never done any wrong, cannot be called a sinner - I don't know that I felt myself when I was older than you are until I tried to live up to the requirements of God's holy law - you will realize it when you try this & oh how your heart will reach out after just such a Saviour as Jesus is for all who will come to Him -

"In vain the trembling conscience seeks,
Some solid ground to rest upon,
With long despair the spirit breaks,
Till we apply to Christ alone" -

Come to Him now & may he bless you with the fulness of His love - If we should not return, I hope to hear that your Mothers prayers for you are answered -

Affectionately yours
Lily G. Burton

This apparently is a letter written by Evelina "Evie" Smith to a friend. As it is not dated and no place given, the location of the school "Readvilla" remains unknown. Since Mrs. Smith speaks in her letters to her daughter of "going down" to see her and also of a "wharf" the school was probably in Vicksburg or Natchez. the date of this letter was probably 1860 as there is no mention of soldiers or war.

Evelina H. Smith (no record has been found of what the "H" stood for. It may have been "Hardin", the family name of the man whom a favorite sister of Mr. Smith married. The daughter of this sister, Mrs. Ellen Hardin Walworth,was one of the founders of the D.A.R.), was born in Greenville, Miss., February 26, 1848, she died of pneumonia March 6, 1869. She married a Mr.Comstock and had one child who died as an infant.A copy of the sermon delivered at her funeral has been previously sent to the Archives.

let her. If she wants to write she
[illegible] to write atall she must write a
[illegible] letter. Oh Hattie I want to go home
so much. I think I will starve out if I
stay here much longer. Hattie I could
say a great deal more but you see I hit

My dearest Friend

Some weeks ago
I happened to glance in the back
part of my Rhetoric and my eye fell
upon the words written by you.
Remember your friend Hattie. When we
part you must write to me.
I could not help reproaching my self
for not having kept my promise and
immediately determined to redeem it.
Oh Hattie you do not know how
much we that is your roommate
and [illegible] feel. We wish you to
write. Kate says she did not answer
your letter because she thought you
would be here so soon that there was
no use in doing so.

no more room. I have taken it for granted that
every thing about Readville will be interesting to you.
With love to All I remain as ever Your Sincere and
affectionate Friend Evie.
P.S. [illegible] or any girl friend. love
that I have not room to write it all.
Evie,

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Several new scholars have come since you left. Among them was a girl by the name of Maxie Marshall she is my best friend I love her very much. But I have found no one since my departure from home that can occupy so large a place in my affections as my friend Hattie. Pa and Ma have both been to see me. Pa's visit was very short, ~~but~~ Ma stayed a week. I did not go to school any while she was here so you can judge ~~yo~~ ~~yourself~~ how much I enjoyed myself. Every thing is winding around in the same old way at Beulaville. Miss Kate left us last night she said she did not know where she would go. However I believe she has gone to Mrs Knickerbocker's.

Mary Shepley is staying in our room in your place she is about as disagreeable as girls generally get to be. Fannie wanted her to stay in our room one night as her Mother was not at home.

Mary did not tell us that her Mother was going to spend the winter away from home. And as she has not yet returned Mary has remained with us. I do not see any prospects of getting rid of her until vacation unless you come back and I have given up all hopes of that.

Fannie does not think she will remain here all the session and says you had better send for your things soon. Fannie and Mary Shifly had a quarrel this morning and I expect she will leave us soon at any rate I hope so. Hattie we have been studying Physiology and are going to be examined in it tomorrow. Miss Bice read our final marks today. My mark was seven and seven extra. Fannie's was six. Florence's was the same as mine. The place has improved very much. We have not had any Corn [illegible] back since

you left we very often have eggs
for breakfast. We have not been without
butter for a long time.

Mr. Fannie told me to tell you
that Bob Richardson had been to see
her since you left. He brought a lot of
oranges which we will enjoy [illegible]

Mr. Reed would not take Mary out
of our room she said that Mary Shipley
had as much right to sleep in your
bed as Fannie. Hattie I do not know
when I will get a chance to send this
letter I hope Saturday.

Hattie Fannie and I keep a paper in our
desk yet and mark out every day that
passes. We have continued studying the
philosophy that you were in the first
of the session that you partly read

Mrs. Dupree is going home soon and take
Alice with her. Fannie has commenced a
searching letter to his Uncle to send
Alice. Hattie wants to put a postscript
in this letter but I do not intend to

SOMERVILLE-HOWORTH FAMILY

Sermon delivered at Evalina H. Smith Comstock's funeral, 1869.

Folder 14

Manuscript of sermon delivered at the funeral of Evelina H.Smith Comstock, born February 26,1848,Greenville, Miss. died March 8,1869, Greenville, Miss. Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A.F.Smith, younger sister of Mrs.Wl L.Nugent and aunt of Nellie Nugent Somerville. Partial transcription by LSH probably about 1907. The baby mentioned in the sermon died a few months later.

Sermon preached at Avelina S.
funeral , 18
1st Cor. XV - 55

"O death where is thy sting? O grave where is thy victory?"

The use of an occasion like this is to benefit the living. Every death, whatever its circumstance is an event of great interest to us all; but how much more a death by which God has seen fit to show us the power and triumph of faith. It is seldom we are privileged to see a triumphant death and therefore it is the more precious [illegible] [illegible] to [illegible] hour of death but the living do not see it often. Most of us do not see our palm and crown, until the frail threads of mortality are broken - the voice - the eye - is too dim and silent to send back the shout of victory. This text is no doubt the language of every Christian as goes down into the valley of death and finds its terrors dissapated by the presence of his savior. But the text is one illustrated and explained to the livi by such a death as it has been our priviliges to witness now. The death of our beloved friend her words — her spirit her — power were a sermon which explained this beautiful text so clearly and impressively that if you all could have heard that sermon, there would be little need for me to you another. O that God may enable me to give you some idea of her death, a synopsis of the eloquent sermon, which is now still sounding in our ears. Our text presents before us the darkness and the light the gloom and the glory of our Christian warfare. There is the the conflict in its darkest passage — and the [illegible]

in its brightest glory, struggle
and triumph, on the one hand
we have held up to our view, death
with all its terrors, the grave with
it's decay, its mystery — its dread un-
certainty. More appalled when we
look at this side of the picture - Ou
souls recoil from the thought.
But on the other side we see death
despoiled, the grave conquered, and
blissful immortality within our
reach. To every mortal man, death
must always be a subject of the
highest interest, no soul can look
upon death without being moved
It is the inevitable lot of us all
and is loaded with great consequen

-ces. It is interesting to the Christian because it is the end of his sorrows, It is the only and the final release from the ills of life. We that are in this tabernacle do groan, being burdened. While we are passing through this wilderness abiding in tents, the burden of toil and anguish and perplexity weigh us down, and our burden seeks relief in groans and tears. We hear of this life as our little life, but if we would measure it by its sorrows, If we would count its tears and sighs and weigh its burden If we recounted the withered hopes - the crushed affections, the prospects that

are blasted, and all these pressed
into this space - we cannot call
this a little life, It is ponderous
with sorrow. Death to the Christian
is the throwing off of this burden,
and entering into rest There are no
tears in Heaven for God will wipe
all tears from off all faces. Neither
will there be sorrow nor crying
for the former things are done
away. But the Christian not only
ceases from sorrow at death but
but he enters into the reward
of the righteous. We know that
the New Jerusalem is a city of
delights but among all these delights
there is none so conspicious

can only account for his joy in his thoughts about Christ. To see a tender woman that would shrink from danger, comming in view of death with all its terrors, intering into the darkness of the grave, conscious that she is just to pass through the dismal, lonely, comfortless valley of death. Without a human heart to beat with hers, without a single ray of human sympathy to go with her out into the dark, to see her I say in full view of this and yet ~~so~~ absorbed in the beauties of that one name - that she forgets the terrors and and the fears in her engrossing love to him. This must be a problem to those who know not Christ. The materialist may resort to physical causes to explain it; but he would not need to seek any other solution if he had known the love of Christ. What is it but the love of Jesus that triumphs over death - that forgets its horrors while in full view of them. How beautifully this was illustrated in the scene which we witnessed around the death bed of our friend, the that she was not troubled with any fear of death, all who saw her know, when it was first announced to her by her physician that she had pneumonia she expressed herself as confident that she could not recover, and addressed her mind with rational concern thinking about that preparation for death which should have occupied her first thoughts. Having announced to her husband, her conviction, that she could not recover, she said she knew that she had not lived such a Christian as she ought but now she was going to give her attention to preparing for death She then expressed perfect resignation to the will of God if he saw best that she should die Then, as she lay in silence thinking of the pain and thirst she must suffer she had the most comforting scriptures brought to her memory which as she said afterwards filled her with such rapture that words could not express it. As she thoug of the thirst which was paraliz her and feared she might have to endure this throughout her sickness; she was refreshed with that overwhelming shower

shower of spiritual drink which makes us forget the wants of her body and feel that there was within her a well of water springing up into eternal life. She remembered how Christ talked with the woman of Samaria who came for water to Jacobs' well "He that drinketh the water that I shall give, will never thirst." During that day the secrete communion with God lifted her whole soul up to the heights of that love which triumphs over death. From that time she seemed to very little about death, but only about Jesus.

At the mention of his name her face would light up with pleasure and she would speak his praise "Jesus the name that is above every other name" "Blessed Jesus" and language like this frequently fell from her lips, showing how completly the love of Christ had engrossed her heart and drivi[illegible] out other thoughts, loosing sight of the fact that she must die, she was intent only on glorifying her precious savior. Not only did she express her rapture in words of praise, but seemed full of the desire to induce others to glorify him in their lives. Every one that came near her, almost she exhorted and admonished in some suitable manner, the burden of all her exhortation being that they should live for Jesus. To some who were not present she sent messages of entreaty which I pray God may be indellibly written on their memoirs and hearts. Entreating her husband to fulfill all his duty as a Christian and not to shrink from any cross. She quoted two lines of that beautiful hymn "Ashamed of Jesus, that dear friend on whom my hopes of heaven depend." And when he had kneeled down beside her and prayed she exclaimed, glory to God, glory to God—I am so happy. Once she [illegible] — — regret over the things she was leaving behind; but her prayer for more faith was soon answered and she triumphed again. Here she said is my pleasant little home where I hav just collected so many little comforts; and here is my husband and my little baby, and than lifting up her hands toward heaven she prayed, "Father, loosen the cords, loosen the cords", she thou she said "how Jesus before his ago sweated drops of blood and [illegible] die if he required her poor human, to give up all to sever the holy ties of life without a pang, And while she thus pe____ a most delightful comfort and resignation came over her. Doubtless as the angels came and ministered to Christ, when tried the ministring spirits came and filled her with comfort. After ward she said "Ma, how could you ______ ane, in this world of sorrow, when you know I am going to Heaven!" On Friday morning she desired to me and I went into the room, I shall never forget the power that was there, and never cease to be thankful that it was my privilege to see such a victory over death. Jesus was all her theme. She thought of nothing earthly but how to induce others to be religeous. Calling for brother ___ ford she exclaimed "My hands are full" by which she seamed to mean that some burden was on her mind, some message she must deliver. When bro. ___ ford came she then asked for bro. ___ rigg and said I called you to remind you of the gentlemans prayer meeting. Oh start it again", after having exhorted that it should be renewed she turned to the ladies and asked them "Where is our ladies prayer meeting", and begged them to renew that. Having finished these exhortations- she said "now my Christ

1st Cor. XV. 55

"O death where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

The use of an occasion like this is to benefit the living. Every death, whatever its circumstances, is an event of great interest to us all; but how much more, a death, by which God has seen fit to show us the power and the triumph of faith. It is seldom we are privileged to see a triumphant death, and therefore it is the more precious. Every christian ~~is taking~~ triumphs in the hour of death, but the living do not see it often. Most of us do not see our palm and crown, until the frail threads of mortality are so broken, the [illegible] the eye is too dim and silent to send back the shout of victory. This text is no doubt the language of every christian as he goes down into the valley of death and finds its terrors dissipated by the presence of his Saviour. But this text is only illustrated and explained to the living by such a death as it has been our privilege to witness now. The death of our beloved friend, her words — her spirit — her power were a sermon which explained this beautiful text so clearly and impressively that if you all could have heard that sermon ~~there~~ would be little need for me to preach you another. Oh that God may enable me to give you some idea of her death, a synopsis of the eloquent sermon, which is now still sounding in our ears. Our text presents before us the darkness and the light, the gloom and the glory of our christian warfare; there is the conflict in its darkest passage [illegible] victory in its brightest glory; struggle and triumph. On the one hand we have held up to our view death with all its terrors, the grave with its dim mystery — its dread uncertainty. We are appalled when we look at this side of the picture. Our souls recoil from the thought. But on the other side we see death despoiled, the grave conquered and blissful immortality within our reach. To every mortal man, death must always be a subject of the highest interest. No soul can look upon death without feeling moved. It is the inevitable lot of us all, and is fraught with great consequences. It is interesting to the christian because it is the end of his sorrows. It is the only and the final release from the ills of life. We that are in this tabernacle do groan, being burdened. While we are passing through this wilderness, abiding in tents, [illegible] perplexity weigh us down, and our burdens [illegible] we groan [illegible] tears. The [illegible] of this life, as [illegible] life, but if we would measure it by its sorrows, if we would count its tears and sighs and weigh its burdens. If we recount the withered hopes, the crushed affections, the prospects that are blasted, and all crowded into this space, we cannot call this a light life. It is ponderous with sorrow. Death to the christian is the throwing off of this burden, and entering into rest. There will be no tears in heaven, for God will wipe away all tears from off all faces; neither will there be sorrow nor crying; for the former things are done away. But the christian not only ceases from sorrow at death, but he enters into the reward of the righteous. We know that the New Jerusalem is a city of delights, but among all these delights, there is none so conspicuous, none that christians can so well understand as the presence of Jesus. Jesus is the name dearer to christians than any other name. Their love for that name is like a well of refreshing water springing up in them to eternal life. "Whom having not seen ye love!" "In whom though now ye see him not yet believing ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory!" To the man who has never felt the pardoning love of Christ it is [illegible] strange how dear his name how precious to those that believe. To see a man in the height of rapture, and yet can only account for his joy in his thoughts about Christ. To see a tender woman that would shrink from danger, coming in view of death with all its terrors, entering into the darkness of the grave, conscious that she is about to pass through the dismal, lonely, comfortless valley of death, without a human hand to bear with her, without a single ray of human sympathy to go with her out into the dark; to see her stay in full view of all and yet so absorbed in the beauties of that dear name that she forgets the terrors, and the fears, in her engrossing love to him. This must be a problem to those who know not Christ. The materialist may resort to physical causes to explain it, but he [illegible] not [illegible] to such [illegible] the solution [illegible] the love of Christ. What is it but [illegible] Jesus that triumphs over death that forgets its horrors wholly in full view of them. How beautifully this was illustrated in the scene which we witnessed around the death bed of our friend. That she was not troubled with any fear of death, all who saw her know. When it was first announced to her by her physician, that she had pneumonia, she expressed herself as confident that she could not recover, and addressed her mind with rational concern to thinking about that preparation for death which should have occupied her first thoughts. Having announced to her husband her conviction that she could not recover, she said she knew that she had not lived such a christian as she ought, but now she was going to give her attention to preparing for death. She then expressed perfect resignation to the will of God if he saw best that she should die. Then as she lay in silence thinking of the pain and the [illegible] that she must suffer, she had the most comforting scriptures brought to her memory which as she said afterwards filled her with such rapture that words could not express it. As she thought of the thirst which was parching her, and feared she might have to endure this throughout her sickness; she was refreshed with that overwhelming shower of spiritual drink which makes us forget the wants of her body and feel that there was within her a well of water springing up unto eternal life. She remembered how Christ talked with the woman of Samaria who came for water to Jacob's well

He that drinketh the water that I shall give, will never thirst. During that day, the secret communion with God lifted her whole soul up to the height of that love which triumphs over death. From that time she seemed to think very little about death, but only about Jesus. At the mention of his name her face would light up with pleasure, and she would speak his praise. "Jesus, the name that is above every other name." "Blessed Jesus" or language like this frequently fell from her lips, showing how completely the love of Christ had engrossed her heart & to die [illegible] but o[illegible] thought, losing sight of the fact that she must die, she was [illegible] of glorifying her precious saviour. Not only did she express her rapture in words of praise, but seemed full of the desire to induce others to glorify him in their lives. Every one that came near her, almost, she exhorted and admonished in some suitable manner, the burden of all her exhortation being that they should live for Jesus. To some who were not present she sent messages of entreaty which I pray God may be indelibly written on their memories and hearts. Entreating her husband to fulfill all his duty as a christian, and not to shrink from any cross, she quoted two lines of that beautiful hymn "Ashamed of Jesus that dear friend on whom my hopes of heaven depend." And when he had knelt down by her bedside and prayed she exclaimed glory to God, glory [illegible] I did [illegible] [illegible] she [illegible] [illegible] ought to [illegible] things she was leaving behind [illegible] but her prayer for more faith was soon answered and she triumphed again. Here, she said is my pleasant little home where I have just collected so many little comforts, and here is my husband and my little baby. And then lifting up her hands toward heaven she prayed, Father, loosen the cords loosen the cords. She thought she said how Jesus before his agony sweat drops of blood and wondered if he required her poor human [illegible] to give up all to sever the holy ties of life without a pang. And while she thus pictured the most delightful comfort and resignation came over her. Doubtless as the angels came and ministered to Christ, when tried, the ministering spirits came and filled her with comfort. Afterward she said Ma, how could you wish to keep me in this world of sorrow, when you know I am going to heaven. On Friday morning, she desired to see me, and I went into the room. I shall never forget the power of her words, and never cease to be thankful that it was my privilege to see such victory over death. Jesus was all her theme. She thought of nothing earthly but how to induce others to be religious. Calling for brother Ashford, she exclaimed "My hands are full" by which she seemed to mean that some burden was on her mind — some message she must deliver. When bro Ashford came, she [illegible] asked for bro Briggs and said, I called you to remind you of the gentleman's prayer meeting. Oh start it again

after having exhorted that it should be [illegible]
ed she turned to the ladies and asked [illegible]
our ladies prayer meeting and [illegible]
to remove that. Having finished that [illegible]
tions. she said now my christian friends
this is all that I have to say. let me [illegible]
message was ended. [illegible]
[illegible] very soon after that she fell into
a state of unconsciousness and only occasion-
ally afterward would be wakened to [illegible]
consciousness. [illegible]

[illegible]

of our ladies [illegible] by the [illegible]
happy face [illegible]
[illegible]
with [illegible]
and do you not [illegible]
[illegible]

his fight. [illegible] days and nights of watching
and danger are ended he knows what it is
to have conquered the last enemy.

SOMERVILLE-HOWORTH FAMILY

John Pratt Nugent (1792-1873) and Anne Lavinia Lewis Nugent (1807-1873). Copies of silhouettes, and information Re: Nugents, including TLS to Lucy Somerville Howorth from James E. Edmonds, 1956.

Folder 15

# MRS. JOHN PRATT NUGENT (1807-1873)

Anne Lavinia Lewis, seventh child of Seth and Nancy Hardeman Lewis, was born at half past two a.m. December 8, 1807. She was educated at home and then attended Elizabeth College at Washington, Mississippi. Her daughter,Anne Maria, has written that she graduated at any event while in Washington and being with her Aunt Sarah Lewis Guion much of the time, she met John Pratt Nugent recently become a widower. The story is that they met while each was separately riding horseback and each admired the other's riding skill. They were married March 7, 1827 in New Orleans at the home of her sister, Amelia Lewis Thomsen. (Mrs. Thomsen's recollections are part of the collection of papers in The Womens Archives.)

The Nugents had nine children:

1. Aphra, born 1828 married Francis Anderson Boyle lived in New Orleans and later in Chattanooga where she died.
2. Perry Remsen, born 1831, lived in Texas, New Orleans and Greenville, Mississippi
3. William Lewis, born 1832, father of Nellie Nugent Somerville
4. Richard James, born 1834, lived in New Orleans and later in Bolivar County, Mississippi where he died
5. John Pratt,Jr.,born 1836, lost a leg in the Civil War, lived in Bolivar County where he died. He was short and swarthy complexion. All the other sons were tall and fair like their Grandfather Seth Lewis. John,Jr. was said to be like his father.

7 ~~6~~. Thomas Lewis, born 1841, lived in Texas after the War. His name is sometimes given as Thomas Hardeman, but more often, Thomas Lewis. He became a lawyer, a Judge and was active in public affairs in Texas where he died.

6 ~~7~~. Amelia, born 1839, married Julius Vairin in New Orleans in 1859 and lived there until her death.

8. Clarence Jewell, born 1843, became a Methodist Minister and lived around mostly in Kentucky
9. Anne Maria, born 1850, married Major James E. Edmonds,U.S.A. lived most of her adult life in Bolivar County,Mississippi then followed her son James E.Edmonds to New Orleans and died there.

She died at Hot Springs, Virginia August 23,1873 and is buried beside her husband in Greenwood Cemetery, Jackson, Mississippi.

According to family tradition, she was beautiful, intellectual, a strong,determined character and had the respect and devotion of all her children. My mother (NNS) said her grandmother Nugent was the only human being she ever was afraid of, that when she heard that her Grandmother Nugent had come, she would run away off in the orchard as far from the house as possible. Since my mother was not quite 10 years old when her Grandmother Nugent died, the Grandmother must have been unusually stern and severe. Grandmother Nugent smoked a pipe and Grandmother Smith did not approve and did not consider her such an elegant lady for that reason. They were mutually friendly on the subject of religion, since each was a devout Methodist.

There may have been some weak women in my mothers' inheritance, but there are no stories about them. All that we ever heard of were extraordinarily strong. It is my personal guess that the women who survived the early days in settling this country were all strong characters and had to be.

LSH
Lucy Somerville Howorth
1963

*From*
**James E. Edmonds**
(Maj. Gen. N. G. U. S.-Ret'd)
29 Colonial Place
ASHEVILLE, N. C.

*Cable address*
Edmonca
*Telephone*
2-0179

February 23,
1956

My dear Lucy:

I do wish I'd heard from you back in January, for it would have enabled me to call on you or have you join me at the Army and Navy Club while I was in the capital, rather hurriedly it is true, the week of February 6-10.

My memory of your mother and father goes back, clear and warm, to my boyhood on the plantation on Lake Bolivar. Your mother visited us from time to time, and your father was a frequent visitor because of his duties with the Levee Board.

I cannot orient the JAMES SOMERVILLE of your "Associates". Whose son is he ?

In re the silhouettes: A local photographer has the negative made from the old originals and I'll be glad to get him to make prints for you if you desire. He managed to get the effect of the ancient gold dust highlighting very skilfully.

I have a copy of the Amelia Thomson Watts recollections; in part. It was taken from a brochure privately printed long ago. The one complete copy I know is in the possession of Sidney Farnsworth, well known resident of Memphis. His address may be had from the Memphis 'phone directory which you may find at the Washington main office of the Southern Bell Tel. and Tel. The whole would not be too long for copying and I'm sure Farnsworth (one of the multitudinous descendents of Judge Seth Lewis!) would be glad to attend for you.

My mother got together a very voluminous , largely handwritten, mass of data concerning the Lewis, Hardeman, and Nugent lines-- all combined in your mother and mine, and so in you and me. I would judge it would run to some 350 pages of double-spaced typewriting. Much of it may be repetitious of what you already know. It reflects, however, a lot of research both by my mother and my first wife, Rosa Warfield who was an official genealogist for the D.A.R. Most of the research was on the Lewis and Hardeman lines.

(SEE BACK PAGE )

Your great-grandfather John Pratt Nugent(my grandfather) immigrated from southern Ireland, as of course you know,reaching the United States in 1816, then being 24 years old. He came from the small town of Rathdowney, now far from the larger town of Marybough,which is southwest of Dublin. Frankly, we've never learned much detail about his ancestry. His father ,Richard, had been an officer in the Brhtish 19th "Regiment of Foot" for most of his youth, serving in the Seven Years War and beig captured by the French at the fighting at Belle Isle, off the French coast. After that war, he quit the Army and,apparebtly persuaded a Miss Catherine Pratt to elope with him from the boarding school where she then was. Apparently,she was by way of being a landholding heiress of sorts--for Captain Nugent and his bri~~g~~dge settled down on an estate not far from Rathdowney which(apparently) was a Pratt and not a Nugent property. John Pratt ,born in 1792, was the son of his old age. The oldest son,Robert, was fifteen years John Pratt's senior.

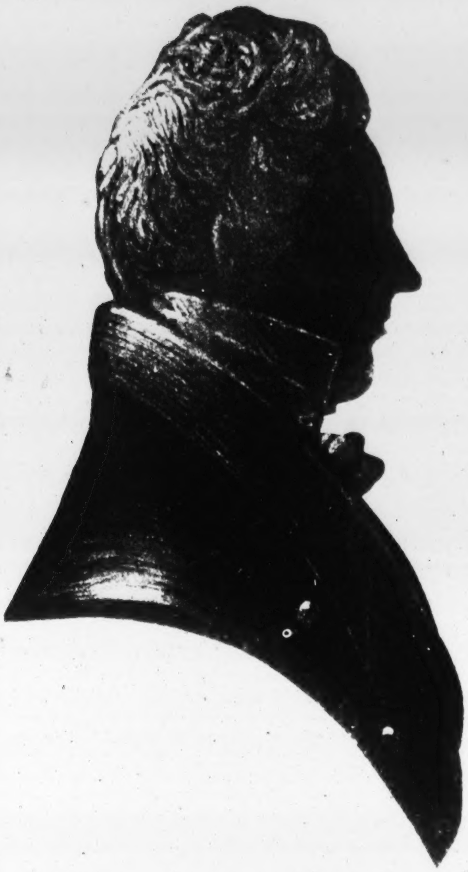
These were trougled times in Ireland. My mother says her father was relucatant to talk about his boyhood and family; his emotions mastering him. What happebed to the family and the property we don't know-- nor have I ever been able to pick up the Nugent line in any detail beyond the British soldier. It was just accepted that the Nugents were descendents of Norman knights who had been with "Strongbow" when, in the time of Henry 11 of England, they "intervened" on the side of the Irish clan chieftain( "king"?) then engaged ib a bitter quarrel with some other "Irishers". Near Maryborough (not far from Rathdowney) is the ruin of the ancient fortress-castle where "Strongbow" exercised his rule after he married the Irish chieftain's daughter and took over the rule. I spent a summer afternoon there, years ago,thrilled a bit with the thought that I was walking the ground where an ancestor of mine, 700 years before, had gone his soldierly way?. Rathdowney was, and still is, the site of a small group of Protestant s--Anglicans. Cynthia and I went to the little village church where the Nugents may have worshipped--and the Pratts, Remsens, and Perrys-- in the gone years. Out in the country is another Anglican church, now long closed, as one man said," sleeping amidst its dead." I could find no trace of any living Nugents, Perrys, Remsens,or Pratts when I was there in 1934. I did not have time to search the old records of inspect the old cemeteries . The data about Richard Nugent's military service, I obtained from a friend in England and fron the old War Office records.

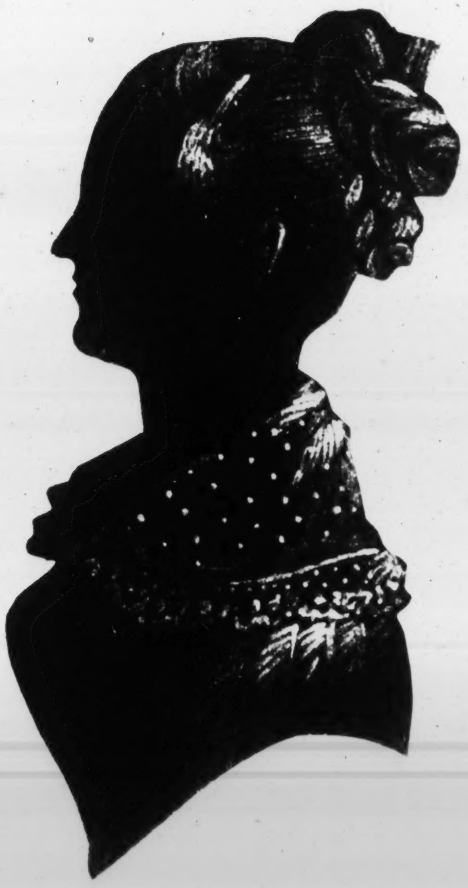
The name Nugent, of course, is now very prevalent in Ireland. Notonly were the earlier Nugent soldiers and landowners apparently prolific--but the landowners among them must have been liked by their tenants. In Ireland in the 17th and 18th centuries, as in the South after the Civil War, the names of liked landlords were adopted by their tenantry or by their freed slaves. Our people, apparently,owned their name.. didn't adopt it.

It was good to hear from you. I'll help all I can...

With all good wishes,

James E. Edmonds





John Pratt Nugent
1791 - 1873

Anne Lavinia Lewis
1867 - 1873

John Pratt Nugent

1792 - 1873

A50-15-1

Anne Lavinia Lewis

1807 - 1873

A50-15-2

JOHN PRATT NUGENT, born Rathdowney, Ireland in 1792, arrived in Philadelphia from Dublin, November 16, 1816. Moved to Natchez and then to Washington, Mississippi in 1818. Married (2nd) Anne LaviniaLewis in New Orleans March 7, 1827. Died February 16, 1873 at the home of William Lewis Nugent, Jackson, Mississippi. Buried, Greenwood Cemetery, Jackson, Mississippi.

ANNE (sometimes Ann) LAVINIA LEWIS, born St.Landry Prish, Louisiana 2:30 am Dec.8, 1807, educated Elizabeth Female Academy (Elizabeth College), Washington, Mississippi. Married in New Orleans, La. John Pratt Nugent March 7, 1827. Died, Chritiansburg, Virginia, where she had gone for the summer, Saturday, August 23, 1873. Buried, Greenwood Cemetery, Jackson, Mississippi.